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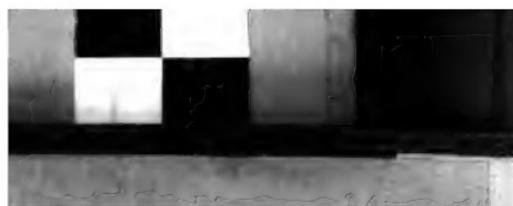
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“Lutyn. Bur.”

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T H E
P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.



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МУЛЬТИПЛЕКСИРОВАННЫЕ

THE
P L Å Y S
O F
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND,

CONTAINING,

AS YOU LIKE IT.
LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.
The WINTER's TALE.
TWELFTH NIGHT: Or, WHAT YOU WILL.
The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, H. WOODFALL, J. RIVINGTON,
R. BALDWIN, L. HAWES, CLARK and COLLINS, C. CORBET,
W. JOHNSTON, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, T. LOWNDS,
and the Executors of B. DODD.
M,DCC,LXV.



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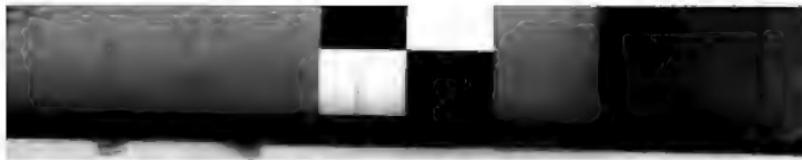
A S Y O U L I K E I T.

A

C O M E D Y.

VOL. II.

B



Dramatis Personæ*.

DUKE.

Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper.

Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his l*
Jaques, } *nishment.*

Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

Oliver, eldest Son to Sir Rowland de Boys.

Jaques, } *Younger brothers to Oliver.*
Orlando, }

Adam, an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Touchstone, a clown.

Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }

William, in love with Audrey.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, a country curate.

Charles, wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.

Dennis, servant to Oliver.

Rosalind, daughter to the Duke.

Celia, daughter to Frederick.

Phebe, a Shepherdess.

Audrey, a country wench.

*Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foref
and other attendants.*

**The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; a
afterwards, partly in the Duke's Court; and pa
in the Forest of Arden.**

The first Edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.

* The list of the persons, being omitted in the old Editions,
added by Mr. Rows.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

O L I V E R's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

ORLANDO.

AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me. By Will, but a poor thousand crowns'; and, as thou say'ſt, charged my brother on his Blessing to breed me well. And there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit. For

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this FASHION bequeath'd me by Will, but a poor thousand crowns, &c.] The Grammar, as well as tense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeath'd*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right.—

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this MY FATHER bequeath'd me, &c. The Grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this, *Orlando and Adam* were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and *Orlando* opens the scene in this manner, *As I remember, it was upon this*, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousand crowns; however, to make amends

4 AS YOU LIKE IT.

For my part, he keeps me rustically at home ; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept¹; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better; for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired ; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this Nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the Something that nature gave me², his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, *Adam*, that grieves me ; and the Spirit of my father, which, I think, is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, tho' yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

mends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.

WARBURTON.

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus : *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will but a poor thousand crowns ; and, as thou sayst, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well.* What is there in this difficult or obscure? the nominative *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself.

² STAYS me here at home, unkept.] We should read STYS, i.e. keeps me like a brute. The following words — for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox, confirms this emendation. So Caliban says,

And here you STY me in this hard rock.

W.A.B.

Sties is better than STAYS, and more likely to be Shakespeare's.

³ His COUNTEINUANCE seems to take from me.] We should certainly read his DISCOUNTEINUANCE.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of change, a countenance is either good or bad.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, Sir, what make ye here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar ye then, Sir?

Orla. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar That which God made; a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, Sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while⁴.

Orla.

[*Be better employ'd and be nought a while.*] Mr. Theodore has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) *be better employed, in my opinion, in ring and doing nothing.* Your densis as you call it may be an ex-
cuse, by which you may make a figure, and endear your self to the world: and I had rather you were contemptible Cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite pro-
verbial sentiment in his eye quoted, in Atilius, by the younger Pliny and others; *Satius est otiosum quam nihil agere.* But Oli-
ver in the perverseness of his dis-
position would reverse the doctrine
of the proverb. Does the Read-

er know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—*be nought a while* is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, *a mischief on you.* So the old Poet Skelton.

*Correct first thy selfe, walke and
BE NOUGHT,
Decime what thou lift, thou know-
est not my thought.*

But what the Oxford Editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads,

— and do aught a while.
WARBURTON.

If *be nought a while* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read,

6 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? what Prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, Sir?

Orla. O, Sir, very well; here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, Sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence⁵.

Oli. What, boy! [menacing with his hand.]

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [collaring him.]

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orla. I am no villain⁶: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is

be better employed, and be naught a while.

In the same sense as we say *it is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.*

⁵ *Albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his REVERENCE.]* This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood,—The reverence due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first born—But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he

intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his birds* treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Robert as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakespear might write, —— albeit your coming before me is nearer to his REVENUE, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. —— WARBURTON.

⁶ *I am no villain.]* The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *wicked or bloody man*; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*.

A S Y O U L I K E I T.

v

thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains.
Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand
from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy
tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's
remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not 'till I please. You shall hear me.—
My father charged you in his Will to give me
good education; you have train'd me up like a pe-
asant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like
qualities. The Spirit of my father grows strong in
me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow
me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give
me the poor allottery my father left me by testament;
with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is
spent?—Well, Sir, get you in.—I will not long
be troubled with you: you shall have some part of
your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, than becomes me
for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? most true, I have
lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old
master, he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exe. Orlando and Adam.

S C E N E III.

Oli. Is it even so?—Begin you to grow upon me?
—I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thou-
sand crowns neither. Holla, *Dennis!*

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your Worship?

B 4

Oli.

8 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Oli. Was not *Charles*, the Duke's Wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in — [Exit Dennis.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your Worship.

Oli. Good monsieur *Charles*, what's the new news at the new Court?

Cha. There's no news at the Court, Sir, but the old news; that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him; whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if *Rosalind*, the old Duke's daughter⁷, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new Duke's daughter her cousin so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved, as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

⁷ The old Duke's daughter.] of the dialogue, are inserted from The words *old* and *new*, which Sir T. Hanmer's Edition. seem necessary to the perspicuity

Cha.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 29

a. Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a design to come in disguised against me to try a Fall tomorrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that beats me without some broken limb, shall acquit him.

Your brother is but young and tender, and for love I would be loth to foil him; as I must for own honour, if he come in. Therefore out of love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; either you might stay him from his intendment, took such disgrace well as he shall run into; in it is a thing of his own search, and altogether fit my will.

i. *Charles*, I thank thee for thy love to me, which shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had my notice of thy brother's purpose herein, and have under-hand means laboured to dissuade him from it he is resolute. I tell thee, *Charles*, he is the honest young fellow of *France*; full of ambition, vicious emulator of every man's good parts, a second villainous contriver against me his natural brother.

Therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou break his neck, as his singer. And thou wert oock to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will set against thee by poison; entrap thee by some herous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath thy life by some indirect means or other; for I tell thee, (and almost with tears I speak it) there is no so young and so villainous this day living. I am but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou look pale and wonder.

i. I am heartily glad, I came hither to you. If me to morrow, I'll give him his payment; if he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize.

And so, God keep your Worship. [Exit.
Oli. Fare-

10 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Oli. Farewel, good *Charles*. Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than him. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all Sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him; that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long—this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.
[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Open Walk, before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I Pray thee, *Rosalind*, sweet my coz, be merry.
Ros. Dear *Celia*, I shew more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine Honour, I will—and when I break that

AS YOU LIKE IT. II

that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise Sports. Let me see—What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our Sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel^{*}, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a Clown.

Cel. No! when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this Fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's Natural the cutter off of nature's Wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work, neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such Goddesses, hath sent this

* —— mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,] The wheel of fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakespeare has confounded fortune whole wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destinie that spins the thread of life, though indeed not with a wheel.

Natural

Natural for our whetstone : for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, Wit, whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour ; but I was bid to come for you.

Rof. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rof. Ay, marry ; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now ; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were ; but if you swear by That that is not, you are not forsworn ; no more was this Knight swearing by his honour, for he never had any ; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is that thou mean'st ?

Clo. One, that old Frederick your father loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him :—

* *Clo.* One, that old Frederick
your father loves.

Rof. My Father's Love is enough
to honour him enough ;] This

Reply to the Clown is in all the Books plac'd to Rosalind ; but Frederick was not her Father, but Celia's : I have therefore ventur'd to prefix the Name of Celia. There is no Countenance from any Passage in the Play, or from

the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that Both the Brother-Dukes were Namesakes ; and One call'd the Old, and the Other the Younger Frederick ; and, without some such Authority, it would make Confusion to suppose it.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Row.

enough !

A S Y O U L I K E I T: 48
ough! speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for
exation one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that f ools may not speak wisely
what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the lit-
tle wit that fools have was silenc'd¹, the little foolery
that wise men have makes a great Show: here comes
Monsieur *Le Beau*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their
young.

Rof. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better, we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, Monsieur *le Beau*; what news?

Le Beau. Fair Princess, you have lost much good
Sport.

Cel. Sport; of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, Madam? How shall I an-
swer you?

Rof. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel².

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rof. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies³. I would have

¹ —— *since the little wit that
fools have was silenc'd.*] Shakespeare
probably alludes to the use
of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some
ages had been allowed in all courts
an unbridled liberty of censure
and mockery, and about this time
began to be less tolerated.

² —— *laid on with a trowel.* }

I suppose the meaning is, that
there is too heavy a mass of big
words laid upon a slight subject.

³ *You amaze me, ladies.*] To
amaze, here, is not to astonish or
strike with wonder, but to per-
plex; to confuse; as, to put out
of the intended narrative.

told

told you of good wrestling, which you have lost sight of.

Rof. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your Ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Rof. With bills on their necks: *Be it known unto all men by these presents*⁴, —

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with *Charles* the Duke's Wrestler; which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, and there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the Second, and so the Third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man their father making such pitiful Dole over them, that all the beholders take his his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas!

⁴ *With BILLS on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents;* —] The ladies and the fool, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of cross purposes. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the *Clown* says just before — — *Nay, if I keep not my rank.* Rosalind replies — *thou lost thy old snell.* So here when Rosalind had said, *With bills on their necks,* the *Clown*, to be quits with her, puts in, *Know all men by these presents.* She spoke of an instru-

ment of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularity, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried bills on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of presence and presents.

Clo. But

A S Y O U L I K E I T : 15

Clo. But what is the Sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Rof. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, Cousin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on. Since the Youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rof. Is yonder the man?

*s —— is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides ?] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing* in *musick*. It necessarily follows therefore, that the poet wrote — *sat this broken musick in his sides.**

day, see if the water be hot; I will see which is the best time; she has tried, and sees that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs*, *broken musick*.

WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary I should write, *feel this broken musick, for see.* But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young ; yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, Daughter and Cousin ; are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Rof. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the * men : in pity of the challenger's youth, I would feign dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so. I'll not be by. [Duke goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rof. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the wrestler ?

Orla. No, fair Princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your own eyes ⁶, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprize. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

⁶ Sir T. Hanmer. In the old Editions, the max.

If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment.] Absurd ! The sense requires that we should read, our eye, and our judgment. The argument is, Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you ; but did you see and know yourself with our more

impartial judgment you would forbear.

WAVERLEY.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. If you were not blinded and intoxicated, says the princess, with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would never fool you.

Rof.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 17

Rof. Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, herein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was ever gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have one to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I ave nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it mpty.

Rof. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Rof. Fare you well. Pray heav'n, I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cba. Come, where is this young Gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, Sir. But his Will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one Fall.

Cba. No—I warrant your Grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Rof. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [they wrestle.]

Rof. O excellent young man!

² I beseech you, punish me not, confess myself much guilty to deny her. I should wish to read, I so fair and excellent ladies any beseech you, punish me not with thwing.

your hard thoughts. Therein I

18 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I car who should down. []

Duke. No more, no more. [Charles is thr

Orla. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am no well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my Lord.

Duke. Bear him away.—What is thy name, y^e man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some else!

The world esteem'd thy Father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldest have better pleas'd me with this de
Hadst thou descended from another House.
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth;
—I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exit Duke, with his t]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that cal
To be adopted heir to *Frederick*.

Rof. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have giv'n him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him;
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd:

A S Y O Ü L I K E I T.

19

If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rof. Gentleman,

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune ⁸;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

—Shall we go, coz? [Giving him a Chain from her Neck.]

Cel. Ay—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? — my better
parts

Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine ⁹, a meer lifeless block.

Rof. He calls us back—my pride fell with my for-
tunes.

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, Sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Rof. Have with you—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her; yet she urg'd conference.

⁸ —one out of suits with for-
tune,] This seems an allusion to
cards, where he that has no more
cards to play of any particular
sort is out of suit.

⁹ Is but a quintaine, a meer
lifeless block.] A Quintaine was
a Post or Barr set up for several
kinds of martial exercises, against
which they shrew their darts and
exercised their arms. The allusion
is beautiful, I am, says Orlando,
and a quintaine, a lifeless block
on which love only exercises his
arms in jest; the great disparity
of condition between Rosalind and

me, not suffering me to hope that
love will ever make a serious mat-
ter of it. The famous satirist
Rognier, who lived about the
time of our author, uses the same
metaphor, on the same subject,
tho' the thought be different.

*Et qui depuis dix ans, jusqu'en
ses derniers jours,
A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'
amours;
Lasse enfin de servir au peuple
de QUINTAINE,
Elle &c.*

WARBURTON.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown;
Or *Charles*, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition¹,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, Sir. And, pray you, tell me this.
Which of the two was Daughter of the Duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by man-
ners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.
The other's daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle Niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare ye well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [Exit]

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare ye well!
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant Brother:
But, heav'nly Rosalind!— [Exit]

¹ — the Duke's condition,] Antonio, the Merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *conditioned man*.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Re-enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. **W**HY, Cousin ; why, *Rosalind*—*Cupid* have mercy—not a word!

Rof. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away pon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame ie with reasons.

Rof. Then there were two Cousins laid up ; when one should be lam'd with Reasons, and the other had without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father ?

Rof. No, some of it is for my father's child ². Oh, ow full of briars is this working-day world !

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, ur very peticoats will catch them.

Rof. I could shake them off my coat ; these burs re in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Rof. I would try, if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rof. O, they take the part of a better Wrestler than yself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in me, in despight of a Fall.—But turning these jests it of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it posse on such a sudden you should fall into so strong a ting with old Sir *Rowland*'s youngest son ?

Rof. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*—*for my father's child.*] The by Mr. *Theobald*, for my future Editions have it, *for my child's husband*.
ther, that is, as it is explained

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? by this kind of chase³, I should hate him; for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Rof. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

SCENE IX.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Rof. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Rof. Me, Uncle!

Duke. You, Cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our publick Court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Rof. I do beseech your Grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with my own desires; If that I do not dream, or be not frantick, As I do trust, I am not, then, dear Uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your Highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors; If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself. Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not,

³ — by this kind of chase,] That is, by this way of following the argument. Dear is used by Shakespeare in a double sense, for beloved, and for hurtful, hated, baleful. Both senses are autho-

rised, and both drawn from etymology, but properly beloved is dear, and hateful is dere. Rosalind uses dearly in the good, and Celia in the bad sense.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 23

if. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor;
me whereon the likelihood depends.

uke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

if. So was I, when your Highness took his Duke-
dom;

as I, when your Highness banish'd him.

son is not inherited, my lord,
if we did derive it from our friends,
it's that to me? my father was no traitor.
I, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
hink my poverty is treacherous.

I. Dear Sovereign, hear me speak.

uke. Ay, *Celia*, we but staid her for your sake;
had she with her father rang'd along.

I. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
is your pleasure, and your own remorse;
s too young that time to value her,
now I know her; if she be a traitor,
so am I; we still have sépt together,
at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
wherefoe'er we went, like *Juno's* Swans,
we went coupled, and inseparable.

uke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
very silence and her patience,

to the people, and they pity her.

u art a fool; she robs thee of thy name,
thou wilt show more bright, and seem more
virtuous,

en she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

and irrevocable is my doom,

ich I have past upon her. She is banish'd.

*And thou wilt show more i. e. her virtues would appear
, and seem more virtuous,] more splendid when the lustre
implies her to be somehow of her cousin's was away.*

WABURTON. kably defective in virtue;

was not the speaker's.

The poet doubtless

- and shine more virtuous.

The plain meaning of the old

and true reading is, that when

she was seen alone, she would be

more noted.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my Liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke. You are a fool—You, Niece, provide your-self;
If you out-stay the time, upon mine Honour,
And in the Greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

S C E N E X.

Cel. O my poor *Rosalind*; where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers! I will give thee mine:
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rof. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me his daughter?

Rof. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? *Rosalind* lacks then the love⁵,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I are one.
Shall we be funderd? shall we part, sweet Girl?
No, let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly;
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change⁶ upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heav'n, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

⁵ — *Rosalind* lacks then the
love
Which teacheth thee that thou
and I are one.] The poet
certainly wrote—*which teacheth*

me. For if *Rosalind* had learnt
to think *Celia* one part of her-
self, she could not lack that love
which *Celia* complains she does.

WARBURTON.
Either reading may stand. The

sense of the established text is not
remote or obscure. Where would
be the absurdity of saying, *You
know not the law which teaches
you to do right.*

⁶ — *take your change upon
you,*] In all the later editions,
from Mr. Rowe's to Dr. War-
burton's, *change* is altered to
charge, without any reason.

Rof.

A S Y O U L I K E I T . 25

Why, whither shall we go?
To seek my Uncle in the forest of *Arden*.
Alas, what danger will it be to us,
is we are, to travel forth so far!
provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
th a kind of umber smirch my face;
e do you; so shall we pass along,
ver stir assailants.
Were't not better,
that I am more than common tall,
did suit me all points like a man?
nt Curtle-axe' upon my thigh,
-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
re what hidden woman's fear there will)
e * a swashing and a martial outside,
y other mannish Cowards have,
o outface it with their semblances.
What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
I'll have no worse a name than *Jove's* own
Page;
erefore, look, you call me *Ganimed*.
at will you be call'd?
Something that hath a reference to my state:
ger *Celia*, but *Aliena*.
But, Cousin, what if we affaid to steal
wnish Fool out of your father's Court?
he not be a comfort to our travel?
He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
ne alone to woo him. Let's away,
t our jewels and our wealth together;
the fittest time, and safest way
e us from pursuit that will be made
ny flight: now go we in content
erty, and not to Banishment. [Exeunt.

Curtle-axe, or *custace*, a * *I'll have*] Sir T. Hanmer,
rd. for *we'll have*.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Arden FOREST.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.

DUKE senior.

NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than That of painted Pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious Court?
Here feel we but the penalty ^{*} of Adam,
The Seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no Flattery: these are Counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head [†]:
And this our life, exempt from pablick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

* In former editions, *Here feel we not the Penalty.*] What was the Penalty of Adam, hinted at by our Poet? The being sensible of the Difference of the Seasons. The Duke says, the Cold and Effects of the Winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he not then feel the Penalty? Doubtless, the Text must be restor'd as I have corrected it: and 'tis obvious in the Course of these Notes, how often *not* and *but* by Mistake have chang'd Place in

our Author's former Editions.

THEOBALD.

[†] Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:] It was the current opinion in Shakespeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull.

Ami.

A S Y O U L I K E I.T. 27

I would not change it *. Happy is your Grace,
an translate the stubbornness of fortune
quiet and so sweet a style.

: Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
t it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
native burghers of this desert city,
in their own Confines, with forked heads
heir round haunches goar'd.

rd. Indeed, my Lord,
melancholy *Faques* grieves at that ;
that kind swears you do more usurp
loth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
my Lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
al behind him, as he lay along
an oak, whose antique root peeps out
he brook that brawls along this wood ;
which place a poor sequestred stag,
om the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
ne to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
etched Animal heav'd forth such groans
ieir discharge did stretch his leathern coat
to bursting; and the big round tears
l one another down his innocent nose
ous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
marked of the melancholy *Faques*,
on th'extremest verge of the swift brook,
nting it with tears.

: Sen. But what said *Faques* ?
not moralize this spectacle?

rd. O yes, into a thousand similies.
or his weeping in the needless stream;
eer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
ldlings do, giving thy sum of more
which had too much. Then being alone,
d abandon'd of his velvet friends :

*old not change it.] Mr. and makes Amiens begin, Happy
it without probability, is your Grace.
se words to the duke,*

*Tis

28 AS YOU LIKE IT.

'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inventively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
ing

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope him ² in these sullen fits.
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E II.

Changes to the PALACE again.

Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.

Duke. CAN it be possible, that no man saw them?
C It cannot be. Some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her,
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

² —— *to cope him,*] To encounter him; to engage with him.

2 Lord.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 29

2 Lord. My lord the roynish Clown, at whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the Princess' Gentlewoman, confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard Your Daughter and her Cousin much commend The parts and graces of the Wrestler, That did but lately foil the sinewy *Charles*; And she believes, where ever they are gone, That Youth is surely in their company.

Duke. Send to his brother: Fetch that Gallant hither; If he be absent, bring his brother to me, I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly; And let not Search and Inquisition quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What! my young master? oh,
my gentle master,
Oh, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony³ Prier of the humorous Duke?
Your Praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their Graces serve them but as enemies?

³ In the former editions, *The* strength and bulk, not for his bony Prier —] We should gayety or good-humour. read bony Prier. For this wreslter is characterised for his So Milton, *Giants of mighty bone.* WARBURTON. No

No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it !

Orla. Why, what's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives :
Your brother—no; no brother—yet the son,—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off ;
I overheard him, and his practices :
This is no place, this house is but a butchery ;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, *Adam*, wouldst thou have me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orla. What wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or with a base, and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood⁴, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns ;
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take That : and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

⁴ — *diverged blood.*] Blood turned out of the course of nature.

A S . Y O U L I K E I T.

31

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant ;
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orla. Oh ! good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world ;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;
And, having That, do cloak their service up
Even with the Having^s. It is not so with thee.
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low Content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years 'till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week ;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s Even with the having.] Even with the promotion gained by service is service extinguished.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Changes to the FOREST of Arden.

Enter Rosalind in Boys cloaths for Ganimed, Celia
drest like a Shepherdess for Alienā, and Touchstone
the Clown.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits⁶?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's
apparel, and cry like a woman; but I must comfort
the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show
itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good
Alienā.

Cel. I pray you bear with me; I can go no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than
bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear
you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Clo. Ay; now I am in Arden, the more fool I; when
I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers
must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who
comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

⁶ O Jupiter! how merry are my Spirits?] And yet, within the Space of one intervening Line, She says, She could find in her Heart to disgrace her Man's Apparel, and cry like a Woman. Sure, this is but a very bad Symptom of the Briskness of Spirits: rather a direct Proof of the contrary Disposition. Mr. Warburton and I, concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the Text: — how weary are my Spirits? And the Clown's Reply makes this Reading certain. THOBALD.
Sil.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 33

O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

thy youth thou wast as true as a lover,

sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;

hy love were ever like to mine,

c, I think, did never man love so,

appy Actions most ridiculous

ou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

remember'st not the slightest folly?

er love did make thee run into;

ast not lov'd.—

ou hast not fate as I do now,
ng the hearer in thy mistress, praise,

ast not lov'd.—

ou hast not broke from company,
ly, as my passion now makes me;

ast not lov'd.—

[Exit Sil.

e! Phebe! Phebe!

Alas, poor Shepherd! searching of thy wound,
by hard adventure found my own.

And I mine. I remember, when I was in love,
my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that
ing a-nights to Jane Smile; and I remember
ng of her batlet¹; and the cow's dugs that her
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took

inclined to believe that
passage Suckling took
f his song.

ll thy love there ever
ever ring thought, thy
even, still the same.

Know this
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true

Thou must begin again and love
awry, &c.

¹ —batlet,—] The instru-
ment with which walkers beat
their coarse cloths.

34 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

two * cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, Wear these for my sake. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly^o.

Rof. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit, 'till I break my thim against it.

Rof. Joye! Joye! this Shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man, If he for gold will give us any food ; I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, Clown!

Rof. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your Betters, Sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Rof. Peace, I say—Good Even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

Rof. I pry'thee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed; Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd, And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair Sir, I pity her, And wish for her sake, more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her : But I am Shepherd to another man,

* For cods it would be more like sense to read peas, which, having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers.

^o — so is all nature in love mortal in folly.] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, mortal, from mort

a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification ; as, mortal tall, mortal little. Of this sense I believe Shakespeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling-equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, so is all nature in love, abounding in folly.

And

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 35

And do not share the fleeces that I graze;
My Master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heav'n
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his Cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That ye will feed on; but what is, come see;
And in my voice most welcome shall ye be¹.

Rof. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that ye saw here but ere-while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Rof. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages.

—I like this place, and willingly could waste
My time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold;
Go with me. If you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be;
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

*Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,*

¹ *And in my voice right wel- far as I have power to bid you
me shall ye be.) In my voice, as welcome.
as I have a voice or vote, as*

*And tune his merry note.
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall be see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Ja-

Jaq. I thank it — more, I pr'ythee, more — I
fuck melancholy out of a Song, as a weazel fucks e-
more, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged *; I know, I cannot p-
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do d-
you to sing ; come, come, another stanza ; call
'em stanza's?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe
nothing.—Will you sing ?

Ami. More at your request, than to please my-

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man,
thank you ; but That, they call Compliments, is
the encounter of two dog-apes. And when a
thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given hi
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.—
Come, sing ; and you that will not, hold
tongues.—

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the w-
—the Duke will dine under this tree ; he hath bee-
this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid
He is too disputable for my company : I think o-
many matters as he, but I give heav'n thanks,
make no boast of them.—Come, warble, c-

* In old editions, *ragged*.

S. O. N. G.

*Who doth ambition sbun,
And loves to lie * i'th' Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall be see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give thee a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despight of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes.

*If it do come to pass.
That any man turn ass;
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame †;
Here shall be see
Gross fools as he,
An' if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that's *ducdame*?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.—I'll go to sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt, severally.

* Old Edition, *to bwe. due ad me.* That is, bring him

† For *ducdame* Sir T. Hanmer, to me. very acutely and judiciously, reads,

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I d
for food! here lie I down, and measure out my grav
—Farewel, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, *Adam!* no greater heart i
thee?—live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself
little. If this uncouth Forest yield any thing savag
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to the
Thy conceit is nearer death, than thy powers. If
my sake be comfortable, hold death a while at th
arm's end: I will be here with thee presently, an
if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give the
leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou
art a mocker of my labour.—Well said—thou' look' i
cheerly; and I'll be with you quickly. Yet thou
liest in the bleak air; come, I will bear thee to som
shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, i
there live any thing in this Desert. Cheerly, goo
Adam. [Exit]

SCENE VII.

Another part of the FOREST.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lords. [A Table set out

Duke Sen. I think, he is transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him. Tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke

A S; Y O U L I K E I T.

39

Le Sen. Why, how now, Monsieur, what a life
is this,

your poor friends must woo your company?
you look merrily.

A fool, a fool; ——I met a fool i'th' forest,
ley fool — a miserable world—

o live by food, I met a fool,
aid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
ild on Lady Fortune in good terms,
I set terms — and yet a motley fool.

narrow, fool, quoth I — No, Sir, quoth he,
e not fool, 'till heaven hath sent me fortune;

en he drew a dial from his poke,

aking on it with lack-lustre eye,

ery wisely, it is ten a-clock:

ay we see, quoth he, how the world wags;

t an hour ago since it was nine,

ter one hour more 'twill be eleven;

from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

en from hour to hour we rot and rot,

reby hangs a tale; when I did hear

ley fool thus moral on the time,

gs began to crow like chanticleer,

ols should be so deep contemplatiye:

id laugh, sans intermission,

r by his dial. O noble fool,

ley fool; a miserable change we make so great as ap-
What! because he pears at first sight.

ley fool, was it there-
rable world? This is
lered; we should read,

miserable VARLET.

is altogether running
l, both before and af-
ords, and here he calls
rable varlet, notwith-
railed on lady fortune
ms, &c. Nor is the

WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing world
to varlet, nor, if a change were
necessary, can I guess how it
should be certainly known that
varlet is the true word. A mis-
erable world is a parenthetical ex-
clamation, frequent among me-
lancholy men, and natural to
Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at
the hearing of reflections on the
fragility of life.

40 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

A worthy fool—motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a Courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder basket
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jac. It is my only ³suit⁴;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: and why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish church;
He ⁵, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not ⁶*,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandring glances of a fool.

³ Only suit.] Suit means petition, I believe, not dress.

which I have supplyed, were either by Accident wanting in the Manuscript Copy, or by Inadvertence were left out.

⁴ He, whom a Fool doth very wisely hit,

THEOBALD.

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
—Seem senseless of the bob. If not, &c.] Besides that the third Verse is defective one whole Foot in Measure, the Tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the Reasoning of the Passage, shew it is no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt, but the two little Monosyllables,

* If not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a Jester, they subject themselves to his power, and the wise man will have his folly anatomised, that is, dissected and laid open by the squandring glances or random feet of a fool.

A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself³;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of Princes o'er unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her?
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him; but therein futes
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man—But who comes here?

³ As sensual as the brutish sting.] in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish fly*.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Enter Orlando, with Sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.—

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt thou, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. What kind should this Cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. If you will not
Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed; and welcome to our table.

Orla. Speak you so gently?—Pardon me, I pray you;

I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,

* ————— The thorny point
Of sharp distress has ta'en from
me the shew
Of smooth civility.] We might

read torn with more elegance,
but elegance alone will not justify alteration.

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever fate at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

[Sheathing his sword.]

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And fate at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
Will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye; and be bleſſ'd for your good com-
fort! [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Duke Sen. Thou seeſt, we are not all alone un-
happy:
This wide and universal Theatre

⁷ Then take upon command what demand what help, &c. that is, help we have.] It seems ne- ask for what we can supply, and
cessary to read, then take upon have it.

Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a Stage,
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their *Exits* and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier:
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances⁸,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts⁹
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

⁸ *Full of wise saws and modern instances.*] It is remarkable that Shakespeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *ταῦτα*, both for *recent* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd*: the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of old sayings and late examples.

⁹ — *The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon.*] There is a greater

beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play*, of seven acts, (which was no unusual division before our author's time.) The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in *slippers*. WARRE

And

A S Y O U L I K E A T.

45

And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second childishness, and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

S C E N E X.

Enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden;
And let him feed.

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need.

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen²,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Heigh

* — Set down your venerable burden.] Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*?

Duke's exiled condition, who had been ruined by ungrateful flatterers. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be prefer'd to *man's ingratitude*. But why? Because it is not seen. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, not seen, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faith-

— Patremque Fart humerus, venerabile onus Cythereius beros.

* Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,]
This song is designed to suit the

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green ho.
Most friendship is feigning; most loving meer.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembred not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakepear wrote the line thus,

'*Because thou art not SHEEN,*
i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the winter wind the preference. So in the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*,

Spangled star light SHEEN.
and several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense,

You blisful sister Lucina the SHEENE.

And Fairfax,

*The sacred Angel took his Targe
got SHEENE,
And by the Christian Champion
flood unseen.*

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from thence to alter the whole line thus,

I know causest not that teen.

But, in his rage of correction, he

forgot to leave the reason, is now wanting, Why the ter wurd was to be prefer man's ingratitude. WARBUR

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warbur's emendation, however vigorously enforced; and it is indeed forced with more art than Sheen, i. e. smiling, shining. Sheen signifies shining is proved, but when or where it signify smiling? yet it gives the sense necessary in place. Sir T. Hanmer's et is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For part I question whether the final line is not lost, and substituted merely to fill up measures and the rhyme even out of this line, by agitation, may sensibly be elicited and sensibly not unsuitable to occasion. Thou winter a says the Duke, thy rudeness is the less pain, as thou art not as thou art an enemy that doth brave us with thy presence, whose unkindness is therefore aggravated by insult.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 47

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's Son,

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eyes doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I'm the Duke,
That lov'd your Father. The residue of your fortune
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old Man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is.
—Support him by the arm; give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

A C T . III. S C E N E . I.

The P A L A C E.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

D U K E.

NOT see him since?—Sir, Sir, that cannot be—
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument³
Of my revenge, the present: but look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth; or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

³ *absent argument.*] An argument is used for the contents of a book, whence Shakespeare con- sidered it as meaning the subject, and then used it for subject in yet another sense.

Oli.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in thi
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou. Well—Push him out
doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an Extent upon his house and lands :
Do this expediently ; and turn him going. [Exit]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. **H**ang there, my verse, in witness of m
love ;
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this Forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, *Orlando*, carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive She ⁶. [Exit]

S C E N E III.

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, M
Touchstone ?

⁴ Expediently.] This is, expeditiously.

⁵ Thrice-crowned Queen of night.] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cybætis, and Diana, given by some Mythologists to the same God-

dress, and comprised in these m
morial lines :

Terret, lastrat, agit, Profi
pina, Luna, Diana,
Ima, superna, seras, jecptr
fulgore, sagittis.

⁶ Unexpressive, for inexpressible

C

A S Y O U L I K E . I T. 49

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one givens, the worse at ease he is: and that he, that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the Sun: that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art¹, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher². Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

Cor.

¹ *He that bath learned no wit by nature or art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of very dull kindred.]* Common sense requires us to read,

may complain of gross breeding.

The Oxford editor has greatly improved this emendation by reading, — *bad breeding.*

WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakespeare's time did not authorise his mode of speech, and make *complain of good breeding* the same with *complain of the want of good*

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breeding. In the last line of the Merchant of Venice we find that to fear the keeping is to fear the not keeping.

² *Such a one is a natural philosopher.]* The shepherd had said all the Philosophy he knew was the property of things, that rain wetted, fire burnt, &c. And the Clown's reply, in a satire on Physicks or Natural Philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the Natural Philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the efficient cause of things as the Rustic. It appears, from a thousand

K

saud

50 A S Y O U L I K E . I T.

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope—

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou
saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good
nurs, then thy manners must be wicked; and
edness is sin, and sin is damnation: thou art in a
lous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, *Touchstone*: those, that are
manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Cou
as the behaviour of the Country is most mockat
the Court. You told me, you salute not at the C
but you kis your hands; that courtesy would be
cleanly, if Courtiers were shepherds.

Clo. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and
fels, you know, are greasy.

Clo. Why, do not your Courtiers' hands sweat?
is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as
sweat of a man? shallow, shallow!—a better inst:
I say: come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

and instances, that our poet was
well acquainted with the Phycis
of his time: and his great pene-
tration enabled him to see this
remediless defect of it.

WARBURTON.

⁹ Like an ill-roasted egg.] Of
this jest I do not fully compre-
 hend the meaning.

¹⁰ Why, if thou never wast at
Court, thou never saw'st good
manners; if thou never, &c.] This
reasoning is drawn up in

imitation of *Friar John's* t
surge in *Rablaist*. *Si tu es l
ergo ta femme sera belle; et
seras bien traité d'elle; ergo
ras des Amis beaucoup; ergo
ras sauvi.* The last infere
pleasantly drawn from the
doctrine of the intercessio
Saints. And, I suppose, o
cular English proverb, co
ing this matter, was found
Friar John's logic.

WARBU

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 51

Clo. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again :—a more founder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep ; and would you have us kiss tarr ? the Courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Clo. Most shallow man !—thou worr's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh—indeed!—learn of the wife, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tarr ; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd; God help thee, shallow man ; God make incision in thee², thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat ; get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm ; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Clo. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together ; and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle ; to be a bawd to a bell-weather³; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated old cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldest 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

² Make incision in thee] To make incision was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make understand. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Gentleman*.

Angel-e'y'd King, wouchsafe at length thy favour ;
And so proceeds to incision.—

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

— O excellent King,
Thus he begins, then life and
light of creatures.

³ Bawd to a Bell-weather.] Weather and Ram had anciently the same meaning.

SCENE IV.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper.

Rof. From the east to western Inde,
 No jewel is like Rosalind,
 Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
 Through all the world bears Rosalind.
 All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
 Are but black to Rosalind.
 Let no face be kept in mind,
 But the face of Rosalind.

Clo. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: in the right butter-woman's rate to market*.

Rof. Out, fool!

Clo. For a taste.—

If a bart doth lack a bind,
 Let him seek out Rosalind.
 If the cat will after kind,
 So, be sure, will Rosalind.
 Winter-garments must be lin'd,
 So must slender Rosalind.
 They, that reap, must sheaf and bind;
 Then to Cart with Rosalind.
 Sweetest nut hath sorrest rind,
 Such a nut is Rosalind.
 He that sweetest rose will find,
 Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses; why do you infect yourself with them?

* Rate to market. So Sir T. Hanmer. In the former Edit rank to market.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 53

Rof. Peace, you dull fool, I found them on a tree.
Clo. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rof. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medler; then it will be the earliest fruit i'th' country; for you will be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medler.

Clo. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the Forest judge.

S C E N E V.

Enter Celia, *with a writing.*

Rof. Peace, here comes my Sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a Desert be,
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings shew.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some of violated vows,
Twixt the souls of friend and friend;
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all, that read, to know,
This Quintessence of every Sprite
Heaven would in little shew.*

[*That shall civil sayings shew.*] Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil wisdom* or *civil life*, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state

of nature. This desert shall not appear unpeopled, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life.

Therefore heaven nature charg'd,
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd;
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheeks, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;
⁸ Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heav'nly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the Touches ⁹ dearest priz'd.
 Heav'n would that she these gifts should have,
 And I should live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter¹!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your Parishioners with, all, and never cry'd, Have patience, good people?

⁶ Therefore beavin nature charg'd.] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora.

Πανδώρη, ὅτι τάσσεις οὐδέποτε δει-
 ματ' ἵχοις
 Διὸν ιδίωγαν.—

So before,

But thou
 So perfect, and so peerless art
 counted
 Of ev'ry creature's best.

Tempeft.

Perhaps from this paſſage
 Swift had his hint of *Biddy Floyd*.

⁷ Atalanta's better part.] I know not well what could be the better part of *Atalanta* here ascribed to *Rosalind*. Of the *Atalanta* most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the

better part seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that *Rosalind* would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure *Atalanta*, a Huntress and a Heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was the better part. Shakespeare was no despicable Mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of *Atalanta*.

⁸ Sad, is grave, sober, not light.

⁹ The Touches.] The features; les traits.

¹ O most gentle JUPITER!] We should read JUNIPER, as the following words shew, alluding to the proverbial term of a Juniper feature: A sharp or unpleasing one! Juniper being a rough prickly plant. WARBURTON. Surely Jupiter may stand.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 55

Cel. How now? back-friends! — shepherd, go off
a little — go with him, sirrah.

Clo. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable
entreat; tho' not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip
and scrippage. [Exit Corin and Clown.

S C E N E VI.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rof. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for
some of them had in them more feet than the verses
would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the
verses.

Rof. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not
bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood
amely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondring how
thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these
trees?

Rof. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder,
before you came; for, look here, what I found on a
palm-tree; ³I was never so be-rhimed since Pythago-
ras's time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly
remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Rof. Is it a man?

³ I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras's time, that I was an Irish rat.] Rosalind is a very learned Lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death.

The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his satires, and Temple in his treatises. Dr. Gray has produced a similar passage from Randolph.

My Poets.
Shall with a satire steeped in
vinegar
Rhyme them to death, as they do
rats in Ireland.

56 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : Change you colour ?

Rof. I pr'ythee, who ?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Rof. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping —

Rof. ³Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ? ⁴One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it ; quickly, and speak apace ; I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at

³ Good my complexion!] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough : and so too the Oxford Editor. But the meaning is, Hold good my complexion, i. e. let me not blush.

WARBURTON.

⁴ One inch of delay more is a South sea of discovery.] This is stark nonsense ; we must read— off discovery, i. e. from discovery. “ If you delay me one “ inch of time longer, I shall “ think this secret as far from “ discovery as the South sea is.”

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the Commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to

sense. I read thus :

One Inch of delay more is a South sea. Discover, I pr'ythee : tell me who is it quickly !—When the transcriber had once made discovery from discover, I, he easily put an article after South-sea. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability. Every Inch of delay more is a South sea discovery : Every delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-sea. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had their first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined.

all

all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rof. Is he of God's making? what manner of man? is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rof. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rof. *Orlando!*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Rof. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose? what did he, when thou saw'st him? what said he? how look'd he? wherein went he? what makes he here? did he ask for me? where remains he? how parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me *Garagantua's*⁵ mouth first; 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rof. But doth he know that I am in this Forest, and in man's apparel? looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atoms, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my find-

⁵ — *Garagantua's mouth.*] *Ro-*
fellow requires nine questions to
be answered in one word, *Celia*
tells her that a word of such

magnitude is too big for any
mouth but that of *Garagantua*
the giant of *Rabelais*.

ing him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn⁶.

Rof. It may well be call'd *Jove's tree*, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam,

Rof. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a wounded Knight.

Rof. Tho' it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Rof. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak—Sweet, say on.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?

Rof. 'Tis he; flink by, and note him,

[Celia and Rosalind retire.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God b'w' you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

⁶ — *I found him under a tree like a dropp'd acorn.*] We should read,

Under AN OAK tree. This appears from what follows —like a dropp'd acorn. For how

did he look like a dropp'd acorn unless he was found under an oak-tree. And from Rosalind's reply, that it might well be called *Jove's tree*: For the Oak was sacred to Jove. WARBURTON.

Jaq.

Jaq. I pray you marr no more trees with writing
ve-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, marr no more of my Verses with
eading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind, is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when
he was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers; have you not
been acquainted with goldsmiths wives, and conn'd
them out of rings?

Orla. Not so': but I answer you right painted
cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think, it was made
of *Atalanta's* heels. Will you sit down with me, and
we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and
all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world but my
self, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best
virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when
I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and
you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

[— but I answer you right
painted cloth.] This alludes to
the Fashion, in old Tapestry
Hangings, of Motto's and mo-
nd Sentences from the Mouths of
the Figures work'd or painted in
them. The poet again hints at
this Custom in his Poem, call'd,
Sergius and Lucrece:

Who fears a Sentence, or an old
Man's Saw,
Shall by a painted Cloth be kept
in Awe. THEOBALD.
Sir T. Hanmer reads, I answer
you right, in the stile of the
painted cloth. Something seems
wanting, and I know not what
can be proposed better.

Orla.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cyp
Jaq. I'll stay no longer with you ; farewell, &
 Signior love ! [I

SCENE VIII.

Orla. I am glad of your departure ; adieu, g
 Monsieur melancholy ! [Cel. and Ros. come forward]

Ros. I will speak to him like a sawcy lacquey,
 under that habit play the knave with him — Do
 hear, forester ?

Orla. Very well ; what would you ?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock ?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day ; the
 no clock in the Forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the Forest ; e
 sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, wo
 detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time ? had
 that been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, Sir : time travels in divers pa
 with divers persons ; I'll tell you whom time amb
 withal, whom time trots withal, whom time gall
 withal, and whom he stands still withal.

Orla. I pr'ythce, whom doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid,
 tween the contract of her marriage, and the day i
 solemniz'd : if the interim be but a sennight, tir
 pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year

Orla. Who ambles time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks *Latin*, and a rich n
 that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, l
 cause he cannot study ; and the other lives merr
 because he feels no pain : the one lacking the bur
 of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing
 burden of heavy tedious penury. These time amb
 withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows : for though he

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 81

ly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon

z. Whom stays it still withal?

With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep
en term and term, and then they perceive not
me moves.

z. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

With this shepherdes, my sister; here in the
of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

z. Are you native of this place?

As the cony, that you see dwell where she is
d.

z. Your accent is something finer, than you could
use in so removed a dwelling.

I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an
ligious Uncle of mine taught me to speak, who
his youth an * in-land man, one that knew court-
so well: for there he fell in love. I have heard
ead many lectures against it; I thank God, I am
woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences
hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

z. Can you remeinber any of the principal evils,
e laid to the charge of women?

There were none principal, they were all like
other, as half-pence are; every one fault seem-
onstrous, 'till his fellow fault came to match it.

z. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

No; I will not cast away my physick, but on
hat are sick. There is a man haunts the Forest,
ouses our young Plants with carving *Rosalind* on
arks; hangs Odes upon hawthorns, and Elegies
mbles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Ro-*

If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would
im some good counsel, for he seems to have the
lian of love upon him.

inland man,] Is used in *So Orlando before—Yet am I in-*
for one civilised, in op- land bred, and know some nurture.
to the rustic of the priest.

Orla.

82 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Orla. I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Rof. There is none of my Uncle's marks upon you; he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Rof. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit⁸, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; — but I pardon you for that, for simply your Having in beard is a younger Brother's revenue; — then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careles desolation. But you are no such man, you are rather point-de-vise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rof. Me believe it? you may as soon make her, that you love, believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lye to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the Verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am That he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you so much in love, as your rhyme speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rof. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you

⁸ — *an unquestionable spirit.*] *Shakespeare* has used a passive for an active mode of speech: so in former scene, *The Duke is too dif-
futable for me*, that is, *too di-
futable*.

deserve



AS YOU LIKE IT. 63

es as well a dark house and a whip, as mad men
id the reason why they are not so punished and
is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the
ers are in love too: yet I profess curing it by
L.

z. Did you ever cure any so?

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to
e me his love, his mistress: and I set him every
wooe me. At which time would I, being but
nish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable,
g, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shal-
l-unconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for
passion something, and for no passion truly any
as boys and women are for the most part cattle
colour; would now like him, now loath him;
ntertain him, then forswear him; now weep for
hen spit at him; that I drove my suitor from
d humour of love, to a living humour of mad-
which was, to forswear the full stream of the
and to live in a nook meerly monastick; and
cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me
h your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart,
ere shall not be one spot of love in't.

z. I would not be cur'd, youth.

I would cure you if you would but call me
id, and come every day to my cote, and woe me.
z. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell
ere it is.

Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and,

— to a living humour of
ness. If this be the true
we must by living under-
fing, or permanent, but
t forbear to think that
antithesis was intended
now lost; perhaps the
blood thus, *I drove my*
you a dying humor of
a living humor of mad-
ness. Or rather thus, from a mad
humour of love to a loving humour
of madness, that is, from a mad-
ness that was love, to a love that
was madness. This seems some-
what harsh and strained, but such
modes of speech are not unusual
in our poet: and this harshness
was probably the cause of the
corruption.

by

64 AS YOU LIKE IT.

by the way, you shall tell me where in the Forest you live. Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind — Come, sister, will you go? [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Clown, Audrey and Jaques watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your goats, *Audrey*; and now, *Audrey*, am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet honest *Ovid* was among the *Goths*.

Jaq. [aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good Wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room¹; truly, I would the Gods had made thee poetical.

Aud.

¹ —— it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room;] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning, in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of the quarter of hour of *Rabelais*: who said, there was only one quarter of hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. Yet the delicacy of our Oxford Edi¹ wold correct this into, It strikes a man more dead than a great recking in a little room. This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing; the jest is not taken; all are silent and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the coming in of a great reckoning. Had not Shakespeare reason no²

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 65

I do not know what poetical is; is it honest
and word? is it a true thing?

O, truly; for the truest poetry is the most
and lovers are given to poetry; and what
is in poetry *, may be said, as lovers, they

o you wish then, that the Gods had made
me?

O, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art
now if thou wert a poet, I might have some
I didst feign.

Would you not have me honest?

O, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for
coupled to beauty, is, to have honey a fawce

[aside] A material fool ²!

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the
ce me honest!

uly, and to cast away honesty upon a fool
to put good meat into an unclean dish.

I am not a flut, though I thank the Gods I

ell, praised be the Gods for thy foolishness!
I may come hereafter: but be it as it may
marry thee; and to that end I have been
Mar-text; the vicar of the next vil-
hath promis'd to meet me in this place of
and to couple us.

[aside] I would fain see this meeting.

to apply his smile,
use, against his cri-
Who, 'tis plain,
haste to strike dead
use, concluded, from
e in philosophy, that
be so effectually done
; as by a reeking.

WARBURTON.
what they swear in

poetry, &c.] This sentence seems
perplexed and inconsequent, per-
haps it were better read thus,
*What they swear as lovers they
may be said to feign as poets.*

² A material fool!] A fool
with matter in him; a fool stocked
with motions.

+ By foul is meant *ay* or
frowning. HANMER.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what tho' ³? courage. As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horns? even so—poor men alone?—no, no, the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal: is the single man therefore blessed? no. As a wall'd town is more wortier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver—Sir Oliver Mar-text ⁴, you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jac. [discovering himself] Proceed, proceed; I'll giye her.

Clo. Good even, good master *what ye call*: how do you, Sir? you are very well met: God'ld you for your last company! I am very glad to see you—even a toy in hand here, Sir—nay; pray be covered.

Jac. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his

³—*what tho?*] What then.

⁴ *Sir Oliver.*] He that has taken his first degree at the University, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed

Sir. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates ~~at~~ ^{at} famed it in their own writings; so *Trevisa* the historian writes ^{of} himself *Syr John de Trevisa*.

he faulcon his bells, so man hath his de-
s pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nib-

d will you, being a man of your breeding,
under a bush like a beggar? get you to
I have a good priest that can tell you what
; this fellow will but join you together as
iinscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk
, like green timber, warp, warp.

a not in the mind, but I were better to be
him than of another ; for he is not like to
ell ; and not being well married, it will be
ise for me hereafter to leave my wife.

thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

3, sweet *Audrey*, we must be married, or
e in bawdry. Farewel, good Sir *Oliver*;
t *Oliver*, *O brave Oliver, leave me not be-*
out wind away, begone, I say, I will not
with thee.

Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave
hall flout me out of my Calling. [Exeunt.

:t *Oliver, O brave,*
rds of an old bal-

WARBURTON.
ch, as it now ap-
ake nothing, and
can be made. In
h he calls his mi-
married, and sends
that should marry
herton has very hap-
hat *O sweet Oliver*
from an old song ;
are two quotations
ion to each other.
had wend, the o'd
Perhaps the whole
regulated thus,
ot in the mind, but
or me to be married
another, for he is

not like to marry me well, and not
being well married it will be a
good excuse for me hereafter to
leave my wife—Come, sweet
Audrey, we must be married, or
we must live in bawdry.

Jac. Go thou with me, and let
me counsel thee. [they whisper.

Clo. Farewel, good Sir *Oliver*,
not *O sweet Oliver, O brave*
Oliver, leave me not behind thee,
— but

Wend away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee
[to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader
may take as much as shall ap-
pear necessary to the sense, or
conducive to the humour.

SCENE X.

Changes to a Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rof. **N**ever talk to me—I will weep.
Cel. Do, I pr'ythee ; but yet have grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Rof. But have I not cause to weep ?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire, therefor weep.

Rof. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than *Judas's* : marry kisses are *Judas's* own children.

Rof. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour ⁶.

Cel. An excellent colour : your chesnut was ever only colour.

Rof. And his kissing is as full of sanctity, as touch of holy Beard ⁷.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of *Diana*, a nun of Winter's sisterhood ⁸ kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them.

1

⁶ There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of *Rosalind*; she finds faults in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when *Celia* in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself, rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.

⁷ — as the touch of holy bread.] We shoud read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*: This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

⁸ — a nun of Winter's sisterhood] This is finely express'd by Mr. Theobald: But Mr. Theobald says, the author give him no idea. And 'tis certain, that words will never men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And, after so happy a thougt it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The pl. truth is, *Shakespeare* meant an *fruitful sisterhood*, which had voted itself to chastity. For those who were of the sisterhood

Rof. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rof. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes. I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet⁹, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Rof. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was, is not is; besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the Forest on the Duke your Father.

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*.

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers, athwart¹ the heart of his lover;

of the spring were the votaries of *Venus*; those of summer, the votaries of *Ceres*; those of autumn, of *Pomona*; so these of the sisterhood of winter were the votaries of *Diana*: Called, of winter, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account, it is, that, when the poet speaks, of what is most poor, he instances in winter, in these fine lines of *Othello*,

But riches endless is as poor as winter.

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

The other property of winter that

made him term them of its sisterhood is its coldness. So in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

*To be a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold
fruitless moon.*

WARBURTON.

⁹ — as concave as a cover'd goblet,] Why a cover'd? Because a goblet is never kept cover'd but when empty. Shakespeare never throws out his expressions at random.

WARBURTON.

¹ — quite travers, athwart, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a puny Tilter, to whom it was a disgrace to have his

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lover; as a puifny tiltter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft enquired
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain;
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rof. Come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:

his Lance broken across, as it was
a mark either of want of Cou-
rage or Address. This happen'd
when the horse flew on one side,
in the career: And hence, I sup-
pose, arose the jocular proverbial
phrase of *spurring the borse only*
on one side. Now as breaking the
Lance against his Adversary's
breast, in a direct line, was ho-
nourable, so the breaking it *across*
against his breast was, for the
reason above, dishonourable:
Hence it is, that Siuey, in his
Arcadia, speaking of the mock-
combat of *Clinias* and *Dametas*
says, *The wind took such hold of*
his Staff that it crost quite over
his breast, &c.—And to break
across was the usual phrase, as ap-
pears from some wretched veries
of the same author, speaking of

an unskilful Tilter,
Met bought some Staves he mist:
if so, not much amiss:
For when he most did hit, he ever
yet did miss.
One said he brake across, full
well it so might be, &c.

This is the allusion. So that *Or-
lando*, a young Gallant, affect-
ing the fashion (for *brave* is here
used, as in other places, for fa-
shionable) is represented either
unskilful in courtship, or *timorous*.
The Lover's meeting or appoint-
ment corresponds to the Tilter's
Career: And as the one breaks
Staves, the other breaks Oaths.
The busines is only meeting
fairly, and doing both with Ad-
dres: And 'tis for the want of
this, that *Orlando* is blamed.

WARBURTON.
Bring

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Bring us but to this fight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy Actor in their Play. [Exeunt.

S C E N E X L

Changes to another part of the Forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me—do not, Phebe—
*S*ay, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be²
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eyes;
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

² ————— will you sterner be,
Than he that dies and lives by
bloody drops? This is
spoken of the executioner. He
lives indeed, by bloody Drops,
if you will: but how does he die
by bloody Drops? The poet must
certainly have wrote—that deals
and lives, &c. i. e. that gets his
read by, and makes a trade of
taking off heads: But the Ox-
ford Editor makes it plainer. He
reads,

Than he that lives and thrives by
bloody drops.

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emen-
dation, except that the word
deals wants its proper construc-
tion, or that of Sir T. Hanmer may
serve the purpose; but I believe
they have fixed corruption upon
the wrong word, and should ra-
ther read,

Than he that dies his lips by
bloody drops?
Will you speak with more stern-
ness than the executioner, whose
lips are used to be sprinkled with
blood? The mention of drops im-
plies some part that must be
sprinkled rather than dipped.

72 A S Y O U L I K E I T.

Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! —
 Now do I frown on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
 Or if thou can't not, oh, for shame, for shame,
 Lye not to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee;
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
 The cicatrice and capable impressure³
 Thy Palm some moments keeps: but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
 If ever (as that ever may be near)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy;
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But 'till that time,
 Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
 As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Rof. And why, I pray you? — Who might be your
 mother⁴,
 That you insult, exult, and all at once⁵

Over

³ The cicatrice and capable impressure] Cicatrice is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. Capable impressure arrans mark.

⁴ — power of fancy,] Fancy is here used for love, as before in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

⁵ — Who might be your mother,] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they

were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses.

⁶ That you insult, exult, and ALL at once] If the Speaker intended to accuse the person spoken to only for insulting and exulting; then, instead of — all at once, it ought to have been, both at once. But by examining the crime or the person accused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus,

That

ver the wretched? what though you have beauty⁷,
Is, by my faith, I see no more in you
han without candle may go dark to bed),
lust you be therefore proud and pitileſs?
Why, what means this? why do you look on me?
ſee no more in you than in the ordinary
If nature's ſale-work⁸: odds, my little life!
think, ſhe means to angle mine eyes too:
lo, faith, proud miſtress, hope not after it;
tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
our bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
hat can entame my ſpirits to your worship⁹.
ou foolish ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow her
ike foggy South, puffing with wind and rain?
ou are a thouſand times a properer man,
han ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fools as you,
hat make the world full of ill-favour'd children;
tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatter her;
nd out of you ſhe fees herſelf more proper,
han any of her lineaments can show her.
ut, miſtres, know yourſelf; down on your knees,
nd thank heav'n, fasting, for a good man's love;
or I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
ell when you can; you are not for all markets.

*That you insult, exult, and RAIL,
at once.*
r these three things Pheebe was
ility of. But the Oxford Edi-
improves it, and, for rail at
e, reads domineer. W.A.B.
*— what though you haue
beauty,*] Tho' all the printed
pies agree in this Reading, it
very accurately obſerved to me
an ingenious unknown Cor-
ponent, who signs himſelf
H. (and to whom I can only
e make my Acknowledgements) that the Negative ought
be left out. THEOBALD.

⁸ Of nature's ſale-work:] i.e. those works that nature makes up careleſſly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of Mechanicks, whose work bespoke is more elaborate, than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to ſell in quantities to retailers, which is called ſale-work. WARBURTON.

⁹ *That can ENTAME my ſpirits
to your worship*] I ſhould rather think that Shakespeare wrote EN-
TRAINE, draw, allure. WARB.

The common reading ſeems unexceptionable.

Cry

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer ;
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer :
 So take her to thee, shepherd—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
 I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Rof. [aside] He's fallen in love with her foulness ;
 and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as
 fast as she answers thee, with frowning looks, I'll saucy
 her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rof. I pray you, do not fall in love with me ;
 For I am falser than vows made in wine ;
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by.
 Will you go, Sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard—
 Come, sister—shepherdess, look on him better,
 And be not proud. Though all the world could see³,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
 Come, to our flock. [Exeunt Rof. Cel. and Corin.]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy Saw of might ;
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*!

Phe. Hah : what say'ſt thou, *Silvius* !

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius*.

Sil. Where-ever sorrow is, relief would be ;

¹ *Foul is most foul, being FOUL to be a scoffer :*] The only sense of this is, An ill-favoured person is most ill-favoured, when, if he be ill-favoured, he is a scoffer. Which is a deal too absurd to come from Shakespeare; who, without question, wrote,

Foul is most foul, being FOUND to be a scoffer :

i. e. where an ill-favour'd person ridicules the defects of others, it makes his own appear excessive.

WARBURTON.

The sense of the received reading is not fairly represented, it is, The ugly seem most ugly when, though ugly, they are scoffers. ² —with her foulness.) So Sir T. Hanmer, the other editions, your foulness.

³ —Though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he.) Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he.

If

all that thou canst talk of love so well,
company, which erst was irksome to me,
endure; and I'll employ thee too:
not look for further recompence,
thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
So holy and so perfect is my love,
in such a poverty of grace,

shall think it a most plenteous crop
an the broken ears after the man
he main harvest reaps: loose now and then
er'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Know'st thou the youth, that spoke to me ere-
while?

Not very well, but I have met him oft;
hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
the old *Carlot* once was master of.

Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
t a peevish boy—yet he talks well.
at care I for words? yet words do well,
he that speaks them, pleases those that hear:
pretty youth—not very pretty—
re, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
ake a proper man; the best thing in him
omplexion; and faster than his tongue
ke offence, his eye did heal it up:
ot very tall, yet for his years he's tall;

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Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask,
There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd hi
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
For what had he to do to chide at me ?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black
And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me ;
I marvel, why I answer'd not again ;
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, *Silvius* ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight ;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :
Go with me, *Silvius*.

[Exeunt]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Continues in the FOREST.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

J A Q U E S.

I Pry thee, pretty youth, let me be better acquaint with thee.

Rof. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Rof. Those, that are in extremity of either, a
abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to eve
modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad, and say nothing.

f

Rof. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, on which my often ruminations wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rof. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd me experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rof. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalind!*

Jaq. Nay then — God b'w'y you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.]

Rof. Farewel, monsieur traveller; look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own Country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think, you have swam in a Gondola⁴. — Why, how now, *Orlando*, where have you

* — *swam in a Gondola.*] That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, defiled their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was therefore gravely censured by *Ajkam* in his *Schoelmaster*,

you been all this while? You a lover? — an you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair *Rosalind*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rof. Break an hour's promise in love! he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that *Cupid* hath clapt him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear *Rosalind*.

Rof. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be wo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Rof. Ay, of a snail; for tho' he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Rof. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my *Rosalind* is virtuous.

Rof. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leer than you.

Rof. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very *Rosalind*?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out,

master, and by Bishop *Hall* in his other passages, ridiculed by *Shake-
Luo Vadis*, and is here, and in *Speare*.

they

they will spit; and for lovers lacking, God warn us, matter, the cleanliest shift is to kifs.

Orla. How if the kifs be denied?

Rof. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rof. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Rof. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orla. I take some joy to say, you are; because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

Orla. Then in mine own person I die.

Rof. No, faith, die by attorney; the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. *Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a *Grecian club*, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, tho' *Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash in the *Hellespont*, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age⁵ found it was, — *Hero of Sestos*. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a fly — but come;

⁵ —chroniclers of that age.] Sir advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of F. Hammer reads, coroners, by the some anonymous critick.

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now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more coming on ~~dis~~ position ; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, *Rosalind*.

Rof. Yes, faith, will I, *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me ?

Rof. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou ?

Rof. Are you not good ?

Orla. I hope so.

Rof. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing ? come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, *Orlando*: what do you say Sister ?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin—Will you, *Orlando*—

Cel. Go to—Will you, *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind* ?

Orla. I will.

Rof. Ay, but when ?

Orla. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Orla. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Rof. I might ask you for your commission, but I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband : there's a girl goes before the priest, and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts ; they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possest her.

Orla. For ever and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, *Orlando*, men are *April* when they woo, *December* when they wed : maids are *May* when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be ~~more~~ jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock-pigeon over his hen;

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more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more
ngled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires
monkey ; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana*
fountain ; and I will do that, when you are dis-
to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen, and that
you are inclin'd to sleep ⁶.

i. But will my *Rosalind* do so ?
By my life, she will do as I do.

i. O, but she is wise.

Or else she could not have the wit to do this ;
her, the waywarder : make the doors fast upon
an's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut
nd 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, it will
h the smoak out at the chimney.

i. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he
say, *Wit, wither wilt* ⁷ ?

Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you
our wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

i. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?
Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You
never take her without her anfwer, unlesis you
ier without her tongue. O that woman, that
make her fault her husband's occasion ⁸, let her
nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like
!

i. For these two hours, *Rosalind*, I will leave

i. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

i. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two
I will be with thee again.

— and when you are in-
SLEEP.] We should read,

WARBURTON.
now not why we should
weep. I believe most men
be more angry to have
hindered than their grief
isted.

— *Wit, wither wilt* ?]

L. II,

This must be some allusion to a
story well known at that time,
though now perhaps irretrievable.

⁸ make her fault her husband's
occasion,] That is, represent her
fault as occasioned by her hus-
band. Sir T. Hanmer reads, her
husband's accusation.

G

Rof.

82 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Rof. Ay, go your ways, go your ways—I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less—that flattering tongue of yours won me—’tis but one cast away, and so come death—two o’th’ clock is your hour!

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise^{*}, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Rof. Well, time is the old Justice that examines ~~all~~ such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [Exit Orla.

Cel. You have simply misus’d our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck’d over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rof. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love; but it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rof. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv’d of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy, that abuses every

* — I will think you the most PATHETICAL break-promise.]

There is neither sense nor humour in this expression. We should certainly read, — ATHEISTICAL break-promise. His answer confirms it, that he would

keep his promise with no less Religion, than —

WAKES OF WINTER
I do not see but that ~~atheistical~~ may stand, which seems to add as much sense and as much humour as atheistical.

one

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 83

his eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, wth deep I am in love; I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I can't be out of the sight of *Orlando*; I'll go find a shaw, and sigh 'till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Roman* conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no Song, Forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, Sir.

Jaq Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

What shall be have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;

Then sing him home: — take thou }
no Scorn¹

To wear the born, the born, the born:

It was a crest, ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it,

The born, the born, the lusty born,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

} The rest shall
bear this Bur-
den.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

In former Editions: [his fury him home, the rest bear this burden.] This is no instance of the vagueness, our preceding Editors, did nothing worse. One could expect, when they were to have at least have

taken care of the Rhimes, and not forsooth in what has nothing to answer it. Now, where is the Rhyme to, the rest shall bear this Burden? Or, to ask another Question, where is the Sense of it? Does the Poet mean, that He, that kill'd the Deer, shall be

A S Y O U L I K E I T.

• S C E N E V.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rof. How say you now, is it not past two o'clock
I wonder much, *Orlando* is not here.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and trout
brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is g
forth to sleep : look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe* bid me give you this: [*Giving a lett*
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rof. [reading.] Patience herself would startle at
letter,
And play the swaggerer — bear this, bear all —
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Odds my will !
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.
Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

be sung home, and the rest shall
bear the Deer on their Backs ?
This is laying a Burden on the
Poet, that We must help him to
throw off. In short, the Mystery
of the Whole is, that a Mar
ginal Note is wisely thrust into
the Text : the Song being de
sign'd to be sung by a single
Voice, and the Stanza's to close
with a Burden to be sung by the
whole Company. THEOBALD.

This note I have given as a
specimen of Mr. *Theobald's* jo

cularity, and of the eloq
with which he recommends
emendations.

⁴ The foregoing noisy
was introduced only to fi
an interval, which is to i
sent two hours. This con
tion of the time we might
pute to poor *Rosalind's* i
tience, but that a few mi
after we find *Orlando* fendi
excuse. I do not see the
any probable division of the
this absurdity can be obviat

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 85

No, I protest, I know not the contents;
I did write it.

Come, come, you're a fool,
turn'd into th' extremity of love.
her hand, she has a leathern hand,
e-stone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
her old gloves were on, but 'was her hand;
as a huswife's hand, but that's no matter—
she never did invent this letter—
s a man's invention, and his hand.

Sure, it is hers.

Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
for challengers; why, she defies me,
Turk to Christian; woman's gentle brain
not drop forth such giant rude invention;
Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
in their countenance. Will you hear the let-
ter?

So please you, for I never heard it yet;
ard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

She Phebe's me — mark, how the tyrant

Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd,
woman rail thus?

Call you this railing?

[Reads.] Why, thy Godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
u ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance* to me.

g me a beast.

* Vengeance is used for a mischief.

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me, what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?*

*He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,
Whether that thy Youth and Kind³
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny.
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rof. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity—Wilt thou love such a woman—what, to make an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? to be endured!—Well, go your way to her; for I love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this her; “that if she love me, I charge her to love it;” “If she will not, I will never have her, unless I intreat for her.” If you be a true lover, hence, not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit Silv

S C E N E VI.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: pray you, if know

Where, in the purlews of this forest, stands A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

³ *Youth and Kind.*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

A S Y Q U L I K E I T. 87.

- i. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
on your right-hand, brings you to the place ;
it this hour the house doth keep itself,
e's none within.
- i. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
should I know you by description,
garments, and such years : " the boy is fair,
female favour, and bestows himself
e a ripe Sister : but the woman low,
d brownier than her brother." Are not you
owner of the house, I did enquire for ?
- i. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
i. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
to that youth, he calls his *Rosalind*,
ends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?
- i. I am ; what must we understand by this ?
- i. Some of my Shame, if you will know of me
t man I am, and how, and why, and where
handkerchief was stain'd.
- i. I pray you, tell it.
- i. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
eft a promise to return again
thin an hour ; and pacing through the forest,
ring the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
that befel ! he threw his eye aside,
mark what object did present itself.
an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
high top bald with dry antiquity ;
etched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
sleeping on his back ; about his neck
een and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
opening of his mouth, but suddenly
g *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
with indented glides did slip away

* We must read, within two hours.

Into a bush; under which bush's shade
 A Lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
 Lay couching head on ground, with cat-like watch:
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
 The royal disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
 This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,

And he did render him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do;
 For, well I know, he was unnatural.

Rof. But, to *Orlando* — did he leave him there,
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
 And nature stronger than his just occasion,
 Made him give battel to the lioness,
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Rof. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I; I do not shame
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Rof. But, for the bloody napkin? —

Oli. By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that desert place;
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

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The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted;
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.—
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise ; and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now? Ganymed! — Sweet! —
Ganymed!

Rosalind faints.

Oli. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it : — cousin — Ganymed*!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Rof. Would, I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

— I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth — you a man? — you lack a man's heart.

Rof. I do so, I confess it. Ah, Sir, a body would think, this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited : heigh ho! —

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Rof. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Rof. So I do : but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray you, draw homewards — good Sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I ; for I must bear answer back,

* Cousin, Ganymed.] Celia in out Cousin, then recollects herself her first sight forgets Rosalind's and says Ganymed. character and disguise, and calls

How

How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Raf. I shall devise something. But, I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeun*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The F O R E S T.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

C L O W N.

WE shall find a time, *Audrey*—patience, gentle *Audrey*.

Aud. Faith, the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliver, *Audrey*; a most vi Mar-text—but *Audrey*, there is a youth here in the Forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown. I by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to a fwer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n, *Audrey*.

Aud. God give ye good ev'n, *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you, Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n, gentle friend—Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.—How are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, Sir.

(

A S Y O U L I K E I T.

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Clo. A fair name. Wast born i'th'forest here?

Will. Ay, Sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God—a good answer: art rich?

Will. Faith, Sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wife?

Will. Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou say'st well: I do now remember a saying; *the fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be fool.* ⁶ The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, Sir;

Clo. Give me your hand: art thou learned?

Will. No, Sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; to have, is to have. For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink being poured out of a cap into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*; for I am he.

Will. Which he, Sir?

Clo. He, Sir, that must marry this woman; therefore you, Clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society—which in the boorish, is company—of this female—which in the common, is—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or Clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty in-

⁶ *The heathen philosopher, when he desired to eat a grape, &c.]* This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers,

by the writers of their lives, such as *Diogenes Laertius, Philostratus, Eunapius, &c.* as appears from its being introduced by one of their wise sayings.

WARBURTON.

to

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to bondage⁷; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do, good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry, Sir,

[Exit.]

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away.

Clo. Trip, *Audrey*; trip, *Audrey*; I attend, I attend.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing; you should love her? and loving, woo? and wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love *Aliena*; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other; it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir *Rowland's*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be

⁷ *I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction, &c.]* All this seems to bear an allusion to Sir Thomas Overbury's affair.

WARBURTON.

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A S. Y O U L I K E I T. 93

morrow; thither will I invite the Duke, and all his intended followers: go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for, look you, here comes my *Rosalind*.

Rof. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister^{*}.

Rof. Oh, my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orla. It is my arm.

Rof. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rof. O, I know where you are—Nay, 'tis true—there was never any thing so sudden, but the sight of two rams, and *Cæsar's* thrasonical brag of I came, and overcame: for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of airs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent; else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubs cannot part them[†].

Orla. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall

* *And you, fair sister.*] I know fair sister.

† *why Oliver should call Ro-* ⁹ *Clubs cannot part them.*] Al-
lend sister. He takes her yet luding to the way of parting dogs
to be a man. I suppose we in wrath.
ould read, and you, and your

think

think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Rof. Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalind*?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know, you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge; insomuch, I say, I know what you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things; I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Athena*, you shall marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow; human as she is¹, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Rof. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, tho' I say, I am a magician²: therefore, put you off your best array; bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to *Rosalind*, if you will.

¹ Human as she is.] This is not a phantom, but the real *Rosalind*, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation.

I say, I am a magician:] Hence it appears this was written in James's time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians.

WARBURTON.

² Which I tender dearly, tho'

SCENE III.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despightful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be made all of faith and service;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humblenes, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganymed*.

Orla. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Rof. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Ros.*

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[*To Phe.*

Orla.

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rof. Who do you speak to, *why blame you me to love you?*

Orla. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear?

Rof. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon—I will help you if I can; [To Orlando.] —I would love you, if I could; [To Phebe.] —to-morrow meet me all together—I will marry you, [To Phebe.] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow—I will satisfy you, [To Orlando.] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow—I will content you, [To Silvius.] if, what pleases you, contents you; and you shall be married to-morrow—As you love Rosalind, meet [To Orlando.] —as you love Phebe, meet [To Silvius.] —and as I love no woman, I'll meet—So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To-morrow is the joyful day, *Audrey*—to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and, I hope, it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

Enter two pages.

1 Page. Well-met, honest gentleman.

Clo. By my troth, well met: come, sit, sit, and *Song.*

2 Page. We are for you. Sit i'th' middle.

1 Page

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 97

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawk-g, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the dly prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I'faith, i'faith, and both in a tune, like to Gypsies on a horse.

S O N G .

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time; the pretty spring time,
When birds did sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.*

*The Carrol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly, young gentleman, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable ⁴.

1 Page.

The stanzas of this song are in the editions evidently transmuted: as I have regulated them, which in the former copies

was the ad flapza is now the last.

4 Truly, young Gentleman, tho' there was no great Matter in the Ditty, yet the note was very untunable]
H

i. Page. You are deceiv'd, Sir, we kept time,
lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth, yes: I count it but time los'
hear such a foolish Song. God b'w'you, and I
mend your voices. Come, *Audrey.* [Exe.

S C E N E V.

Changes to another Part of the Forest.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando,
Oliver, and Celia.*

Duke Sen. D O S T thou believe, *Orlando*, that
boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
not;

As those that fear, they hope, and know they fea

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compa
urg'd:

tunable.] Tho' it is thus in all
the printed Copies, it is evident
from the Sequel of the Dialogue,
that the Poet wrote as I have re-
form'd in the Text, *unmeable*.—
Time, and *Tune*, are frequently
misprinted for one another in the
old Editions of Shakespeare.

THEOBALD.
This emendation is received,
I think very undeservedly, by
Dr. Warburton.

*s. As those that fear THEY
HOPE, and know THEY fear.]*
This strange nonsense should be
read thus.

*As those that fear THEIR
and know THEIR fear.
i. e. As those who fear th
of a thing when they know
fear to be well grounded.*

WARBO

The depravation of th
is evident, but I do not thi
learned Commentator's ex
tion very happy. I read

*As those that fear with
and hope with fear.*

Or thus, with less alteratio

*As those that fear, the
and now they fear.*

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 99

I say, if I bring in your *Rosalind*, [To the Duke.
I will bestow her on *Orlando* here?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I Kingdoms to give
with her.

Lo. And you say, you will have her when I bring
her. [To Orlando.

Ira. That would I, were I of all Kingdoms King.

Lo. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing.
[To Phebe.

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Lo. But if you do refuse to marry me,
I'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Lo. You say that you will have *Phebe*, if she will?
[To Silvius.

il. Tho' to have her and death were both one
thing.

Lo. I've promis'd to make all this matter even.

Do you your word, O Duke, to give your daugh-
ter:

yours, *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:

Do you your word, *Phebe*, that you'll marry me,

else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Do you your word, *Silvius*, that you'll marry her,

else refuse me; and from hence I go

make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Ros. and Celia.

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy

the lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Ira. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

thought, he was a brother to your daughter;

my good Lord, this boy is forest-born,

hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

many desperate studies by his uncle;

and he reports to be a great magician,

ured in the circle of this forest.

SCENE VI.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward these couples are coming to the Ark. ⁶ Here a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongue call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation, and greeting, to you all!

Jaq. Good, my Lord, bid him welcome. is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have often met in the forest: he hath been a Courtier swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flat-lady; I have been politick with my friend, if with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was That ta'en up?

Clo. Faith, we met; and found, the quarrel upon the seventh cause?

Jaq. How the seventh cause? — Good my lord this fellow.

Duke Scn. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ld you, Sir, I desire you of the like press in here, Sir, among the rest of the countenances, to swear, and to forswear, accordi-

⁶ Here come a pair of VERY STRANGE beasts, &c] What! strange beasts? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's Ark is here alluded to; into which the clean beasts entered by sevens, and the unclean by two, male and female. It is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, here come a pair of UNCLEAN beasts, which is highly humorous.

WARBURTON.

Strange beasts are only what we call odd animals. There is

no need of any alteration.

⁷ We found the quarrel upon the seventh cause.] So copies; but it is apparent the sequel that we may be the quarrel was not upon the seventh cause.

⁸ — I desire you of the like. On the Duke's I like him very well, he I desire you will give me that I may like you too.

S Y O U L I K E I T. 101

binds, and blood breaks' — a poor virgin ill-favour'd thing, Sir, but mine own — honour of mine, Sir, to take That that no will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, iouse; as your pearl, in your foul oyster. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. according to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dul-
s*.

it, for the seventh cause; how did you find
I on the seventh cause?

on a lye seven times removed; (bear your
seeming, *Audrey*) as thus, Sir; I did dislike
of a certain Courtier's beard'; he sent me
aid his beard was not cut well, he was in
t was. This is call'd the *Retort courteous*.
um word again, it was not well cut, he
me word, he cut it to please himself. This
: *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut,
d my judgment. This is call'd the *Reply*.
If again, it was not well cut, he would an-
ake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof*.
If again, it was not well cut, he would say,
is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and
circumstantial, and the *Lye direct*.

g as marriage binds, perhaps the fault may lie deeper.
ks.] The construction as marriage
fweare as marriage I think is not
suspect Shakespear
to fwear and to for-
ding as marriage
id RIDS break.
As that, Sir; I did dislike
the cut of a courtier's beard;]
This folly is touched upon with
high humour by Fletcher in his
Queen of Corinth.

— Has he familiarly
Dislike your yellow starch, or
said your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified?—
— or drawn your sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has
be given the lye
In circle or oblique or semi-
circle
Or direct parallel; you must
challenge him. W.A.R.B.

WARRINGTON.
discover what has
the Commentator:
rding as marriage
e the oath enjoin'd
ional of marriage.
seases.] This I do
id. For diseases it
ad discourses: but,

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lye circuſtial*; nor he durſt not give me the *Lye direct*, a we measur'd fwords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degr̄ the Lye?

Clo. * O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; you have books for good manners. I will nam

* O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The Poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address; nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincen-
tio Sarriolo, intituled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in Quar-
to, printed by Wulf, 1594. The first part of this tract he intitiles,
A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honor, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF WORDS, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. What the reason is that the party to whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies. II. Of the manner and diversity of lies. III. Of the uncertain, or direct. IV. Of conditional lies, or the lye c
stantial. V. Of the lye i
ral. VI. Of the lye in j
lar. VII. Of foolish lies.
A conclusion touching the r
or returning back of the
the countercheck quarrel.
In the chapter of condition,
speaking of the particle
says—Conditional lies be
are given conditionally, thi
thou baſt ſaid ſo or ſo, th
lieſt. Of theſe kind of lies
in this manner, often aris
contention, whereof no fu
cluſion can arife. By wh
means, they cannot proc
cut one another's throats,
there is an IF between.
is the reaſon of Shakespear
ing the Clown ſay, I knew
feuen justices could not mak
quarrel: but when the
were met themſelves, one o
thought but of an IF, as
ſaid ſo, then I ſaid ſo, at
back bands, and ſwore bi
Your IF is the only peace
much virtue in IF. Caron
another of theſe authentic
thors upon the Duello. I
in his laſt Act of Love's
maje ridicules him with
humour.

WARDEN

the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew, when seven Justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*; as, if you said so, then I said so; and they hock hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Faq. Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heav'n,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither:
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Rof. To you I give myself; for I am yours.

[To the Duke.]

To you I give myself; for I am yours. [To Orlando.]

Enter Hymen.] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchant-

ment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of *Hymen*.

104 AS YOU LIKE IT.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orla. If there be truth in sight*, you are my *Rosa*. *lind.*

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[*To the Duke.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he. [*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

Hym. Peace, hoa! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion.

Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in *Hymen's* bands,
If truth holds true contents*.

You and you no Cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

You and you are heart in heart;

[*To Oliver and Celia.*

You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather:

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning:
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we meet, and these things finish.

* *If there be truth in sight.*] cannot usurp the form of another.
The answer of *Phebe* makes it probable that *Orlando* says, if there be truth in shape: that is, truth, unless truth fails of veracity.

+ *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be truth in truth; if one truth fails of veracity.

A S Y O U L I K E I T. 105

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's Crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every town!*

Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me,
Nugter-welcome, in no less degree.
I will not eat my word—now thou art mine,
With my fancy to thee doth combine.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

de B. Let me have audience for a word or
two—

The second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
Ring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Frederick, hearing how that every day
Great worth resorted to this forest,
Did a mighty power, which were on foot
Own conduct purposely to take
Ther here, and put him to the sword:
The skirts of this wild wood he came,
Meeting with an old religious man,
One question with him, was converted
On his enterprize, and from the world;
Own bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
Their lands restor'd to them again,
Ere with him exil'd. This to be true,
Rage my life.

Sen. Welcome, young man:
Offer't fairly to thy brothers' wedding;
, his lands with-held; and to the other,

A land

106 AS YOU LIKE IT.

A land itself at large, a potent Dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot :
And, after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry :
Play, musick ; and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I : out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
You to your former Honour I bequeath. [To the Duke.
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit;

[To Osler.

You to your land, and love, and great allies ;

[To Oli.

You to a long and well-deserved bed ; [To Silv.
And you to wrangling ; for thy loving voyage

[To the Clowne.

Is but for two-months victual'd—so to your pleasures :
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd Cave. [Exit.

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed ; we will begin these
rites ;
As, we do trust, they'll end, in true delights.

E P I L O G U E.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epitome, but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the Prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no Epilogue*, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Good wine they do use good bushes; and good love the better by the help of good Epilogues. *What case am I in then?*; that am neither a good wine, nor can insinuate with you in the behalf of a Play? I am not furnish'd like a beggar⁶; to beg will not become me. My way is to you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge women⁷, for the love you bear to men, to much of this Play as pleases you: and I charge men, for the love you bear to women (as I charge by your simpring, none of you hate them)

What case am I in then? seems to be a chasm, ther depravation, which he sentiment here in. The reasoning probably is, *Good wine needs no plays* need no epilogue, wine requires a good play a good Epitome. *What case am I in then?* the words is impossible that can be done without, to note the fault. *furnish'd like a beggar;* dressed: so before, he bed like a huntsman. charge you, O women, to you bear to men, to cb of this play as pleases d I charge you, O men, to you bear to women,— een you and the women, his passage should be I charge you, O wo-

men, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases THEM: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,— TO LIKE AS MUCH AS PLEASES THEM, that between you and the women, &c. Without the alteration of You into Them, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, to like as much as pleases them, the inference of, that between you and the women the play may pass, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless Player, as a vicious redundancy.

WARBURTON.

The words you and you written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable.

that

108 AS YOU LIKE IT.

that between you and the women, the Play may :
If I were a woman⁶, I would kiss as many of
had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik
and breaths that I defy'd not : and, I am si
many as have good beards, or good faces, or
breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make c
bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt o*

⁶ —— *If I were a woman,*] Note that in this author's time the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both *Rosalind* and *Celia* give away their hearts. To *Celia* much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friend- ship. The character of *Jaques*

is natural and well pi
The comick dialogue
sprightly, with less mi
low buffoonery than in so
plays ; and the graver
elegant and harmoniou
battering to the end of
Shakespeare suppressed
logue between the usur
the hermit, and lost an
uity of exhibiting a moral
which he might have for
ter worthy of his highest |

L O



LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

C O M E D Y.

Dramatis Personæ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

Biron,
Longaville, } three Lords, attending upon the King in
Dumain, } his retirement.

Boyet, } Lords, attending upon the Princess of
Macard, } France.

Don Adriano de Armado, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

Nathanael, *a Curate.*

Dull, *a Constable.*

Holofernes, *a Schoolmaster.*

Costard, *a Clown.*

Moth, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*

A Forester.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,
Maria, } Ladies, attending on the Princess:
Catharine,
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and
Princess.

S C E N E, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the
Country near it.*

This enumeration of the persons was made by Mr. Rowe. Of this Play there is an edition in 4to 1593, by W. W. for Cuttbert Barby, which I have not seen.

LOVE's

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The P A L A C E.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

KING.

LE T Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our brazen tombs;
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
When, spight of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge;
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave Conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own Affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires;
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our Court shall be a little academy,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
You three, *Biron, Dumain, and Longaville*,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow Scholars; and to keep those Statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names:
That

112 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein :
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years fast
The mind shall banquet tho' the body pine ;
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd :
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;
With all these living in philosophy¹.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over.
So much (dear liege) I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years :
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside ;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)
Which, I hope well, is not enroiled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your Oath is pass'd to pass away from th
Biron Let me say, no, liege, an' if you please ;
I only swore to study with your Grace,
And stay here in your Court for three years' sp;

¹ *With all these living in phi-* not certainly to what all
losophy.] The style of the rhyming scenes in this play is often to be referred; I suppose h
entangled and obscure. I know that he finds *love, for*
wealth in philosophy.

King. You swore to that, *Biron*, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study? let me know?

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense.

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know;

As thus; to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expresly am forbid ¹;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be this, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops, that hinder study quite;
And train our Intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look:

Light, seeing light, doth light of light beguile;

¹ The copies all have, *When I to fast expresly am forbid.*] But if *Biron* studied where to get a good Dinner, at a time when he was *forbid to fast*, how was This studying to know what he was forbid to know? Common Sense, and the whole Tenour of the Context, requires us to read *fast*, or to make a Change in the last Word of the Verse.

*When I to fast expresly am fore-
bid;*

i. e. when I am enjoyn'd before-hand to fast. THEOBALD.

³ — while truth the while
Doth falsely blind — .] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. The whole sense of this gurgling declamation is only this, that a man by too close study may read himself blind, which might have been told with less obscurity in fewer words.

114 L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T.

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed *,
And give him light, that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy look
Shall have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk and wot not what they a
s Too much to know, is to know nought : but f
And every godfather can give a name.”

* Who dazzling so, that eye
shall be his heed,
And give him light, that it was
blinded by.] This is another passage unnecessarily obscure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed*, his direction or lodestar, (see *Midsummer Night's Dream*) and give him light that was blinded by it.

s Too much to know, is to know
nought but FAME ;
And every Godfather can give a
name.] The first line in this reading is absurd and impertinent. There are two ways of setting it right. The first is to read it thus,

Too much to know, is to know
nought but SHAME ;
This makes a fine sense, and al-

ludes to Adam's Fall, which from the inordinate passion of knowing too much. The way is to read, and point it *Too much to know, is to know nought : but FEIGN, i feign.* As much as to say affecting to know too much is a way to know nothing. The reading in both these readings, is equally good: But with this difference. If we read the first way, the following line is impertinent to save the correction, we judge it spurious. If we read the second way, then the following line compleats the sense. Consequently the correction *i feign* is to be preferred. To know too much (says the speaker) is to know nothing; it is only feigning to know what we do not: giving names for things without knowing their natures; which is known.

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 115

ing. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding⁶.

Song. He weeds the corn, and still let's grow the weeding.

iron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

iron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

iron. Something then in rhyme.

Song. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

iron. Well; say, I am; why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At

ledge: And this was the peculiarity of the Peripatetic sophy then in vogue. These sophers, the poet, with the best humour and good sense, the Godfathers of Nature, could only give things a but had no manner of acceptance with their essences.

WARBURTON. At there are two ways of a passage right gives reason to suspect that there may be a way better than either. First of these emendations is a fine sense, but will not stand with the next line; the other is a sense less fine, and yet not rhyme to the corresponding word. I cannot see why passage may not stand without disturbance. The consequence, Biron, of too much knowledge, it any real solution of doubts, mere empty reputation.

⁶ Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.] To proceed is an academical term, meaning, to take a degree, as he proceeded bachelor in physick. The sense is, he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.

Why should I joy in an abortive Birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Than with a Snow in May's new-fangled Shows:

But like of each Thing, that in Season grows.] As the greatest part of this Scene (both what precedes and follows) is strictly in Rhimes, either successive, alternate, or triple; I am persuaded, the Copyists have made a slip here. For by making a Triplet of the three last Lines quoted, Birth in the Close of the first Line is quite destitute of any Rhyme to it. Besides, what

116 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

At *Christmas* I no more desire a rose,
Than with a snow in *May's* new-fangled shows :
But like of each thing; that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er th' house t'unlock the gat
King. Well, fit you out—Go home, *Biron* : Adie
Biron. No, my good lord, I've sworn to stay
you

And though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And 'bide the penance of each three years' day
Give me the paper, let me read the same ;
And to the strict'lst decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee fro
shame !

Biron. Item. *That no woman shall come withi
mile of my Court.* [read

Hath this been proclaimed ?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

On pain of losing her tongue : — [read
Who devis'd this penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread pen-

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !

I

what a displeasing Identity of Sound recurs in the Middle and Close of this Verse ?

*Than with a Snow in May's
new-fangled Shows :*

Again; *new-fangled Shows* seems to have very little Propriety. The Flowers are not *new fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the Profusion and Variety of the Flowers, that spring on its Bō-son in *May*, I have therefore ventured to substitute, *Earth*, in

the Close of the 3d Line, & restores the alternate Measure was very easy for a neg Transcriber to be deceived t Rhime immediately prece so mistake the concluding in the sequent Line, and co it into one that would chime the other. TAKOS

* *A dangerous Law q
Gentility!*] I have ventun
prefix the Name of *Biron* t

L O V E ' s L A B O U R ' s L O S T . 117

[reading.] *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three Years, he shall endure such shame as the rest of the Court can possibly*

article, my liege, yourself must break ;
well you know, here comes in embassy
such King's daughter with yourself to speak,
and of grace and compleat majesty,
urrender up of Aquitaine
her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :
ere this article is made in vain,
only comes th' admired Princess hither.
What say you, lords ? why, this was quite
forgot.

So study evermore is overshot ;
doth study to have what it would,
forget to do the thing it should :
then it hath the thing it hunteth most,
as towns with Fire ; so won, so lost.
We must, of force, dispense with this decree,
lye here on mere necessity.
Necessity will make us all forsworn,
three thousand times within this three years space :
no man with his affects is born :
by might master'd, but by special grace .

If

ing evident, for two
that it, by some Acci-
ther, slipt out of the
books. In the first place,
confesses, he had de-
penalty : and why he
mediately arraign it as
s Law, seems to be
fistent. In the next
much more natural
make this Reflexion,
lling at every thing ;
or him to pursue his
er the remaining Ar-
As to the Word Gen-

tility, here, it does not signify
that Rank of People called, *Gen-
try* ; but what the French express
by, *gentiléffe*, i. e. *elegantia ur-
banitas*. And then the Meaning
is this. Such a law for banishing
Women from the Court, is dan-
gerous, or injurious, to *Polite-
ness, Urbanity*, and the more re-
fined Pleasures of Life. For Men
without Women would turn bru-
tal, and savage, in their Natures
and Behaviour. THEOBALD.

⁹ *Not by might master'd, but by
special grace.] Biron amidst*

118 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:
I am forsworn on meer necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name,

And he, that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in Attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions¹ are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation² granted?

King. Ay, that there is; our Court, you know
haunted

With a refined traveller of *Spain*,
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue,
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
³ A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

T

his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power.

¹ *Suggestions*] Temptations.
² —quick recreation] Lively sport, spritely diversion.

³ *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny] As very bad a Play as this is, it was certainly Shakespeare's, as appears by many fine master-strokes scattered up and down. An excessive complaisance is here admirably painted, in the person of one who was willing to make even right and

wrong friends: and to persue the one to recede from the customed stubbornness of her nature, and wink at the liberality of her opposite, rather than would incur the imputation ill-breeding in keeping up quarrel. And as our author, Johnson his contemporary, confessedly, the two greatest writers in the Drama that our nation could ever boast of, this: be no improper occasion to notice of one material difference between Shakespeare's worst plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Johnson most his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will plain the difference we speak. Which is this, that, in Johnson's bad pieces, we do not disco-

ild of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
or interim to our Studies, shall relate
-born words the worth of many a Knight
'rom tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate⁴.
u delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
protest, I love to hear him lie ; }
till use him for my minstrelsie.
. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
of fire-new words, fashion's own Knight.

races of the author of
nd *Alchemist*; but, in
and most extravagant
Shakespeare, you every
then encounter strains
size their divine com-
nd the reason is this,
in owing his chief ex-
art, by which he some-
n'd himself to an un-
bitch, when he unbent
id nothing to support
ell below all likeness
while *Shakespeare*, in-
ore largely to nature
ther to his acquired
uld never, in his most
ours, so totally divest
his Genius, but that
frequently break out
ing force and splen-

WARBURTON.
tage, I believe, means
ian that Don *Armado*
nicely versed in ce-
istinctions, one who
iguish in the most de-
ions of honour the
idaries of right and
ompliment, in *Shake-
ie*, did not signify,
not only signify, ver-
or phrases of cour-
ccording to its origi-

nal meaning, the trappings, or
ornamental appendages of a cha-
racter, in the same manner, and
on the same principles, of speech
with accomplishment. Compliment
is, as *Armado* well expresses it,
the varnish of a complete man.

⁴ From tawny Spain, &c.] i.e.
he shall relate to us the celebrated
stories recorded in the old ro-
mances, and in their very stile.
Why he says from tawny Spain
is, because these romances being
of Spanish original, the Heroes
and the Scene were generally of
that country. Why he says, lost
in the world's debate is, becaus:
the subject of those romances
were the crusades of the Euro-
pean Christians against the Sar-
cens of Asia and Africa. So
that we see here is meaning in
the words. WARBURTON.

⁵ — in the world's debate.]
The world seems to be used in
the monastick sense by the king
now devoted for a time to a mo-
nastick life. In the world, in se-
culo, in the bustle of human af-
fairs, from which we are now
happily sequestred, in the world,
to which the votaries of solitude
have no relation.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years are but short,

SCENE II.

Enter Dull and Costard with a letter.

Dull. Which is the King's own person⁶?

Biron. This, fellow; what would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his Grace's Tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme,— Arme—— commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having'; God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

⁶ In former editions;

Dull. Which is the Duke's own Person? The King of Navarre is in several Passages, thro' all the Copies, called the Duke: but as this must have sprung rather from the Inadvertence of the Editors, than a Forgetfulness in the Poet, I have every where, to avoid Confusion, restored King to the Text.

THEOBALD.

⁷ In old editions, A bigg hope

for a low heaven;) A low heaven, sure, is a very intricate Matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the Poet's true Reading; and the Meaning is this. "Tho' you hope for high Words, and should have them, "it will be but a low Acquisition at best." This our Poet calls a low Having: and it is a Substantive, which he uses in several other Passages.

THEOBALD.

Cost

L O V E ' s L A B O U R ' s L O S T . 121

Cofst. The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Janeetta.

e manner of it is, I was taken in the manner ¹.

Biron. In what manner?

Cofst. In manner and form, following, Sir; all those
ee. I was seen with her in the Manor-house, sit-
; with her upon the Form, and taken following her
> the Park ; which, put together, is, in manner
l form following. Now, Sir, for the manner: it
be manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the
m, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir?

Cofst. As it shall follow in my correction; and God
end the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cofst. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after
flesh.

ig reads. **G**REAT deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent,
and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's
th's God, and body's fostering patron——

Cofst. Not a word of Cofstard yet.

King. So it is——

Cofst. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in
ling true, but so, so.

King. Peace——

Cofst. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words——

Cofst. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy—
I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most
wolesome physick of thy health-giving air; and as I am

—taken WITH the manner.]
e following question arising
in these words shews we should
d—taken IN the manner. And
was the phrase in use to fig-
y, taken in the fact. So Dr.

Donne in his letters, But if I
melt into melancholy while I write,
I shall be taken in the manner;
and I sit by one, too tender to these
impressions. WARBURTON.

122 LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

a gentleman, betook myself to walk : The time, when? about the sixth hour, when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is call'd supper : so much for the time, when. Now for the ground, which: which, I mean, I walkt upon; it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place, where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where; It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minow of thy mirth⁹, (Cof. Me?) that unletter'd small-knowing soul, (Cof. Me?) that shallow vassal, (Cof. Still me?) which, as I remember, bight Costard; (Cof. O me!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy establisched proclaimed edict and continent canon, with, with — O with,— but with this, I passion to say wherewith :

Cof. With a wench.

King. With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or for thy more understanding, a woman; him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing an estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel call'd) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vassal of thy law's fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to trial. Thine in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

⁹ — base minow of thy mirth.] not be intended here. We may A minow is a little fish which can- read, the base minion of thy mirth. King.

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 123

King. Ay; the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cofl. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cofl. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cofl. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cofl. This was no damosel neither, Sir, she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaim'd virgin.

Cofl. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

Cofl. This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cofl. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. My lord *Biron*, see him deliver'd o'er.

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cofl. I suffer for the truth, Sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girl; and therefore welcome the four cup of prosperity: affliction may one day smile again, and until then, sit thee down, sorrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Armado's House.

Enter Armado, and Moth.

Arm. BOY, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp!

Moth. No, no; O lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How can't thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender *Juvenile*?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why, tough Signior? why, tough Signior?

Moth. Why, tender *Juvenile*? why, tender *Juvenile*?

Arm. I spoke it, tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my faying apt? or I apt, and my faying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little! pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

[— dear Imp.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwel in his last letter to Henry VIII. prays for the *imp bis son*. It is now used only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which state it suits well with this dialogue.

Moth.

O V E's LABOUR's LOST. 125

b. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

n. What? that an eel is ingenious.

b. That an eel is quick.

n. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou
my blood —

b. I am answer'd, Sir.

n. I love not to be crost.

b. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses love
m.

n. I have promis'd to study three years with the

b. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

n. Impossible.

b. How many is one thrice told?

n. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the spirit of a
r.

b. You are a gentleman and a gamester.

n. I confess both; they are both the varnish of
pleat man.

b. Then, I am sure, you know how much the
sum of duce-ace amounts to.

n. It doth amount to one more than two.

b. Which the base vulgar call, three.

n. True.

b. Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? now
three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how
it is to put years to the word three, and study
years in two words, the dancing-horse will tell

m. A most fine figure.

b. To prove you a cypher.

m. I will hereupon confess, I am in love; and,
is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with
se wench. If drawing my sword against the hu-

— crosses love not him.] to Celia, if I should bear you, I
ffes he means money. So should bear no cross.
ys a like it, the Crown says

mour

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mour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner; and ransom him to any *French* courtier for a new-devis'd curt'sy. I think it scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, boy; what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson, strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Sampson's love, my dear *Moth*?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, afflit me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child, most pretty and pathetical!

Moth.

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
 Her faults will ne'er be known ;
 'or blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
 And fears by pale-white shwon ;
 Then if she fear, or be to blame,
 By this you shall not know ;
 'or still her cheeks possess the same,
 Which native she doth owe.
 A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of
 white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and
 the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was guilty of such a ballad some
 three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ;
 if it were, it would neither serve for the writing,
 or the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that
 may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took
 the park with the rational hind *Costard*; she deserves
 all —

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than
 y master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
 ench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, 'till this company is past.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta a Maid.

Dul. Sir, the King's pleasure is, that you keep *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor
 penance; but he must fast three days a-week. For
 is damsel, I must keep her at the park, she is al-
 w'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm.

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Arm. I do betray myself with blushing ; maid,

Jaq. Man, —

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know, where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away ³.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaque*

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offend
thou be pardoned.

Cof. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I sha
it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily putish'd.

Cof. I am more bound to you, than your follo
for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Cof. Let me not be pent up, Sir ; I will fast
ing loose.

Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose ; thou
to pris'on.

³ Maid. Fair weather after you. Come, Jaquenetta, away.] Weather after you — n
youth all the printed Copies : but spoken by Jaquenetta ; as
the Editors have been guilty of that Dull lays to her, C
much Inadvertence. They make quenetta, away, as I hav
Jaquenetta, and a Maid enter ; elated the Text. THE
whereas Jaquenetta is the only Mr. Theobald has ende
intended by the Poet, and here to dignify his own i
is committed to the Custody by a very slight perfor
of Dull, to be conveyed by him The folios all read as h
to the Lodge in the Park. This except that instead of
being the Case, it is evident to the persons they give the
Demonstration, that —— Fair racters, enter Clown, C
and Wench.



LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST. 129

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of de-
lation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master *Moth*, but what they
ok upon. ‘It is not for prisoners to be silent in
ieir words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank
od, I have as little patience as another man, and
erefore I can be quiet. [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base,
here her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot,
hich is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn,
hich is a great argument of falsehood, if I love.
nd how can that be true love, which is falsely at-
tempted? Love is a familiar, love is a devil; there is
evil angel but love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted,
id he had an excellent strength; yet was *Solomon* so
duced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupid's* but-
taft is too hard for *Hercules's* club, and therefore too
uch odds for a *Spaniard's* rapier; the first and second
use will not serve my turn⁴; the *Paffado* he respects
ot, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be
ill'd boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu,
alour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your ma-
ger is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some ex-
temporal God of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn
nneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole
olumes in folio. [*Exit.*

⁴ It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words.] I suppose we should read, it is not for pri-
-fessors to be silent in their wards, that is, in custody, in the holds.

⁵ The first and second cause will not serve my turn.] See the last act of *As you like it* with the notes.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, C
tharine, Boyet, Lords and other attendants.*

BOYET.

NOW, Madam, summon up your dearest spirit
Confider, whom the King your father sends;
To whom he sends, and what's his embassie.
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfeccions that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea, of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mea
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues*.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now, to task the tasker; good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
'Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent Court;
Therefore to us seems it a needful course,

* Chapman here seems to signify the seller, not, as now commonly, the buyer. Cheap or cheaping was anciently Market, Chapman therefore is Marketman. The meaning is, that the estimation of beauty depends not on the seller, but on the eye of the buyer.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 131

before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Told of your worthiness, we single you
Is our best-moving fair sollicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace:
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.]

Prin. A I pride is willing pride, and yours is so;
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous King?

Lord. Longueville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a marriage-feast,
Between lord *Perigort* and the beauteous heir
Of *Jacques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longueville*,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms,
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil,)

A sharp wit †, match'd with two blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
Should spare none, that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking lord, belike. Is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Catb. The young *Dumain*, a well-accomplisht'd
youth.

Of all that virtue love, for virtue lov'd.
Lost power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

* Well fitted, is well quali- † Match'd with, is combined.
fied or joined with.

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And shape to win grace, tho' he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once,
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rofa. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard o'truth ;
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales ;
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blefs my ladies : are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise !

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter *Boyet*.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord ?

Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I've learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes *Navarre*.

S C E

L O V E ' S L A B O U R ' S L O S T . 133

S C E N E II.

the King, Longueville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

ing. Fair Princes, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.
rin. Fair, I give you back again ; and welcome we not yet : the roof of this Court is too high to ours ; and welcome to the wide fields, too base to mine.

ing. You shall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

rin. I will be welcome thien ; conduct me thither.

ing. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

rin. Our Lady help my lord ! he'll be forsworn.

ing. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.

rin. Why, Will shall break its will, and nothing else.

ing. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

rin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

ere now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

ur, your Grace hath sworn out house-keeping :

deadly sin to keep that oath, my Lord ;

id sin to break it. —

pardon me, I am too sudden bold :

each a teacher ill beseemeth me.

chsafe to read the purpose of my Coming,

suddenly resolve me in my suit.

ing. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

rin. You will the sooner, that I were away ;

you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

iron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

of. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once ?

iron. I know, you did.

of. How needless was it then to ask the question ?

iron. You must not be so quick.

of. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions.

Sir *T. Hanmer* reads not sin inconvenience very frequently break it. I believe erroneously attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt.

The Prince shews an

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Ros. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o'day?

Ros. The hour, that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many loyers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none!

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intjmate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but th' one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, as neither have,

Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surery of the which,

One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us;

Although not valu'd to the mony's worth:

If then the King your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfy'd,

We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,

And hold fair friendship with his Majesty:

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

An hundred thousand crowns, and not demands;

On payment of an hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in *Aquitain*;

Which we much rather had depart withal,

And have the money by our father lent,

Tha

⁶ The former editions read,

— And not demands
One payment of an hundred
thousand Crowns,

To have his Title live in Aqui-
taine.] I have restored, I
believe, the genuine Sense of the
Passage. *Aquitain* was pledg'd,
it seems, to *Navarre's* father,
for 200000 Crowns. The French

King pretends to have paid on
Moiety of this Debt, (which *Na-*
varre knows nothing of,) but
demands this Moiety back again:
instead whereof (says *Navarre*)
he should rather pay the remain-
ing Moiety and demand to have
Aquitain re-deliver'd up to him.
This is plain and easy Reasoning
upon the Fact suppos'd; and *N.*

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. 135

King. Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
from reason's yielding, your fair self should make
yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast;
and go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
and wrong the reputation of your name,
so unseeming to confess receipt
of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
and if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
or such a sum, from special officers
of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
By liberal reason I will yield unto:
Lean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Take tender of, to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
So deny'd fair harbour in my house:
Our own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace!

King. Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.

[Exit.]

He declares, he had rather re- than detain the Province mort-
the Relidue of his Debt, gag'd for Security of it. THEOB.

136 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Rof. I pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Rof. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Rof. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rof. My physick says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Rof. Non, poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now God save thy life!

Rof. And yours from long living!

Biron. I can't stay thanksgiving. [Exit.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alanson, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady; Monsieur, fare you well. [Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word: what is she in white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light; I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire That,
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard! *

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Catharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, Sir, or so.

* That is, mayst thou have length of which suits ill with
sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the
such idle catches of wit.

Biron.

LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

135

Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast ;
And go well satisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that, which hath so faithfully been paid.

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And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

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For such a sum, from special officers
Of *Charles* his father.

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Where that and other specialties are bound :
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King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto :
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates ;
But here, without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Tho' so deny'd fair harbour in my house :
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell ;
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
Grace !

King. Thy own Wish wish I thee, in every place.
[Exit]

He declares, he had rather re- than detain the Province mort-
the Relidue of his Debt, gag'd for Security of it. THEOB.

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Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make them retire

To the Court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agat with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see;
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be:
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
^{* To feel only looking on fairest of fair;}
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some Prince to buy;
Who tending their own worth, from whence they
were glafst,

Did point out to buy them, along as you past.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: *Boy.* is dispos'd—

Boy. But to speak that in words, which his eye
hath disclos'd;

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Rof. Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of
him.

Rof. Then was Venus like her mother, for her fa-
ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

^{*} His tongue all impatient to speak and not see.] That is, his tongue being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak. ^{* To feel only looking.] Per haps we may better read, to feel only by looking.}

Ref. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me⁹.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Park; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth.

A R M A D O.

WARBLE, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel _____*

[Singing.

Arm. Sweet Air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain; bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

* Boyet. You are too hard for me.] Here, in all the Books, the 2d Act is made to end: but in my Opinion very mistakenly. I have ventur'd to vary the Regulation of the four last Acts from the printed Copies, for these Reasons. Hitherto, the 2d Act has been of the Extent of 7 Pages; the third but of 5; and the 5th of no less than 29. And this Disproportion of Length has crowded too many Incidents into some Acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better Equality; and distributed the Business likewise (such as it is) into a more uniform Cast.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reason enough to propose this alteration, but he should not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preserved his observation, but continued the former division.

* Enter Armado and Moth.] In the folios the direction is, enter Braggart and Moth, and at the beginning of every speech of *Armado* stands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing scene between him and his boy. The other personages of this play are likewise noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confusion has been well regulated by the later Editors.

* Here is apparently a song lost.

MOTH.

140 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a *Fren*brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brawling in *French*?

Moth. No, my compleat master; but to jig off tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a no and sing a note; sometimes through the throat, as you swallow'd love with singing love; sometimes through the nose, as if you snufft up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thin-bell doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a ship and away: these are compliments *, these are humours; these be nice wenches that would be betray'd without these, as make the men of note ³: do you note men, that are most affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my pen-of observation.

Arm. But O, but O —

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot ⁴.

Arm

* *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. THEOB.

* Dr. Warburton has here changed compliments to 'compliments for accomplishments, but unnecessarily.

* The former Editors:

— these betray nice Wenches, that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note.] But who will ever believe, that the odd' Attitudes and Affectionations of Lovers, by which they betray young Wenches, should have power to make those young Wenches Men of Note? His Meaning is, that they now

only inveigle to young Girl but make the Men taken noit of too, who affect them.

THEOBALD

* Arm. But O, but O —

Moth. The Hobby-horse is forgot.] In the celebration of May day, besides the sports now use of hanging a pole with garland and dancing round it, former a boy was drest up representin Maid Marian; another, like Fryar; and another rode on Hobby-horse, with bells jinglin and painted streamers: After the affixation took place, at Precisians' manufactory, these fac rit

C O V E R S : L A B O U R ' S L O S T . 141

Arm. Call'nt thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt *,
and you love, perhaps, a hackney: but have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent students, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: And this *by*, *in*, and *out of*, upon the instant: *by* heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: *in* heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and *out of* heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

* *Arm.* I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain, he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very flow-gated: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

ties were look'd upon to favour of *paganism*; and then maid *Marian*, the *fryar*, and the poor *Hobby horse*, were turn'd out of the games. Some who were not

so *wisely* precise, but regretted the difuse of the *Hobby-horse*, no doubt, farriz'd this suspicion of *idolatry*, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now

Moth, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh!* *but oh!* —— humourouly pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph.

TREGIBALD.

* *Colt* is a hot mad-brained unbroken young fellow, or sometimes an old fellow with youthful desires.

Moth.

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Moth. Minime, honest master : or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, Sir, to say so⁵.

Is that lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoak of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly.

[Exit.]

Arm. A most acute Juvenile, voluble and free of
grace ;

* By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

S C E N E II.

Re-enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master, here's a Costard broken
in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle ; come,—thy Envoy—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy ; no salve in
the male, Sir⁶. O Sir, plantan, a plain plantan ; no
l'envoy, no l'envoy, or salve, Sir, but plantan.

⁵ You are too swift, Sir, to say so soon.] How is he too swift for saying that lead is slow ? I fancy we should read, as well to supply the rhyme as the sense,

You are too swift, Sir, to say so,
so soon

Is that lead slow, Sir, which
is fir'd from a gun ?

* By thy favour, sweet welkin] Welkin is the sky, to which Armand, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face.

⁶ No salve in the male, Sir.] The old folio reads, no salve in thee male, Sir, which in another folio, is no salve in the male, Sir. What it can mean is not easily discovered : if mail for a packet or bag was a word then in use, no salve in the mail may mean no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or shall we read, no egma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the vale, Sir—O, Sir, plantain. The matter is not great, but one would wish for some meaning or other.

Arm.

L O V E ' S L A B O U R ' S L O S T . 143

Arm. By virtme, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly
ought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs pro-
tes me to ridiculous smiling : O pardon me, my
rs ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,
l the word *l'envoy* for a salve ?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other ? is not
envoy a salve ?

Arm. No, page, it is an epilogue or discourse, to
make plain

ne obscure precedence that hath tofore been fain.
ill example it. Now will I begin your moral, and
you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble bee,
ere still at odds, being but three.

ere's the moral, now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
ere still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
d stay'd the odds by adding four.

good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire
more ?

Loft. The boy hath sold him a bargain ; a goose,
that's flat;
your penny-worth is good, an' your goose be fat.
sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
me see a fat *l'envoy*; that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither ;
w did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying, that a *Coflard* was broken in a shin.
en call'd you for a *l'envoy*.

Loft. True, and I for a plantan ;
us came the argument in ;
en the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought,
d he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a * *Coflard*
ken in a shin ?

* *Coflard* is the name of a species of apple.

Moth.

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Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cofst. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth.*

I will speak that *Penvoy*.

Coflard running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cofst. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Coflard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cofst. O, marry me to one *Francis*; I smell for
Penvoy, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at
liberty; enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immo-
restrained, captivated, bound.

Cofst. True, true, and now you will be my par-
tion, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur-
and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but to
bear this significant to the country-maid *Jaqenet*.
there is remuneration; [Giving him something.] for
best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dep-
endants. *Moth*, follow.—— [E]

Moth. Like the sequel, I⁸. Signior *Coflard*, adi-
[E]

Cofst. My sweet ounce of man's flesh, my in-
*few*⁹! Now will I look to his remuneration. Re-
neration! O, that's the *Latin* word for three farthings.
three farthings remuneration.—What's the price of
in cle? a penny: No, I'll give you a remunera-
tione why, it carries it.—Remuneration! — why, it i

⁸ Like the sequel, I.] *Sequelle*, in French, signifies a great man's train. The joke is that a single page was all his train.

WARBURTON.

⁹ My in-cony jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north signifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we should read, *my-incony jewel*.

WARBURTON.

Cony has the signification given it, but *incony* I never h nor read elsewhere. I know whether it be right, how specious, to change *Jew* to *je* *Jew*, in our author's time, for whatever reason, appa a word of endearment. & *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Most tender Juvenile, and most lovely Jew.*

fa

r name than a *French crown*. I will never buy
sell out of this word.

SCENE III.

Enter Biron.

ron. O my good knave *Coflard*, exceedingly well

? Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon
i may buy for a remuneration?

ron. What is a remuneration?

? Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

ron. O why then three farthings worth of silk.

? I thank your worship. God be with you.

ron. O stay, slave, I must employ thee:

ou wilt win my favour, my good knave,

re thing for me that I shall intreat.

? When would you have it done, Sir?

ron. O, this afternoon.

? Well, I will do it, Sir. Fare you well.

ron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

? I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

m. Why, villain, thou must know first.

? I will come to your worship to-morrow morn-

m. It must be done this afternoon.

slave, it is but this :

prince comes to hunt here in the park :

i her train there is a gentle lady ;

tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

I'll give you a remuneration.
Why? It carries its remuneration.

any regard to common sense, or
meaning. The reform, that I
have made, slight as it is, makes
it both intelligible and humour-

ous. THEOBALD.

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And Rosaline they call her; ask for her,
And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[gives him a shilling.]

Cost. Guerdon,— O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration, eleven pence farthing better: most sweet guerdon! I will do it, Sir, in print. Guerdon, remuneration.— [Exit.]

Biron. O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humourous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpered, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid²,

Regent

² This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.] It was some time ago ingeniously hinted to me, (and I readily came into the Opinion;) that as there was a Contrast of Terms in *giant-dwarf*, so, probably, there should be in the Word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we should restore,

This Senior-junior, giant-dwarf,
Dan Cupid.

i. e. this old young Man. And there is, indeed, afterwards in this play, a Description of *Cupid*, which sorts very aptly with such an Emendation.

That was the way to make his Godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a Boy.

The Conjecture is exquisitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embrac'd, unless there is reason to think, that, in

the former Reading, there is an Allusion to some Tale, or Character in an old Play. I have not, on this Account, ventured to disturb the Text, because there seems to me some reason to suspect, that our Author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*: In that Tragedy there is the Character of one Junius, a Roman Captain, who falls in Love to Distraction with one of Bonduca's Daughters; and becomes an arrant whining Slave to this Pession. He is afterwards cured of his Infirmity, and is as absolute a Tyrant against the Sex. Now, with regard to these two Extremes, *Cupid* might very probably be styled *Junius's* giant-dwarf: a Giant in his Eye, while the Dotage was upon him; but shrunk into a Dwarf, so soon as he had got the better of it.

THEOBALD.
Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious

LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST. 147

ent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
anointed Sovereign of sighs and groans :
je of all loiterers and malecontents :
ad Prince of plackets, King of codpieces :
Imperator, and great General
rotting * paritors : (O my little heart !)
I to be a corporal of his File ;
wear his colours ! like a tumbler's hoop !
at ? what ? I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !
oman, that is like a German clock,
a repairing ; ever out of frame,
never going aright, being a watch,
being watch'd, that it may still go right :
, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all :
, among three, to love the worst of all ;
hately wanton with a velvet brow,
two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
and by heav'n, one that will do the deed,
Argus were her eunuch and her guard ;

us conjecture on this pas-
He reads, *This Signior Ju-*
Giant-dwarf. Shakespeare,
e, intended to compliment
Roman, who drew Cupid
character of a Giant-dwarf.
Varburton thinks, that by
is meant youth in general.
An apparitor, or paritor, is
ficer of the bishop's court
arries out citations : as ci-
are most frequently issued
rnication, the paritor is put
Cupid's government.
n former Editions,

I to be a Corporal of his
field,
I wear his Colours like a
tumbler's hoop !
poral of a Field is quite a
term : neither did the Tumb-
er adorn their Hoops with
nds, that I can learn : for

Those were not carried in Pa-
rade about with them, as the
Fencer carries his Sword : Nor,
if they were, is the Similitude
at all pertinent to the Case in
hand. I read, *like a tumbler*
stoop. To *stoop like a Tumbler*
agrees not only with that Pro-
fession, and the servile Conde-
scensions of a Lover, but with
what follows in the Context.
The wise Transcribers, when once
the *Tumbler* appear'd, thought
his *Hoop* must not be far behind.

WARBURTON.

The conceit seems to be very
forced and remote, however it
be understood. The notion is
not that the *hoop wears colours*,
but that the colours are worn as
a *tumbler carries his hoop*, hang-
ing on one shoulder and falling
under the opposite arm.

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And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! go to! — It is a plague,
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty, dreadful, little, Might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit

A C T IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

PRINCESS.

WAS that the King, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.

— Then Forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot:
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam: for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again say
no?

O short-liv'd pride! not fair? alack, for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

* To this line Mr. Theobald served, without sufficient authority.
extends his second act, not injuriously, but, as was before ob-

Prin.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now ;
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 * Here—good my glas—take this for telling true ;
 [Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that, which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.

O hereby in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow ; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot,

Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't :

If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill ;

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;

When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part ,

We bend to that the working of the heart.

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill .

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-love-reignty

Only for praise-sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their Lords ?

* Here—good my glas—] To understand how the princess has her glas so ready at hand in a casual conversation, it must be remembered that in those days it was the fashion among the French ladies to wear a looking glas, as Mr. Bayle coarsely represents it, *in their bellies*; that is, to have a small mirror set in gold hanging at the girdle, by which they occasionally viewed their faces, or adjusted their hair.

¹ When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part ,

We bend to that the working of the heart.] The harmony of the measure, the easiness of the expression, and the good sense in the thought, all concur to recommend these two lines to the reader's notice. WAR.B.

⁶ — THAT my heart means no ill] We should read, THO' my heart — WAR.B.

That my heart means no ill, is the same with *to whom my heart means no ill*: the common phrase suppresses the particle, as I mean him [not to him] no harm.

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Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady, that subdues her lord,

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth?

Cost. Good dig-you-den all; pray you, which is the
head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that
have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest? it is so, truth is
truth.

An' your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit;
One o' these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

[A member of the common-
wealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind
of jest intended; a member of
the common-wealth is put for one
of the common people, one of the
meanest.

[An' your waste, mistress,
were as slender as MY wit,
One o' these maids girdles for
your waste should be fit.]
And was not one of her maid's
girdles fit for her? It is plain that
my and your have all the way
changed places, by some acci-
dent or other; and that the lines
should be read thus,

An' MY waste, mistress, was
as slender as YOUR wit,
One of these maids girdles for
MY waste should be fit.

The lines are humourous enough,
both as reflecting on his own
gross shape, and her slender wit.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious
enough, but not well considered.
It is plain that the Ladies girdles
would not fit the princess. For
when she has referred the clown
to the thickest and the tallest, he
turns immediately to her with the
blunt apology, truth is truth;
and again tells her, you are the
thickest here. If any alteration
is to be made, I should propose,

An' your waste, mistress, was
as slender as your wit.
This would point the reply; but
perhaps he mentions the slender-
ness of his own wit to excuse his
bluntness.

Cost.

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 151

Cof. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter : he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer. — *Boyet*, you can carve ; Break up this capon ².

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ; It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax ¹, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BR heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth it self, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration in thy heroical vassal. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Cophetua ² set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon ; and be it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici ; which to anatomize in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar !) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame ; he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the King. Why did he

¹ Boyet, you can carve :
Break up this Capon.] i. e.

open this Letter.

Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their Poulet ; which signifies both a young Powl, and a Love-letter. Poulet, amatoria Littere, says Richellet : and quotes from Voiture, Repandre au plus obligeant Poulet du Monde ; To reply to the most obliging Letter in the World. The Italians use the same manner of Expression, when they call a Love-Epistle, una Pollicetta amo-

rosa. I owed the Hint of this equivocal use of the Word to my ingenious friend Mr. Bishop THE.

² Break the neck of the wax.] Still alluding to the capon.

² King Cophetua.] This story is again alluded to in Henry IV.

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof. But of this King and Beggar the story then, doubtless, well known, is, I am afraid, lost. Zenelophon has not the appearance of a female name, but since I know not the true name, it is idle to guess.

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come? to see? Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar. What saw he? the beggar. Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? the King's; the captive is enrich'd: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the King's? no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the beggar, for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles: for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

³ Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
 Submissive fall his princely feet before,
 And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?
 Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited
 this letter?
 What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear
 better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
 stile.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it ere
 while ⁴.

³ Thus dost thou bear, &c.] These six lines appear to be a quotation from some ridiculous poem of that time.

⁴ — ere while.] Just now; a little while ago. So Raleigh, *Here lies Hobbinol our shepherd while e'er.*

WARBURTON.

Boyet.

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 153

et. This *Armado* is a Spaniard that keeps here
in Court,

intasme, a monarcho.', and one that makes sport
e Prince, and his book-mates.

n. Thou, fellow, a word;
gave thee this letter?

t. I told you; my lord.

n. To whom shouldst thou give it?

t. From my lord to my lady.

n. From which lord to which lady?

t. From my lord *Biron*, a good master of mine,
lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

n. Thou hast mistaken this letter, Come, lords,
away'.

sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day.

[Exit Princes attended.

et. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

t. Shall I teach you to know?

et. Ay, my continent of beauty.

t. Why, she that bears the bow. Finely put off.

et. My lady goes to kill horns: but if thou
marry,

me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

t. put on.—

t. Well then, I am the shooter.

et. And who is your Deer?

t. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not near.

t. put on indeed.—

r. You will wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she
strikes at the brow.

et. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her
now?

t. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a lit-
ty, as touching the hit it?

— a monarcho,] Sir T. Perhaps the Princes said rather
reads, a mammuccio. Come, ladies, away.—The rest of
— Come, lords, away.] the scene deserves no care.

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Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Quinover* of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, bit it, hit it, [Singing.
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An' I cannot, cannot, cannot ;
An' I cannot, another can. [Exit Ros.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant ; how both did fit it.

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot ; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark ? O, mark but that mark ! a mark, says my lady ;
Let the mark have a prick in't; to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th'bow-hand ; i'faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily ; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing ; good night my good owl. [Exit all but Costard.

Cost. By my soul, a swain ; a most simple clown ! Lord, Lord ! how the ladies and I have put him down ! O' my troth, most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely ; as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side—O, a most dainty man ; To seek him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan. To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly he will swear :

And

Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit;
Even's! it is a most pathetical Nit.

[Exit Costard,
[Shouting within,

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathanael.

Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the
y of a good Conscience.

The deer was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood;
A pomwater, who now hangeth like a jewel in
the

— Holofernes,] There
be personal reflexion in
e. Either the virtue
imes, or the candour
uthor, has so effected,
satire is, for the most
ral, and as himself says,
— his taxing like a wild
flies.

Id of any man. —
before us seems to be
ion. For by Holofernes
d a particular character,
and Schoolmaster of our
ime, one John Florio,
of the Italian tongue
, who has given us a
ionary of that language
e title of *A world of*
hich in his Epistle De-
he tells us, is of little
than Stephens's trea-
e Greek tongue, the most
work that was ever yet
of its kind. In his
he calls those who had
his works *Sea dogs* or
ics; *Monsters of men*, if
rather than men; whose
canibals, their tooongs ad-
, their lips aspes poison,
bafilikes, their breath

the breath of a grave, their words
like fwordes of Turks that strive
which shall dive deepest into a Chri-
stian lying bound before them.
Well therefore might the mild
Nathanael desire Holofernes to ab-
rogate scurrility. His profession
too is the reason that Holofernes
deals so much in *Italian* sentences.
There is an edition of *Love's La-
bour's lost*, printed 1598, and
said to be presented before her
Highness this last Christmas 1597.
The next year 1598, comes out
our John Florio with his *World
of Words, recentibus odiis*; and
in the preface, quoted above,
falls upon the comic poet for
bringing him on the stage. There
is another sort of leering curs, that
rather snarle than bite, whereof I
could instance in one, who light-
ing on a good sonnet of a gentle-
man's, a friend of mine, that loved
better to be a poet than to be count-
ed so, called the author a Rymer.
— Let Aristophanes and his come-
dians make plaies, and scoure their
moutbs on Socrates; those very
moutbs they make to vilifie shall
be the means to amplifie his virtue,
&c. Here Shakespeare is so plain-
ly

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the ear of *Carlo*, the sky, the welkin, the heav
anon falleth like a crab on the face of *Terra*,
the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master *Holofernes*, the epith
sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least ; bu
assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathanael*, *baud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *baud credo*, 'twas a prick

Hol. Most barbarous intimation ; yet a kind
finuation, as it were *in via*, in way of expli

ly marked out as not to be mis-
taken. As to the sonnet of *The
Gentleman his friend*, we may be
assured it was no other than his
own. And without doubt was
parodied in the very sonnet be-
ginning with *The praiseful Prin-
cess*, &c. in which our author
makes *Holofernes* say, *He will
someting affect the letter; for it
argues facility*. And how much
John Florio thought this *affecta-
tion argued facility*, or quickness
of wit, we see in this preface
where he falls upon his enemy,
*H. S. His name is H. S. Do
not take it for the Roman H. S.
unless it be as H. S. is twice as
much and an half, as half an AS.*
With a great deal more to the
same purpose; concluding his
preface in these words, *The reso-
lute John Fiorio*. From the fer-
ocity of this man's temper it
was, that *Shakespeare* chose for
him the name which *Rablais* gives
to his Pedant of *Thubal Holo-
ferne*.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned com-
mentator's opinion, that the sa-
tire of *Shakespeare* is so seldom
personal. It is of the nature of
personal invectives to be soon un-
intelligible; and the author that

gratifies private malice,
in vulnere ponit, destroy
ture efficacy of his own
and sacrifices the esteem
ceeding times to the laug-
day. It is no wonder, i
that the sarcasms which,
in the author's time,
playhouse *is a roar*,
lost among general re
Yet whether the characte
lofernes was pointed at a
cular man, I am, notw
ing the plausibility of *W
burton's* conjecture, inc
doubt Every man adhere
as he can to his own pre
tions. Before I read thi
considered the character
lofernes as borrowed fr
Rhombus of *Sir Philip Sid
ney* in a kind of pastoral ex
periment exhibited to *Queen
Beb*, has introduced a sc
ster so called, speaking
of languages at once, and p
himself and his auditors
jargon like that of *Holo
ferne* the present play. *Sidney*
might bring the character
Italy; for, as *Peacham* of
the Schoolmaster has long
one of the ridiculous per
in the farces of that counti

fi

e, as it were, replication; or rather, *ostentare*, to , as it were, his inclination; after his undressed, blished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or r-unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to t again my *baud credo* for a deer.

all. I said, the deer was not a *baud credo*; 'twas cket.

ll. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou mon-gnorance, how deformed dost thou look?

th. Sir, he hat'i never fed on the dainties that red in a book. He hath not eat paper, as it were; ith not drunk ink. His intellect is not replenished. : only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; I such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

th we taste and feeling are for those parts that do fructify in us, more than He.

- and such barren plants are
ire us, that we thankful
be; which we taste, and

are for these parts that do
in us more than be.] The

have been ridiculously,
pidly, transpos'd and cor-

I read, we thankful
be for those parts (which
e and feel ingradare) that
ify, &c. The emendation
xfer'd, I hope, restores the
At least, it gives him sense
ummar: and answers ex-
well to his metaphors
rom plauing. *Ingradare*,
e *Italians*, signifies, to rise
and higher; *andare di gra-*
do, to make a progres-
and so at length come to
as the poet expresses it.

WARBURTON.
Harmer reads thus,
b barren plants are set be-
u, that we thankful should

For those parts which we taste
and feel do fructify in us more
than be.

And Mr. Edwards, in his animad-
verions on Dr. Warburton's notes,
applauds the emendation. I think
both the editors' mistaken; ex-
cept that Sir T. Harmer found
the metre though he missed the
sense. I read, with a slight change,

And such barren plants are set be-
fore us, that we thankful should
be;

When we taste and feeling are
for those parts that do fructify
in us more than be.

That is, such barren plants are
exhibited in the creation, to make
us thankful when we have more
taste and feeling than be, of those
parts or qualities which pro-
duce fruit in us, and preserve us
from being likewise barren plants.
Such is the sense, just in itself
and pious, but a little clouded
by the diction of Sir Natanael.

For

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For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or a fool ;
So were there a patch * set on learning, to see him in
a school.

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell by your
wit,
What was a month old at *Cain's* birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet ?

Hol. *Dictynna*, good-man Dull; *Dictynna*, good-
man Dull.

Dull. What is *Dictynna* ?

Nath. A title to *Phæbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when *Adam* was
no more :

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-
score:

Th' allusion holds in the exchange ?

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed ; the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion
holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the ex-
change ; for the moon is never but a month old ; and
I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the Princeſſ kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathanael, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer ? and to humour the
ignorant, I have call'd the deer the Princeſſ kill'd, a
pricket.

Nath. Pergé, good master Holofernes, perge ; so it
shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

* The meaning is, to be in a change.] i. e. the riddle is as good
school would as ill become a patch, or low fellow, as folly
would become me.

when I use the name of *Adam*,
as when you use the name of
Cain. WARBURTON.

9 Th' allusion holds in the ex-

Hol.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues
ability.

*The praiseful Princess pierc'd and prickt
A pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore,
Till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put L to sore,
Then sorrel jumpt from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sore!
The people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore
Makes fifty sores, o' sorel!
Of one sore I an hundred make,
By adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him
th a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have; simple! simple! a
dish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes,
jeets, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions.
These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd
the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the
allowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those
whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may
parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by
I, and their daughters profit very greatly under
I; you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall
nt no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I

*Makes fifty sores, O sorrel!] the first year a Fawn; the second
should read, or sorel, al- year a Pricket; the third year, a
ng to L being the numeral Sorel; the fourth year a Sore;
so. Concerning the beasts of the fifth year, a buck of the first
e, whereof the Buck, being head, &c: Manhood of the Laws
first, is called as followeth; of the Forest, p. 44. WARRE.
will*

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will put it to them. But *tir sapit, qui pauca*:
a foul feminine saluteth us.

SCENE III.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master P:
Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And
should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master; he that
to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead. A good Lustre
ceit in a turf of earth, fire enough for a flint
enough for a swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master Parson, be so good as
this letter; it was given me by Costard, and
from Don Armatho; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. ²Fauste, *precor, gelida quando pecus a
umbrâ.*

² Nath. Fauste, *precor, gelida*] note of *La Monnoye's* on
Though all the Editions concur
to give this Speech to Sir Na- ry words in *Les Contes*
thanael, yet, as Dr. Thirlby in- ers, Nov. 42. will ex-
geniously observ'd to me, it is hibit the humour of the quota-
evident, it must belong to Holo- tive. — *Il désigne le Carte-
fernes. The Curate is employ'd niste Mantuan, dont au e-
in reading the Letter to himself; ment du 16 siecle on lit
and while he is doing so, that quelement à Paris les Poësies
the Stage may not stand still, bres alors, que, comme
Holofernes either pulls out a Book, samment Farnabe, dans
or, repeating some Verse by sur Martial, les Pedans
heart from *Mantuanus*, comments soient nulle difficulté de p
upon the Character of that Poet. l' Arma virumque cano,
Baptista Spagnolius, (surnamed te, *precor, gelida*, c'est-
Mantuanus, from the Place of l'Eneide de Virgile les
his Birth) was a Writer of de Mantuan, le tremiere
Poems, who flourish'd towards the les commence par Fauste pi-
lida. WARD
latter End of the 15th Cen-
tury. THEOBALD.*

Fauste, precor gelida, &c. A

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minat, and so forth. Ah, good old *Mantuan*, I
y speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice* ;
inegia, Vinegia ! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.
d *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan* ! Who understandeth thee
, loves thee not;—*ut re sol la mi fa.* Under par-
, Sir, what are the contents? or rather, as *Horace*
s in his : What! my soul! verses?

Nath. Ay, Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege,*
mine.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear
to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd;
'Tho' to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.

udy his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live, that art would
comprehend :

knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee
commend.

ll ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without wonder:
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts ad-
mire.

hy eye *Jove's* lightning bears, thy voice is dreadful
thunder;

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.

³ In old Editions: *Venecbi, non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O
marks a, qui non te vide, ei non
[And thus Mr. Rowe,
id Mr. Pope. But that Poets,
scholars, and Linguists, could
it before this little Scrap of true
tidies, is to me unaccountable.
My Author is applying the
tales of *Mantuanus* to a com-
mon proverbial Sentence, said of
Venice, Vinegia ! qui

non te vedi, ei non te pregia. O
Venice, Venice, he, who has ne-
ver seen thee, has thee not in E-
steem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am in-
formed, is this; *He that sees Ve-*
nice little, values it much; he that
sees it much, values it little. But
I suppose Mr. Theobald is right,
for the true proverb would not
serve the speaker's purpose.

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Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, love, this w
That sings the heaven's praise with such an ea
tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so mis
accent. Let me supervise the canzonet. Her
only numbers ratify'd⁴; but for the elegancy, fa
and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*: 'Ovidius
was the man. And why, indeed, *Naso*; bu
smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy
jerks of invention? *imitari*, is nothing: 'so dot
]

⁴ Nath. Here are only Numbers
ratified;] Tho' this Speech has
been all along plac'd to Sir Na-
thanael, I have ventur'd to join
it to the preceding Words of
Holfernes; and not without Rea-
son. The Speaker here is im-
peaching the Verses; but Sir
Nathanael, as it appears above,
thought them learned ones: be-
sides, as Dr. Thirlby observes, al-
most every Word of this Speech,
fathers it self on the Pedant. So
much for the Regulation of it:
now, a little, to the Contents

And why indeed *Naso*, but for
smelling out the odoriferous Flowers
of Fancy? the Jerks of Invention
imitary is nothing.

Sagacity with a Vengeance! I
should be ashame'd to own my-
self a Piece of a Scholar, to pre-
tend to the Task of an Editor, and
to pass such Stuff as this upon the
World for genuine. Who ever
heard of *Invention imitary*? In-
vention and Imitation have ever
been accounted two distinct
Things. The Speech is by a
Pedant, who frequently throws
in a Word of *Latin* amongst his
English; and he is here flourish-

ing upon the Merit of Inv
beyond That of Imitati
copying after another. M
rection makes the whole
and intelligible, that, I
it carries Conviction alon
it.

T H E O

'Ovidius Naso was to
Our author makes his per
fect the being converian
best authors: Contrary
practice of modern wit
represent them as despiser
such. But those who kn
world, know the pedant
the greatest affecter of poli
W A R B I

'so dotb the bound bis
the ape bis keeper, the
borse bis rider.] The
here, to run down In
shews that it is a quality
the capacity of beasts: t
dog and the ape are taug
py tricks by their ma
keeper: and so is the m
by his rider. This last is
derful instance; but it i
not to be true. The auth
have wrote — the ravi
bis rider: i. e. one, &
and broke to the snape.

bound his master, the ape his keeper, the try'd horse his rider : But *Damofella Virgin*, was this directly to you ?

Jaq. Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, to one of the strange Queen's Ladies.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd employment, Biron.

This Biron is one of the votaries with the King ; and he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of proddition, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go, my sweet ; never this paper into the hand of the King ; it may concern much ; stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty : adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life !

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously : and as a certain father saith —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours¹. But, to return to the verses ; did you please you, Sir Nathanael ?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pett.

Hol. I do dine to day at the father's of a certain

Every sign, and motion of
him, or of his rider. So in
Two Gentlemen of Verona,
which is used in the sense of
exercised ;
And how he cannot be a perfect
rider,

Not being try'd and tutor'd in
the world.

WARBURTON.

¹ [Colourable colours.] That is,
specious, or fairseeming appear-
ances.

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pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will, on privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where we prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither souring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (faith text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concconcerns it. Sir, I do invite you too; [To Dull.] you not say me, nay: *Pauca verba.* Away, the gentlemen are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[E]

SCENE IV.

Enter Biron, with a paper in his hand, alone

Biron. The King is hunting the deer, I am constrained to myself. They have pitcht a toil, I am toiling pitch *; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word: set thee down, sorrow; for so they say the fool and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd wit the Lord, this love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills me; it kills me, I a sheep. Well prov'd again on me, I will not love; if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will. O, but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I will not love; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do not lie in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By my ven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' m'nets already; the clown bore it; the fool sent it to the lady hath it; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweet lady! by the world, I would not care a pin if other three were in. Here comes one with a groan! God give him grace to groan!

[He stands]

* Alluding to lady Rosaline's whole play, represented in black complexion, who is, through the black beauty.

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Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [aside.] Shot, by heav'n! proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thumpt him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: in faith, secrets.—

King. [reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have sinote
The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows⁸;

Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;
No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will shew;
But do not love thyself, then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, no tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[The King steps aside.

Enter Longueville.

What! Longueville! and reading!—Listen, ear.

Biron. [aside.] Now in thy likeness one more fool

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn. [appears.

Biron. [aside.] Why, he comes in like a Perjurie,
wearing papers⁹.

⁸ The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows.] I can not think the night of dew the reading, but know not what to offer.

⁹ He comes in like a perjurie.] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

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King. [aside.] In love, I hope; sweet fellowship is shame.

Biron. [aside.] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. [aside.] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd for

Biron. [aside.] I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know;

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the three-corner-cap of society,

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, Empress of my love,

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [aside.] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop¹.

Long. The same shall go. [he reads the second

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye

('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury,

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly love:

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

¹ Ob, Rhimes are Guards on wanton Cupid's Hose;

Disfigure not his Shop.] All the Editions happen to concur in this Error; but what Agreement in Sense is there betwixt Cupid's Hose and his Shop? Or, what Relation can those two Terms have to one another? Or, what, indeed, can be understood by Cupid's Shop? It must undoubtably be corrected, as I have te-

form'd the Text. Slops are large and wide-kneed Broches, in Garb in Fashion in our Author Days, as we may observe from old Family Pictures; but they are now worn only by Boats and Sea faring Men: and we have Dealers whose sole Business it is to furnish the Sailors with Shirts, Jackets, &c. who are call'd Shop men; and their Shops, Shop shoppes.

THEOBALD

Vows

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Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth doth shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow: in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a Paradise?

Biron. [aside.] This is the liver-vein², which makes
flesh a deity;
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend us, we are much out o' th'
way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—company?
stay.— [stepping aside.]

Biron. [aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant play;
Like a demy-god, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye:
More sacks to the mill! O heav'ns, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd; four woodcocks in a dish?

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [aside.]

Dum. By heav'n, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is but corporal³; there you lie.
[aside.]

² The liver vein.] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love.

³ Old Edition: By Earth, &c. is not, corporal, there you lie,] Dumain, one of the Lovers in spite of his Vow to the contrary, hinking himself alone here, weaks out into short Soliloquies of Admiration on his Mistress; and Biron, who stands behind as in Eves-dropper, takes Pleasure in contradicting his amorous Rapsodia. But Dumain was a young

Lord: He had no Sort of Post in the Army: What Wit, or Allusion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him Corporal? I dare warrant, I have restor'd the Poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his Mistress divine, and the Wonder of a mortal Eye; and Biron in flat Terms denies these hyperbolical Praises. I scarce need hint, that our Poet commonly uses corporal as corporal. THEOBALD.

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Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber eoted.
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

[aside.]

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [aside.]

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine. [aside.]

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine! [aside.]

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [aside.]

Biron. Amen, so I had mine! Is not that a good
word? [aside.]

Dum. I would forget her, but a fevet she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be,

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then, incision
Would let her out in fawcers, sweet misprision. [aside.]

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode, that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark, how love can vary wit.
[aside.]

Dumain reads his sonnet.

*On a day, (alack, the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wif'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.*

* *Air, would I might triumph so.]* Perhaps we may better read
Ah! would I might triumph so.

Vow,

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*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet,
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.*

his will I send, and something else more plain,
that shall express my true love's fasting pain :
I, would the King, Biron and Longueville,
Vere lovers too ! Ill, to example Ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note :
or none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long. Duman, thy love is far from charity,
hat in love's grief desir'st society : [coming forward.
ou may look pale ; but I should blush, I know,
o be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.*

*King. Come, Sir, you blush ; as his, your case is
such ; [coming forward.
ou chide at him, offending twice as much.
ou do not love Maria ? Longueville
id never sonnet for her sake compile ;
or never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
is loving bosom, to keep down his heart :
have been closely shrowded in this bush,
nd markt you both, and for you both did blush :
heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your fashion ;
w sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
y me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
er hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.
ou would for Paradise break faith and troth ;
[To Long.
id Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[To Duman.*

— *my true love's fasting* There is no need of any alter-
; I should rather chuse to ration ; *fasting* is longing, hungry,
; *feasting*, rankling. WARR. *wanting.*

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What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
Ah, good my Liege, I pray thee, pardon me.

[coming forward]

Good heart, what grace hast thou thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches: In your tears,
There is no certain Princess that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush; none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote, the King your mote did see:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen?
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a Knot!
To see great *Hercules* whipping a gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a jigg!
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boys,
And *Cynic Timon* laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good *Dumain*;
And gentle *Longueville*, where lies thy pain?
And where my Liege's? all about the breast?

* How will he triumph, LEAP, and laugh at it?] We should certainly read, LEAP, i.e. jeer, ridicule.

WARBURTON. To LEAP is to exult, to skip for joy. It must stand.

? To see a King transformed to a Knot!] Knot has no sense

that can suit this place. We must read *fat*. The rhymes in the play are such as that *fat* and *at* may be well enough admitted.

—CYNIC Timon—] ought evidently to be CYNIC.

WARBURTON.

A candle

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A candle, hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd by you.

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in.

I am betray'd by keeping company

With men-like men⁹, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for *Joon*? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? when shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft, wither away so fast?

A true man or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be read,
Our Parson misdoubts it: it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [He reads the letter.
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

⁹ *With men like men, —] inconstancy.* WARBURTON.
This is a strange senseless line, This is well imagined, but
and should be read thus, perhaps the poet may mean *with*
With vane like men, of strange men like common men.

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King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou
tear it?

Biron. A toy, my Liege, a toy: your Grace needs
not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore
let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Biron's* writing; and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoréson loggerhead, you were
born to do me shame. [To Costard.

Guilty, my lord, guilty: I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make
up the mess.

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four:
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. [Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace:
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be.

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born:
Therefore of all hands must be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline.

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east)
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

Wha

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee
now?

My love (her mistress) is a gracious moon;
She (an attending star¹) scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Biron.*

O, but for my love, day would turn to night.

Of all complexions the cull'd Sovereignty

Do meet, as at a Fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fy, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs:

She passes praise; the praise, too short, doth
blot.

A wither'd hermit, fivescore winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy;

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.

King. By heav'n, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine²!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

¹ *She an attending star.*] Something like this is a stanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inflection.

—*Ye stars, the train of night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your
light:
Ye common people of the skies,*

*What are ye when the sun
shall rise!*

² *Is Ebony like her? O Wood divine!*] This is the Reading of all the Editions that I have seen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurred in reading (as I had likewise conjectured) *O Wood divine!*

THEOBALD.

O, who

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O, who can give an oath? where is a book,
That I may swear, Beauty doth beauty lack;
If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black?

King. O paradox, black is the badge of hell³:

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well⁴.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of
light:

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt;

It moturns, that Painting and usurping Hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect:

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

³ In former editions; *The School of Night.*] Black, being the School of Night, is a Piece of Mystery above my Comprehension. I had guess'd, it should be, the Stole of Night: but I have preferr'd the Conjecture of my Friend Mr. Warburton, who reads *the scowl of night*, as it comes nearer in Pronunciation to the corrupted Reading, as well as agrees better with the other Images. THEOBALD.

⁴ And beauty's CREST becomes the heavens well.] This is a contention between two lovers about the preference of a black or white beauty. But, in this reading, he who is contending for the white, takes for granted the thing in dispute; by saying, that white is the crest of beauty. His adversary had just as much reason to call black so. The question debated between them being which was the crest of beauty, black or white. Shakespear could never write so absurdly: Nor has the Oxford Editor at all

intended the matter by substituting *days* for *crest*. We should read,

And beauty's CREST becomes the
heavens well.
i. e. beauty's white from crest.
In this reading the third line is a proper antithesis to the first. I suppose the blunder of the transcriber arose from hence, the French word *crest* in that pronunciation and orthography is *crete*, which he understanding, and knowing nothing of the other signification of *crete* from *creta*, critically altered it to the English way of spelling *crest*. WARBURTON.

This emendation cannot be received till its author can prove that *crete* is an English word. Besides, *crest* is here properly opposed to *Badge*. Black, says the King, is the badge of hell, but that which grace the heaven is the crest of beauty. Black darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: white adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely.

L O V E ' s L A B O U R ' s L O S T . 175

Favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

m. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black.

ng. And since her time, are colliers counted
bright.

ng. And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crack.

m. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

ron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

ng. 'Twere good, yours did: for, Sir, to tell you
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day:

ron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

ng. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

m. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

ng. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face
see. [Showing his foot.

ron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

m. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walkt over head.

ng. But what of this, are we not all in love?

ron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all for-
sworn.

ng. Then leave this chat; and, good *Biron*, now
prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

m. Ay, marry, there; — some flattery for this
evil.

ng. O, some Authority how to proceed;
tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

m. Some salve for perjury.

Biron.

me tricks, some quillets, is the peculiar word applied to
cheat the devil.] Quillet law-chicane. I imagine the ori-
ginal

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Biron. O, 'tis more than need.
Have at you then, Affection's Men at arms⁶ ;
Consider, what you first did swear unto :
To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young :
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, (Lords)
In that each of you hath forsworn his book.
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of Study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?
* From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire :
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries⁷ ;
As motion and long-during Action tires
The sinewy Vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in That forsworn the use of eyes ;
And Study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye⁸ ;

Lear

ginal to be this, in the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *Qu'il est* ; — from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Affection's men at arms.*] A man at arms, is a soldier armed at all points both offensively and defensively. It is no more than, *The soldiers of affection.*

* This and the two following lines are omitted, I suppose, mere over-sight, in Dr. Warton's edition.

⁷ *The nimble spirits in the arteries ;*] In the old system of physic they gave the name office to the arteries as is now given to the nerves ; as appears from the name which is derived from *arteria*. WARBURTON

⁸ *Teaches such BEAUTY as a woman's eye ?*] This is absolute nonsense. We sh

LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST. 177

ing is but an adjunct to ourself,
here we are, our Learning likewise is.
when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
not likewise see our learning there?
have made a vow to study, lords;
that vow we have forsworn our books:
en would you, my liege, or you, or you,
len contemplation have found out
ry numbers, as the prompting eyes
uty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
low arts entirely keep the brain;
erefore finding barren practisers,
hew a harvest of their heavy toil,
, first learned in a lady's eyes,
ot alone immured in the brain:
the motion of all elements,
as swift as thought in every power;
es to every power a double power,
heir functions and their offices.
precious Seeing to the eye:
s eyes will gaze an eagle blind!

r, i. e. ethics, or the
l devoirs that belong
A woman's eye, says
obseruance above all
s. WARBURTON.
iendation is not so ill
is explained, but per-
might read, *Reaches*
r.

In leaden contemplation
is found out
ry numbers, ——] Al-
he discoveries in mo-
lomy; at that time
roving, in which the
s are compared, as
ars. He calls them
luding to the Pytha-
ciples of astronomy,

II.

N

which were founded on the laws
of harmony. The *Oxford Editor*,
who was at a loss for the
conceit, changes numbers to no-
tions, and so loses both the sense
and the gallantry of the allusion.
He has better luck in the follow-
ing line, and has rightly changed
beauty's to beauteous.

WARBURTON.

Numbers are in this passage no-
thing more than poetical measures.
Could you, says Biron, by solitary
contemplation, have attained such
poetical fire, such sprightly numbers,
as have been prompted by the eyes
of beauty. The Astronomer, by
looking too much aloft, falls into
a ditch.

A lover's

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A lover's ear will hear the lowest Sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt¹.
Love's Feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross it
For valour is not Love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*²?
Subtle as *Sphinx*; as sweet and musical
As bright *Apollo*'s lute, strung with his hair³:
And when Love speaks the voice of all the Go

¹ —— the suspicious head of
theft is stopt.] i. e. a lover
in pursuit of his mistress has his
sense of hearing quicker than a
thief (who suspects every sound
he hears) in pursuit of his prey.
But Mr. Theobald says, there is
no *contrast* between a lover and a
thief: and therefore alters it to
shift, between which and love,
he says, there is a remarkable
antithesis. What he means by
contrast and *antithesis*, I confess I
don't understand. But 'tis no
matter: the common reading is
sense; and that is better than ei-
ther one or the other. WARBE.

² For Valour is not Love a
Hercules,
Still climbing Trees in the Hes-
perides?] The Poet is here
observing how all the senses are
refined by Love. But what has
the poor Sense of Smelling done,
not to keep its Place among its
Brethren? Then Hercules's Valour
was not in climbing the Trees, but
in attacking the Dragon gardant.
I rather think that for *valour* we
should read *savour*, and the Poet
meant that Hercules was allured
by the Odour and Fragrancy of
the golden Apples. THEOBALD.

³ As bright Apollo's i
with his hair:]
pression, like that oth
Two Gentlemen of Ver-
Orpheus' harp was fit
poets finnes, is extreme
ful, and highly figura
pollo, as the sun, is r
with golden hair; so
strung with his hair
more than strung wi
wire. WAR

⁴ And when Love
voice of all the Ga
Make, Heav'n drown'd
harmony!] This
we should read and poi
And when love speak
of all the Gods,
Mark, heav'n drown'd
harmony.

i. e. in the voice of I
is included the voice
Gods. Alluding to
cient Theogony, that
the parent and supp
the Gods. Hence, :
tells us, *Palephatus*
poem called, 'Αφροδίτης
φωνὴ λίγῳ. The
speech of Venus and Lot
appears to have been :
Cosmogony, the harmony

Heaven drowsy with the harmony !
er durst Poet touch a pen to write,
il his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
hen his lines would ravish savage ears,
l plant in tyrants mild humility.—

n women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
y sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
y are the books, the arts, the academies,
t shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
none at all in aught proves excellent.
n fools you were, these women to forswear :
keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools .
wisdom's sake, a word, that all men love ;
or love's sake, a word, that loves all men ;
for men's sake, the author of these women ;
women's sake, by whom we men are men ;
us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves ;
else we lose ourselves, to keep our Oaths.
religion to be thus forsworn,
charity itself fulfils the law ;
who can sever love from charity ?

ing. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !
iron. Advance your standards, and upon them,
Lords ;

great that it calms and allays
inds of disorders ; alluding
to the ancient use of mu-
which was to compose mo-
s, when, by reason of the
of empire, they used to
whole nights in restless in-
ade. WARBURTON.

e ancient reading is, make
n.

— a word, THAT LOVES
ALL MEN ;] We should read,
word all WOMEN love.

llowing line
for men's sake (the author
of these women ;)

which refers to this reading, puts
it out of all question. WARB.

Perhaps we might read thus,
transposing the lines,

*Or for love's sake, a word that
loves all men ;*
*For women's sake, by whom we
men are men ;*
*Or for men's sake, the authors
of these women.*

The antithesis of *a word that all
men love*, and *a word which loves
all men*, though in itself worth
little, has much of the spirit of
this play.

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Pell-mell, down with them ; but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing—lay these glozes by—
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of *France* ?

King. And win them too ; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First, from the Park let us conduct them
thither ;

Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress ; in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape :
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons ! Allons !* sown Cockle reap'd no
corn⁶ ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure ;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure *.

[*Exeunt.*

⁶ — *sown cockle reap'd no corn* ;] following lines lead us to this sense.
This proverbial expression intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. The fol- WARBURTON.
* Here Mr. *Theobald* ends the third act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Street.**Enter Holofernes, Nathanael and Dull.***H O L O F E R N E S S.***Atis quod sufficit.*

Nath. ¹I praise God for you, Sir, your reasons at
ner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant with-
scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious with-
impudency, learned without opinion, and strange
hout heresy. I did converse this *quondam*-day with a
apanion of the King's, who is entitled, nominated, or
led, *Don Adriano d'Armado*.

Hol. *Novi hominem, tanquam te.* His humour is
y, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his
ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general be-
aviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. ²He is too-
ued, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were;
peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Your reasons at dinner have
&c.]* I know not well what
ee of respect Shakespeare
ids to obtain for this vicar,
he has here put into his
th a finished representation
olloquial excellence. It is
difficult to add any thing to
character of the school-
er's table-talk, and perhaps
e precepts of *Castiglione* will
ely be found to comprehend
for conversation so justly de-
ted, so widely dilated, and
cely limited.

It may be proper just to note,
that *reason* here, and in many
other places, signifies *discourse*,
and that *audacious* is used in a
good sense for *spirited, animated,*
confident. *Opinion* is the same with
obstinacy or *opiniatreté*.

² *He is too piqued.]* To have
the beard piqued or shorn so as
to end in a point, was in our
Author's time a mark of a tra-
veler affecting foreign fashions:
so says the *Bastard* in *K. John*.

— *I catechise*
My piqued man of countries.

N 3

Nath.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verb finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor phanatical phantasms, such infociable and *point-d* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to s̄ dout fine, when he should say, doubt; det, whe should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t clepeth a calf, cauf: half, hauf: neighbour *vac* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable which he would call abominable: 'it insinuatel

⁹ *this is abominable, &c.]* He has here well imitated the language of the most redoubtable pedants of that time. On such sort of occasions, Joseph Scaliger used to break out, *Abominor, execror. Afinitas mera est, impietas, &c.* and calls his adversary *Lutum fercore maceratum, Dæmoniacum retrimentum, inficitie, Sterquilinium, Stercus Diaboli, Scarabaeum, Larvam, Pecus postremum bestiarum, infame propinquium, nātāquæ.*

W A R B.

¹ In former Editions: *It insinuateth me of infamy: Ne intelligis, Domine, to make frantic, lunatick?*

Nath. *Laus Deo, bene intellico.*

Hol. *Bome, boon for boon Prescian; a little Scratch, 'twill serve.]* This Play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the Editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their Indolence, that they have left me *Augeas's Stable* to cleanse: and a Man had need to have the Strength of a *Hercules* to heave out all their Rubbish. But to

Business; Why should *infia* explained by making *fra lunatick?* It is plain and ol that the Poet intended, th dant should coin an uncon fected Word here, *infaria, infania* of the *Latines*. what a Piece of unintell Jargon have these learned ticks given us for *Latin?* I I may venture to affirm, I restored the Passage to its Purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, ligo.*

The Curate, addressing Complaisance his brother dant, says, *bone*, to him, frequently in Terence find *Vir*; but the Pedant, thi he had mistaken the Ac thus descants on it.

Bone? — bone for tene. cian a little scratched: 'twill Alluding to the common P *Diminutus Prisciani caput*, a to such as speak false Latin.

T H E O I
It insinuateth me of my:] There is no need to

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Insanity : (*Ne intelligis, Domine?*) to make frantick,
natick ?

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone? — bone, for bene;* *Priscian a little*
ratch'd; 'twill serve.

S C E N E II.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirrah.

Hol. *Quare Chirrah, not Sirrah?*

Arm. Men of Peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military Sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages,
d stole the scraps. [To Costard aside.

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of
ords. I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for
word; for thou art not so long by the head as *hon-
scabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than
flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-book :
hat is A B spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn. You hear
s learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

: pedant worse than Shakespeare
de him; who, without doubt,
ote INSANITY.

WARBURTON.
There seems yet something
nting to the integrity of this
sage, which Mr. Theobald has

in the most corrupt and difficult
places very happily restored.
For *ne intelligis Domine, to make*
frantick, lunatick, I read (nonne
intelligis, Domine?) to be mad,
frantick, lunatick.

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Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you re them ; or the fifth, if I ².

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it, o

Arm. Now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean sweet touch, a quick venew of wit; snip, snap, q and home; it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit.

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man: whi wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip gigg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I whip about your infamy ³ *circum circa*; a gigg c cuckold's horn.

Cof. An' I had but one penny in the world, t shouldest have it to buy ginger-bread; hold, ther the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou h penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. that the heav'ns were so pleased, that thou wert but bastard! what a joyful father wouldest thou make i go to, thou hast it *ad dunghill*; at the fingers' ends they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin, dungbill for *anguem*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be sing

² In former Editions: *The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth if I:*

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, I.—

Moth. *The Sleep*:—*the other two conciue; it out.*] Is not the *last*, and the *fifth*, the same *Vowel*? Though my Correction restores but a poor *Conundrum*, yet if it restores the Poet's Meaning, it is the Duty of an Editor to trace him in his lowest Con-

ceits. By, O, U, Moth we mean—Oh, You—i. e. ! are the Sheep still, either w no matter which of Us rep them.

³ *I will whip about your L my unum cita;*] Here again the Editions give us Jargon stead of Latin. But Moth wo certainly mean, *circum circa*: i about and about: tho' it may design'd, he should mistake Terms.

THEOBALD
fro

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 185

from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *Mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain?

Hol. I do, *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavilion, in the *posterior* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The *posterior* of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar; I do assure ye, my very good friend;—for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy curtesy—I beseech thee, apparel thy head,—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed too—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my * excrement, with my mustachio; but sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleafeth his Greatnes to impart to *Armado*, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass—the very all of all is—but sweet heart, I do implore seeresy—that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet chuck) with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your affiance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Wor-

* The authour has before call'd the beard valour's exrement in the *Merchant of Venice*.

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thies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the *posterior* of this day, to be rendred by our assistance at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned gentleman, before the Princess : I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; this gallant man, *Judas Maccabeus*; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass *Pompey* the great; and the page *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device: for if any of the audience his, you may cry; "well done, *Hercules*, now 'thou crushest the snake;'" that is the way to make an offence gracious, tho' few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies, —

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via! good man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir.

Hol. Allons; we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest, *Dull*, to our Sport away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princefs, and Ladies.

Prin. SWEET hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds ! —

Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rof. Madam, came nothing else along with That ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? Yes, as much love in
rhime,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Rof. That was the way to make his God-head wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Cath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Rof. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
sister.

Cath. He made her melancholy, sad and heavy,
And so she died ; had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd.
And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

Rof. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this
light word ?

Cath. A light condition, in a beauty dark.

Rof. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Cath. You'll marr the light, by taking it iu snuff :
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Rof. Look, what you do ; and do it still i'th' dark.

Cath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rof. Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

Cath. You weigh me not ; O, that's, you care not
for me.

Rof.

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Rof. Great reason; for past Cure is still past Care.

Prin. Well bandicd both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a Favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Rof. I would, you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.

The numbers true; and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in this letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Rof. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Cath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Rof. 'Ware pencils'. How? let me not die your
debter,

My red dominical, my golden letter.

O, that your face was not so full of Oes!

Cath. Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all shrews⁴:

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumaine?

Cath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Cath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover.

⁴ — for past Care is still shrew all Shrews.] In former copies this line is given to the Prince; but as she has behav'd with great Decency all along, there is no Reason why she should start all at once into this coarse Dialect. Rosaline and Catharine are rallying one another without Reserve; and to Catharine this first Line certainly belong'd, and therefore I have ventur'd once more to put her in Possession of it. THEOBALD.

'Ware pencils] The former Editions read, *were pencils*. Sir T. Hanmer here rightly restored 'ware pencils. Rosaline, a black-beauty, reproaches the fair Catharine for painting.

⁶ Pox of that jest, and I be-

A huge

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent *Langueville* ;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers for't.

Rof. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That fame *Biron* I'll torture, ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by th' week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes,
And shape his service all to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with jests :
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. * None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

⁷ In former copies :

So PERTAUNT-like would I o'er sway bis state,

That be should be my Fool, and I bis Fate.]

In old farces, to shew the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*: Which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this *Shakespeare* alludes again in *Measure for Measure*,

— merely thou art Death's
Fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy
flight to shun,

And yet runs towards him still—

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like* i. e. I would be his fate or destiny, and like a *portent* hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the *Latins* called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. *Theobald* reads, *so Pedant-like*.

⁸ These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

Rof.

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Ros. The blood of youth burns not in such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth is in his face,
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter; where's her
Grace?

Prin. Thy news, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare:
Arm, wenches, arm; Encounters mounted are
Against your peace; love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your wits, stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to saint *Cupid*! what are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd Rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, address
The King and his companions; warily
stole into a neighbour thicket by:
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage.

⁹ *Saint Dennis, to St. Cupid.*] of her country, to oppose his
The Princess of France invokes, power to that of *Cupid*.
with too much levity, the patron

Action

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Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Prefence majestical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a Devil.—
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, via! we will do't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cry'd, all goes well:
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears *,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess'.
Their purpose is to parley, court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his sev'ral mistres; which they'll know
By Favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt;
For, ladies, we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.

* *Spleen ridiculous* is, a ridiculous fit.

¹ *Like Muscovites, or Russians,* as I guess.] The settling of commerce in *Russia* was, at that time, a matter that much engrossed the concern and conversation of the publick. There had been seve-

ral embassies employed thither on that occasion; and several tracts of the manners and state of that nation written: So that a mask of *Muscovites* was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been since. WARBURTON, Lloyd,

192 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

Hold, Rosaline, this Favour thou shalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take you this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change your Favours too; so shall your Loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rof. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Cath. But in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. Th' effect of my intent is to cross theirs;
They do it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several councils they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mockt withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Rof. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot,
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his Part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mockt, depart away with shame.

[Sound.]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be maskt, the maskers
come. [The Ladies mask.

S C E N E V.

er the King, Biron, Longueville, Dumain, and attendants, disguis'd like Muscovites; Moth with Musick, as for a masquerade.

Ioth. *All bail, the richest beauties on the earth!*

Boy. *Beauties, no richer than rich taffata².*

Ioth. *A holy parcel of the fairest dames,*

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

t ever turn'd their backs to mortal views,

Iron. *Their eyes, villain, their eyes.*

Ioth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views.*

Iron. *True; out, indeed.*

Ioth. *Out of your favours, heav'nly Spirits, vouchsafe
to behold.*

Iron. *Once to behold, rogue.*

Ioth. *Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes —
your sun-beamed eyes —*

Boy. *They will not answer to that epithet;
were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.*

Ioth. *They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.*

Iron. *Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.*

Boy. *What would these strangers? know their
minds, Boyet.*

*beauties, no richer than rich
taffata.] i. e. The Taffata Masks
are to conceal Themselves.
Editors concur to give
line to Biron; but, surely,
Murdly: for he's One of
alrous Admirers, and hard-
ld make such an Inference.
s sneering at the Parade of*

their Address, is in the secret of
the Ladies' Stratagem, and makes
himself Sport at the Absurdity
of their Proem, in compliment-
ing their Beauty, when they were
mask'd. It therefore comes from
him with the utmost Propriety.

THEOBALD.

L. II.

O

If

194 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

If they do speak our language, 'tis our Will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know, what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Rof. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing, but peace and gentle visitation.

Rof. Why, That they have; and bid them so be gone

Boyet. She says, you have it; and you may be gone

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grafs.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mil
To tread a measure with you on this grafs.

Rof. It is not so. Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile?

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Rof. How many weary steps
Of many weary miles, you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rof. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these * thy stars, to ~~shin~~
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Rof. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

* When Queen Elizabeth he, to judge of stars in the ~~prob~~
asked an ambassadour how he ~~of the sun.~~
liked her Ladies, It is hard, said

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 195

King. Then in our measure vouchsafe but one change;

Thou bid'st me beg, this begging is not strange.

Rof. Play, musick, then; nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet?—no dance.—Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus estrang'd.

Rof. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays, vouchsafe some motion to it.

Rof. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Rof. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then?

Rof. Only to part friends;

Curt'fy, sweet hearts, and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Rof. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then; what buys your company?

Rof. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rof. Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu; Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Rof. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with That,

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar, there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys; and if you grow so nice,

Methegline, wort, and malmsey;—well run, dice:

There's half a dozen sweets.

196 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu;
Since you can cog *, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.—
Biron. Therefore meet.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? fair lord:
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you;
As much in private; and I'll bid adieu.
Cath. What, was your visor made without a
tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Cath. O, for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your maw,
And would afford my speechless vizor half.
Cath. Veal, quoth the Dutch man; is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Cath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Cath. No, I'll not be your half;
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Cath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Cath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge, invincible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen:
Above the sense of sense, so sensible

* To cog signifies to falsify the dice, and to falsify a narrative or to lie.

See me!

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S.T. 197

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings;
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Rof. Not one word more, my maids; break off,
break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff.—

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King and Lords.*

S C E N E VI.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.

Are these the Breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths pufst
out.

Rof. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,
fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit—kingly?—poor flout!
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of count'nance quite.

Rof. O! they were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my service, and his sword:
O, point, quoth I; my servant strait was mute.

Cath. Lord *Longueville* said, I came o'er his heart;
And, trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Cath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Rof. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-
caps³.

But

³ Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.] This line is universally understood, because every reader does not know

that a *statute-cap* is part of the academical habit. Lady *Rosaline* declares that her expectation was disappointed by these

198 LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST.

But will you hear? the King is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted faith to me,

Cath. And *Longueville* was for my service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change Favours, and, when they repair,
Blow, like sweet roses, in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow? how, blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. * Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud;

Dis-

courtly students, and that better
wits may be found in the common places of education.

* Fair ladies, maskt, are roses
in the bud;
Dismaskt, their damask sweet
commixture shewn,
Are ANGELS VEILING clouds,
or roses blown.] This strange
nonsense, made worse by the
jumbling together and transposing
the lines, I directed Mr.
Theobald to read thus:

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in
the bud;
Or ANGELS VEIL'D IN clouds :
are roses blown,
Dismaskt, their damask sweet
commixture shewn.

But he, willing to shew how well
he could improve a thought,
would print it,

— Or Angel-veiling Clouds,
i. e. clouds which veil Angels:
And by this means gave us, as

the old proverb says, a cloud for
a Juno. It was Shakespeare's purpose to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's chance to compare her to a cloud: And perhaps the ill-bred reader will say a lucky one. However I supposed the Poet could never be so nonsensical as to compare a masked lady to a cloud, though he might compare her mask to one. The Oxford Editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticism, is a great deal more subtle and refined, and says it should not be angels veil'd in clouds, but angels veiling clouds, i. e. covering the sun as they go by him, just as a man veils his bonnet.

WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hermer's explanation should be treated with so much contempt, or why veiling clouds should be covering

Dismaskr, their damask sweet Commixture shewn,
are angels vailing clouds: or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity; what shall we do?
they return in their own shapes to woo?

Rof. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
et's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd;
et us complain to them what fools were here,
disguis'd, like Muscovites, in shapeles gear;
and wonder what they were, and to what end
their shallow Shows, and Prologue viley penn'd,
and their rough carriage so ridiculous,
hould be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt* *.

S C E N E VII.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the King, Biron, Longueville, and Dumain,
in their own habits; Boyet, meeting them.

King. FAIR Sir, God save you! Where's the Princess?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.
Leave it your Majesty, command me any service to
her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Boyet. Ladies unmasked, *s ————— shapeless gear;*]
ys Boyet, are like angels vail-
g clouds; or letting those clouds
hich obscured their brightnes,
ak from before them. What
there in this absurd or con-
mptible?

Shapeles, for uncouth, or what
Shakespeare elsewhere calls *dis-
fused.* WARBURTON.

* Mr. Theobald ends the fourth
act here.

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Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and waffles, meetings, markets, fairs:
And we that sell by gros, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kisf away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most mainly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kisf his feet.
This is the flower, that smiles on ev'ry one⁶,
To shew his teeth, as white as whale his bone.—

And

⁶ *This is the flower, that smiles on ev'ry one.]* The broken disjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to pass a true judgment on this fault, it is still to be observed, that when a metaphor is grown so common as to desert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common stile, then what may be affirmed of the thing represented, or the substance, may be affirmed of the thing representing, or the image. To illustrate this by the instance before us, a very complaisant, finical, over-gracious person, was so commonly called the flower, or, as he elsewhere expresses it, the pink of courtesy, that in common talk, or in the lowest stile, this metaphor might be used without keeping up the image,

but any thing affirmed of it as of an agnomen: hence it might be said, without offence, to smile, to flatter, &c. And the reason is this; in the more solemn, less-used metaphors, our mind is so turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects, this image should be, for some little time, continued, by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of these terms, the image be no sooner presented than dismissed, the mind suffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is that the broken, disjointed, and mix'd metaphor so much shocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common use, then even the very first mention of

ances, that will not die in debt,
due of honey-tongued Boyet.
Slister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
mado's Page out of his Part!

SCENE VIII.

Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catharine,
Boyet, and attendants.

: where it comes ; behaviour, what wert
,
n shew'd thee ? and what art thou now ?
hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of day !
'air in all hail is foul, as I conceive.
istrue my speeches better, if you may.
Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
come to visit you, and purpose now
l you to our Court; vouchsafe it then.
s field shall hold me, and so hold your
:
od, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

to excite in us the
nage ; but brings
fore us the idea of
ented. And then
keep up and con-
v'd ideas, by right
would have as ill
other hand : Be-
l is already gone
nage to the sub-
marians would do
er what has been
n they set upon
and Roman writ-
much used hack-
s being now very
own, great care is
o act in this case

WARBURTON.
viour, what wert

*[Till this man shew'd thee ? and
what art thou now ?]*
These are two wonderfully fine
lines, intimating that what courts
call *manners*, and value them-
selves so much upon teaching,
as a thing no where else to be
learnt, is a modest silent accom-
plishment, under the direction of
nature and common sense, which
does its office in promoting so-
cial life without being taken no-
tice of. But that when it dege-
nerates into shew and parade it
becomes an unmanly contempti-
ble quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is
undoubtedly true, but is not
comprised in the quotation.

King.

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King. Rebuke me not for That, which you
voke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath;
Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should
speak:

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsully'd lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heav'nly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant
A mess of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam? *Russians*?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Rof. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord
My lady, to the manner of these days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In *Russian* habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have dr-

⁸ *The virtue of your eye MUST break my oath.]* Common sense requires us to read,

— MADE break my oath,

i. e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent — It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a

crime which you yourself cause of. WAR.

I believe the author that the virtue, in which wⁿe s^tand power are both co^m must dissolve the obligatioⁿ oath. The princess, in swer, takes the most i part of the ambiguity.

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 203

ron. This jest is dry to me. Fair, gentle, sweet,
wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet⁹
eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

ght we lose light; your capacity
that nature, as to your huge store
things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

of. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my
eye—

ron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

of. But that you take what doth to you belong,
ere a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

iron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess,

of. All the fool mine ?

iron. I cannot give you less.

of. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore ?

iron. Where ? when ? what vizor ? why demand
you this ?

of. There, then, that vizor, that superfluous Case,
t hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

ing. We are descried; they'll mock us now down-
right,

'um. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

rin. Amaz'd, my lord ? why looks your Highness
fad ?

of. Help, hold his brows, he'll swoon: why look
you pale ?

sick, I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

iron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for Per-
jury.

Can any face of bras hold longer¹⁰ out ?

e stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me ;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout ;
ust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit ;

I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* habit wait.

⁹ This is a very lofty and elegant compliment.

Q! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
 Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
 Nor never come in vizor to my friend,
 Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
 Taffata-phrases, filken terms precise,
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedantical, these summer-flies,
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them; and I here protest,
 By this white glove, (how white the hand, God
 knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest
 In russet *yeas*, and honest kerfy *noes*:
 And to begin, wench, (so God help me, law!)
 My love to thee is sound, *sans* crack or flaw.

Rof. Sans, sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
 Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick.
 I'll leave it by degrees: soft, let us see;
 Write¹, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
 These lords are visited, you are not free;
 For the lord's tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens
 to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.
Rof. It is not so; for how can this be true²,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Rof.

¹ *Write, &c.]* This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the

plague, to which *Biron* compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the

plague are the first spots or discolorations by which the infection is known to be received.

² *— how can this be true,
 That you should forfeit, being those that sue.]* That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process. The

jet

Rof. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude transgression.

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peece, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear³.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*
What did the *Russian* whisper in your ear?

Rof. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thes joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, Madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Rof. By heav'n, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, Sir, again.

jeſt lies in the ambiguity of *sue*, you make no difficulty. This is a which signifies to prosecute by law, very just observation. The crime or to offer a petition. which has been once committed,

³ You force not to forswear.] is committed again with less reluctance. You force not is the same with

King.

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King. My faith, and this, to th' Princess I did
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wea
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my Dear.

What? will you have me? or your pearl again

Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain
I see the trick on't; here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To dash it, like a *Christmas* comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight z:
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,

Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years⁴, and knows the!
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change Favours, and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she:
Now to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error⁵.
Much upon this it is.—And might not You

[To E

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by th' squier,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye,
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

* —— *smiles his cheek in* See the note on that line.—
years, ——] Mr. *T. obald'* But the *Oxford editor* was
says, he cannot, for his heart, same case, and so alters it to
comprehend the sense of this phrase. W A R B U
It was not his heart but his head
that stood in his way. *In years,* signifies, into wrinkles. So in
The Merchant of Venice, —— *In will and error.*
Boyet. *Much upon this it is—An*
not You.] I believe th
eage should be read thus,

*With mirth and laughter let old
wrinkles come.*

—— *in will and error*
Boyet. *Much upon this it*
Biron. And might not you

ou put our Page out : go, you are allowed⁶ ;
 lie when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 ou leer upon me, do you ; there's an eye,
 Vounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
 hath this brave Manage, this Career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting strait. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit, thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What are there but three ?

Cost. No, Sir, but it is very fine ;
 or every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times three is nine ?

Cost. Not so, Sir, under correction. Sir ; I hope,
 is not so.

ou cannot beg us⁷, Sir ; I can assure you, Sir, we
 know

What we know : I hope, three times three, Sir—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, Sir, we know where until
 doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your
 ving by reckoning, Sir,

Biron. How much is it ?

Cost. O Lord, Sir, the parties themselves, the ac-
 tors, Sir, will shew where until it doth amount ; for
 my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one
 man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, Sir.

⁶ — go, you are allow'd ;] ⁷ You cannot beg us.] That is,
 e. you may say what you will ; we are not fools, our next rela-
 tions cannot beg the wardship of
 on jester. So *Twelfth Night*. our persons and fortunes. One
 here is no slander in an allow'd of the legal tests of a natural is
 d. WARBURTON. to try whether he can number.

Biron.

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Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pantion* the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach. [Exit Cost

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one Show worse than the King's and his Company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;
Their form, confounded, makes most form in mirth;
When great things, labouring, perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

* That sport best pleases, which doth least know how.

Die in the zeal of him which them presents.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

This sentiment of the Princess is very natural, but less generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who says on a like occasion in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*,

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents;

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
Nor duty in his service perishing.

Their form, &c.]

The third line may be read better thus,

— The contents

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
al sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey moch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding tastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we l put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la guerra*. I h you the peace of mind, most royal couplent.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Wor-es: he presents *Hector* of *Troy*; the swain, *Pompey* Great; the parish curate, *Alexander*; *Armado*'s ge, *Hercules*; the pedant, *Judas Machabeus*.

d if these four Worthies in their first Show thrive, ese four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy.

bare throw at *Novum*, and the whole world again, nnot prick out five such, take each one in's vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am ——

A bare throw at Novum.] intended between the play of nine is passage I do not understand. pins and the play of the nine incy that *Novum* should be worthies, but it lies too deep for uem, and the same allusion is my investigation.

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Boyet.

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Boy. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am——

Boy. With Libbard's head on knee¹.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield,

Did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet Lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, "thanks—Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Nathanael for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's

Commander;

By east, west, north and south, I spread my conquering might;

My 'Scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander.

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender smelling Knight.

¹With Libbard's head on knee.] shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.
This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and

WARBURTON.

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LOVE's LABOUR'S LOST. 211

Prin. The Conqueror is dismait: proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's Commander.*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, *Alisander.*

Biron. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and *Costard.*

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander.*

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the Conqueror. [to Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this; your lion that holds the pollax² sitting on a close-stool, will be given to *Ajax**; he will be then the ninth Worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, *Alisander*. [Exit Nath.] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He a marvellous good neighbour, insooth, and a very good bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas, you see, how is — a little o'erparted — but there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd *Cerberus*, that three-headed hound when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, [canus;

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:

Caniam, he seemeth in minority;

Syna, I come with this apology —

[to Moth.] Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish;

Hol. Judas I am.

[Exit Moth.]

Dian. A *Judas*!

Hol. Not *Iscariot*, Sir;

* Alluding to the arms given
the nine Worthies in the old and *Ajaks*.

* There is a conceit of *Ajax*

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Judas *I am, ycleped Machabeus.*

Dum. *Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.*

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou pro
Judas?

Hol. Judas *I am.*

Dum. The more shame for you, *Judas.*

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin, Sir, you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; *Judas* was hang'd on an Eld

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen

Boyet. The pummel of Caesar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-draw
And now, forward; for we have put thee in cou
nance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an afs, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet *Jude*; nay, why dost thou stay
Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the *A's* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud*
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humbl

Boyet. A light for monsieur *Judas*; it grows da
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas! poor *Machabeus*, how he hath be
baited!

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 213

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy head, *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in arms.

Dum. Tho' my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan* in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*?

King. I think, *Hector* was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances Almighty,*

Gave *Hector* a gift, —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances Almighty,*

Gave *Hector* a gift, the heir of Ilion;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye

From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That mint,

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord *Longueville*, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against *Hector*.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector's* a grey-hound.

Arm. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet chuck, beat not the bones of the bury'd:

But I will forward with my device;

[To the Princefs.] Sweet Royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

* Prin. Speak, brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

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Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not, by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.

Cof. The Party is gone, fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cof. Faith, unless you play the honest *Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away; she's quick, the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cof. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*!

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey*!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*! *Pompey* the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd; more *Ates*, more *Ates*; stir them on, stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cof. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll flash; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you, let me borrow my arms * again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cof. I'll do't in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do ye not see, *Pompey* is uncasing the the combat? what mean you? you will lose your reputation.

* More *Ates.*] That is, more instigation. *Ate* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed.

* —— my arms ——] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of *Pompey*.

Arm.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pampey* hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of linnen⁴; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of *Jaquenetta's*, and that he wears next his heart for a Favour.

S C E N E X.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam;

Prin. Welcome, *Macard*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Mac. I'm sorry, Madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mac. Even so: my Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free breath; I

⁴ *It was enjoin'd him in Rome want of linnen;*] This may likely allude to a story, well known in our author's time, to effect. A Spaniard at *Rome* being in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered his best services. The dyman told him he had but one task to make to him, but condemned him by the memory of their friendship punctually to com-

ply with it, which was, not to suffer him to be stript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promised, the Spaniard closed his eyes, and expired with great composure and resignation. But his friend's curiosity prevailing over his good faith, he had him stript, and found, to his great surprise, that he was without a shirt.

WARBURTON.

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have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion⁵, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath⁶, your gentlenes^s
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy lord;
An heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue⁷:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks,
For my great Suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That, which long Process could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince⁸;

Yet

⁵ — have seen the days of
WRONG through the little hole of
discretion,—] This has no
meaning; we should read, the
day of RIGHT, i. e. I have fore-
seen that a day will come when
I shall have justice done me, and
therefore I prudently reserve my-
self for that time.

WARBURTON.

⁶ In the converse of breath,—] Perhaps converse may, in this
line, mean interchange.

⁷ An heavy Heart bears not an
bumble Tongue:] Thus all the

Editions; but, surely, without
either Sense or Truth. None are
more bumble in Speech, than they
who labour under any Oppression.
The Princess is desiring,
her Grief may apologize for but
not expressing her Obligations at
large; and my Correction is con-
formable to that Sentiment. Be-
sides, there is an Antithesis be-
tween heavy and nimble; but be-
tween heavy and bumble, there is
none. THEOBALD.

⁸ — which fain it would
convince;] We must read,
— which

et since love's argument was first on foot,
et not the cloud of sorrow justle it
rom what it purpos'd : Since, to wail friends lost,
is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of
grief;

And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths : your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to th' opposed end of our intents ;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping in vain,
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance ;
With party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heav'nly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities ;
Those heav'nly eyes, that look into these faults,
'Suggested us to make them : therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false ²,

By

- which fain would it convince ;
that is, the entreaties of love,
which would fain over-power
nief. So Lady Macbeth declares,
that she will convince the cham-
rlain with wine.

² Honest plain words, &c.—] Is it seems not very proper for
ires to court the princess for
e king in the king's presence,
this critical moment, I believe

the speech is given to a wrong
person. I read thus,

Prin. I understand you not, my
griefs are double :
Honest plain words best pierce the
ear of grief.

King. And by these badges, &c.
¹ Suggested us ———] That
is, tempted us.

² —— We to ourselves prove
false,

By

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By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both; fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to Grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your Favours, the embassadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy;
As bombast, and as lining to the time³:
But more devout than this, in our respects⁴;
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves,
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, Madam, shew'd much more than
jest.

Leng. So did our looks.

Ref. We did not cote them so⁵.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,

*By being once false, for ever to be
true*

might be thrown away at pleasure.

To those that made us false.—]

But more devout, than THESE

ARE our respects

We should read,

Have we not been; —] This

nonsense should be read thus,

But more devout than THIS,

(SAVE our respects)

Have we not been; —]

i. e. save the respect we owe to
your majesty's quality, your court-
ship we have laughed at, and
made a jest of. WARBURTON.

I read with Sir T. Hanmer,

*But more devout than this, in
our respects.*

5 We did not COAT them so.]

We should read, QUOTE, etc., etc.,
reckon.

Full

L O V E's L A B O U R's L O S T. 219

full of dear guiltiness ; and therefore, this —
f for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;
There stay, until the twelve celestial Signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge ; challenge me, by these deserts ;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine ; and 'till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
'To flatter up these powers of mine with rest ' ;
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !
Hence, ever then, my heart is in thy breast.
Biron. ⁷ And what to me, my love ? and what to
me ?

Ros.

⁶ To PLATTER up these powers
mine with rest ;] We should
read, PELLTER up, i. e. the tur-
bulence of his passion, which
ndered him from sleeping, while
he was uncertain whether she
ould have him or not. So that
he speaks to this purpose, If I
ould not do more than this to
in my averted repose, may that
pose end in my death. W A R B.

Flatter or footh is, in my opi-
nion, more apposite to the king's
purpose than fetter. Perhaps we
may read,

To flatter on these hours of time
with rest ;
That is, I would not deny to
live in the hermitage, to make
the year of delay pass in quiet.

⁷ Biron. [And what to me, my
Love ? and what to me ?

Ros.

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Rof. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury :
Therefore, if you my favour meant to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But see the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Cath. A wife—a beard, fair health and honesty ;
With three-fold love I wish you all thesee three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Cath. Not so, my lord—a twelve month and a
day—

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say,
Come, when the King doth to my lady come ;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Cath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience ; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you ; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble Suit attends thy answer there ;

Rof. You must be purged too :
your Sins are rank :
You are attaint with Fault and
Perjury ;
Therefore if you my Favour mean
to get,
A Twelvemonth shall you spend,
and never rest,
But seek the weary Beds of People
sick.]

These six Verses both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think should be expung'd; and therefore I have put them between Crochets: Not that they were an Interpolation, but as the

Author's first Draught, which he afterwards rejected ; and executed the same Thought a little lower with much more Spirit and Elegance. Shakespeare is not to answer for the present absurd repetition, but his Actor-Editors ; who, thinking Rosalind's Speech too long in the second Plan, had abridg'd it to the Lines above quoted : but, in publishing the Play, stupidly printed both the Original Speech of Shakespeare, and their own Abridgment of it.

THEOBALD.

Impose

Impose some service on me for thy love.

Rof. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*. Before I saw you ; and the world's large tongue Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks ; Full of comparisons and wounding flouts ; Which you on all estates will execute, That lie within the mercy of your wit : To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain, And therewithal to win me, if you please, Without the which I am not to be won ; You shall this twelve-month term from day to day Visit the speechless Sick, and still converse With groaning wretches ; and your task shall be, With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, T' enforce the pained Impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death ?

It cannot be, it is impossible ;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rof. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit, Whose influence is begot of that loose grace, Which shallow-laughing hearers give to fools : A jest's prosperity lies in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it : then, if sickly ears, Deaf'd with the clamours of their own * dear groans, Will hear your idle scorns ; continue then, And I will have you, and that fault withal : But if they will not, throw away that spirit ; And I shall find you empty of that fault, Right joyful of your Reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well; befal, what will befal, I'll jest a twelve-month in an Hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[To the King.]

King. No, Madam ; we will bring you on your way.
* — dear should here, as in many other places, be dere, sad, odious.

Biron.

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Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play;
Jack hath not *Jill*; these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a Comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me —

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. That worthy Knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a Votary; I have vow'd to *Faquenetta* to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd Greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our Show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arn. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the Song.

This side is *Hiems*, winter.

This Ver, the spring ; the one maintained by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.

Ver; begin.

The S O N G.

S P R I N G.

*When daizies pied, and violets blue^a,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight^b;*

The

⁸ The first lines of this song
that were transposed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald.

*The cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread; and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;*

*The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!*

*Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

WINTER.

*When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-who!*

*A merry note,
While greasy Jone doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;*

ght;] This is a pretty ruse long, in which the images drawn with great force from nature. But this senseless exercise of painting with delight, would read thus, *Do paint the meadows much* i. e. much bedecked or adorned, as they are in spring-time. The epithet is proper, and the compound not inelegant.

WARBURTON.

Much less elegant than the present reading.

BEDIGHT,

When

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu whit! tu-whoo!*

*A merry note,
While greasy Jone doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of *Mercury*
Are harsh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You, that way; we, this way. [Exeunt om]

* In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our Poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered, through the whole, many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakespeare.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 119.

This child of fancy, that Aramado bight, &c.] This, as I have shewn, in the note in its plate, relates to the stories in the books of Chivalry. A few words therefore concerning their Origin and Nature may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and especially as Monsieur Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatise of the *Origin of Romances*, has said little or nothing of these in that superficial work. For having brought down the account of romances to the later

Greeks, and entered upon composed by the barbarous writers, which have the name of *Romances* appropriated to them, he changes upon his reader instead of giving us an account of these books of Chivalry of the most curious and interesting parts of the subject he minded to treat of, he covered himself with a long account the Poems of the *Provinciers*, called likewise *Rons* and so, under the equivocal common term, drops his proper subject, and entertains with another that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were others the fondest of the tales, as suiting best their vagrant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew excessive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incisive satire to bring them to their senses. The French found an easier cure from Doctor Rabelais, who discredited the books of Chivalry, by only using the extravagant stories of its Giants as a cover for another kind of satire against the refined Parisians.

of his countrymen; of which they were as much possessed as the Spaniards of their *Romantic Bravery*. A bravery our Shakespeare makes their characteristic, in this description of a Spanish Gentleman :

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong Have chose as Umpire of their mastery : This Child of fancy, that Aramado bight, For interim to our studies, shall relate In high-born words, the worth of many a Knight, From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

The sense of which is to this effect: This Gentleman, says the speaker, shall relate to us the celebrated Stories recorded in the old Romances, and in their very style. Why he says, from tawny Spain, is because, these Romances being of Spanish Original, the Heroes and the Scene were generally of that country. He says, *by the world's debate*, because the subject of those Romances were the *Crusades* of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous Monkish historians: The one, who, under the name of Turpin Archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Achievements of Charlemagne and his

twelve Peers; to whom, instead of his father, they assigned the task of driving the Saracens out of France and the South parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Two of those Peers, whom the old Romances have rendered most famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakespeare makes Alanson, in the first part of *Henry VI.* say, "Froyard, "a countryman of ours, re-cords, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the Third did reign." In the Spanish Romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncevalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva*, or simply *Oliva*, those of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the same in Spanish as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the highest degree monstrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment passed upon them by the Priest in *Don Quixote*, when he delivers the Knight's literary to the secular arm of the house-keeper, "Ecctuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, "y à otro llamado Roncevalles; que estos en llegando a mis manos, an de estar en las de la ama, y dellas en las des fuego sin remision alguna."¹" And of Oliver he says; "esta Oliva se haga luego rajas, y se quemé, que aun no queden della las cenizas."²" The reasonableness of this sentence may be partly seen from one story in

¹ B.i.c. 6.

² Ibid.

the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called *Roldan*, to be seen on the summit of an high mountain in the kingdom of *Valencia*, near the town of *Alicant*, was made with a single back-stroke of that hero's broad sword. Hence came the proverbial expression of our plain and sensible Ancestors, who were much cooler readers of these extravagances than the *Spaniards*, of giving one a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, that is, of matching one impossible lye with another: as, in French, faire le *Roland* means, to swagger. This driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*, was, as we say, the subject of the elder Romances. And the first that was printed in *Spain* was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the Inquisitor Priest says: "segun he oydo dezir, este libro fué el primero de Cavalierias que se imprimió en Espana, y todos los demás en tomado principio y origen deste³;" and for which he humorously condemns it to the fire, como à *Dogmatizador de una señá tan mala*. When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of *Europe* afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable Guests: by the excitements of the Popes, they carried their arms against them into *Greece* and *Asia*, to support the *Byzantine* empire, and recover the holy Sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of Romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And

as *Amadis de Gaula* was: head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis Grecian* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find that *Trebizonda* is as celebrated in these Romances as *Roxelles* is in the other. It is worth observing, that the famous *Italian* epic poets, and *Tasso*, have borrowed, each of these classes of romances, the scenes and substance of their several stories: choosing the first, the *Spanish* in *France* and *Spain*; and the latter, the *Crusade* in *them in Asia*: Ariosto's herculean *Orlando* or the *French Roland* for as the *Spaniards*, by one of transposing the letters made it *Roldan*, so the *Italians* by another, make it *Orland*.

The main subject of fooleries, as we have said its original in Turpin's history of *Charlemagne* and his twelve peers. Nor were the strenuous embellishments of emperors, &c. the invention of Romancers, but formed eastern tales, brought them travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed a cast peculiar to the imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir *J. Mandeville*, whose excessive superstition and credulity, together with a pudent monkish addition of genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worse than it deserved. This very speaking of the isle of *Cipolla*, tells the story of the Archipelago, tells the story of the

³ Ibid.

an enchanted dra-
also a zonge Man,
ot of the Dragoun,
of a Schipp, and
ghe the Isle, till
m to the Castelle,
to the Cave; and
zonge till that he
nbre, and there he

Damyselfe, that
e Hede, and lok-
Myrour: and sche
ie Tresoure about-
nd he trowed that
ben a comoun Wo-
dwelled there to
en to Folye. And
ill the Damyselfe,
schadewe of him
rour. And sche
toward him, and
what he wolde.
de, he wolde ben
an or Paramour.
sked him, if that
nyghte. And he

And then sche
he myghte not
man. But sche
on azen unto his
and make him
id come azen upon
and sche scholde
her Cave before
hanne some and
the Mowth and
de. For I schalle
naner barm, alle
ou see me in like-

Dragoun. For
gh see me hideouse
to loken onne, I
vytene that it is
hauntement. For
ubte, I am none
thou seest now, a
d herefore drede
And zif thou kyfie

"me, thou shalt have all this Tre-
"soure, and be my Lord, and Lord
"also of all that Isle. And he
"departed, &c." p. 29, 30.
Ed. 1725. Here we see the ve-
ry spirit of a Romance-adven-
ture. This honest traveller be-
lieved it all, and so, it seems,
did the people of the Isle. And
*some Men sayn (says he) that in
the Isle of Lango is zit the Daug-
tre of Ypocras in forme and lyke-
nesse of a great Dragoun, that is
an hundred fadome in lengthe, as
Men sayn: For I bore not sea-
bire. And thei of the Isles callen
bire, Lady of the Land.* We
are not to think then, these kind
of stories, believed by pilgrims
and travellers, would have less
credit either with the writers or
readers of Romances: which
humour of the times therefore
may well account for their birth
and favourable reception in the
world.

The other monkish historian,
who supplied the Romancers with
materials, was our *Geoffry of
Monmouth*. For it is not to be
supposed, that these *Children of
Fancy* (as Shakespeare in the place
quoted above finely calls them,
insinuating that *Fancy* hath its
infancy as well as *manhood*)
should stop in the midst of so ex-
traordinary a career, or confine
themselves within the lists of the
terra firma. From *Him* there-
fore the *Spanish* Romancers took
the story of the *British Arthur*,
and the *Knightis of his round-table*,
his wife *Gueneiver*, and his
conjurer *Merlin*. But still it was
the same subject, (essential to
books of Chivalry) the Wars of
Cristians against *Infidels*. And
whether it was by blunder or de-
sign,

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sign, they changed the *Saxons* into *Saracens*. I suspect by design: For Chivalry without a *Saracen* was so very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden Image, which turned round on an axis, and served the Knights to try their swords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, *Saracino* and *Sarazzino*; so closely were these two ideas connected.

In these old Romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake* and King *Arthur* and his Knights, is called the *History of Saint Greal*. This St. *Greal* was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a vessel by *Joseph of Arimathea*. So another is called *Kyrie Eleison* of *Montauban*. For in those days *Deuteronomy* and *Paralipomenon* were supposed to be the names of holy men. And as they made Saints of their Knights-errant, so they made Knights-errant of their tutelary Saints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of Chivalry. Thus every thing in those times being either a Saint or a Devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old Romance of *Lancelot of the Lake*, we have the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formally delivered as in *Bellarmino* himself. "La confession (*says the preacher*) ne vaut rien si le cœur n'est repentant; & si tu es moult et éloigné de l'amour de nostre Seigneur, tu ne peus

"estre raccordé si non par choses: premierement confession de bouche; dement par une contrition, tiercement par le cœur, & par œuvre de ne & charité. Telle droite voie d'aimer Dieu va & si te confessé en ce niere & receois la discipline mains de tes confesseurs c'est le signe de mérite. Or mande le royalement dont grande partie a l'ost, & vinrent toutes au chapelle. Le royalement eut tout nud en pleu tenant son plein point nuës verges, si les javelins vant eux, & leur dirent pirant, qu'ils prissent vengeance, car je suis vil pecheur, &c.—Après discipline & d'eux & doucement la receut." we find the divinity-let *Don Quixote* and the *Principe* his Squire, are both of the ritual of Chivalry. we find the Knight-errant much turmoil to himself disturbance to the world quently ended his course *Charles V of Spain*, it nattery; or turn'd Herod became a Saint in good And this again will let the spirit of those Dialogues between *Sancho* and his master where it is gravely debated he should not turn *Archbishop*.

There were several in this strange jumble of chivalry and religion. As first, nature of the subject, whether a religious War or zilly, The quality of

riters, who were religious Men: and 3dly, The end in writing many of them, which was to try on a religious purpose. We see, that Clement V interdicted *Tilts* and *Tournaments*, because he understood they had much hindered the Crusade decreed in the Council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipsa & Hastiludia sive Juxtas in regnis Franciae, Anglie, & Almannie, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea consuevere frequentius exerceri, specialiter interdixit." *trav. de Torneamentis C. unic.*
Ed. I. Religious men, I

conceive, therefore, might think to forward the design of the Crusades by turning the fondness for *Tilts* and *Torneaments* into that channel. Hence we see the books of Knight-errantry so full of solemn Jests and Torneaments held at *Trebizonde*, *Bizance*, *Tripoli*, &c. Which wise project, I apprehend, it was *Cervantes's* intention to ridicule, where he makes his Knight propose it has the best means of subduing the *Turk*, to assemble all the Knights-errant together by Proclamation *. WARBURTON.

* See Part II. lib. v. c. 1.





T H E

V I N T E R's

T A L E.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florizen, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomines,

Dion,

Another Sicilian Lord.

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

A Mariner.

Goaler.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolitus, a Rogue.

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Emilia, *a Lady.*

Two other Ladies.

Mopsa,

Dorcus, } *Shepherdesses.*

*Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Girls
and Attendants.*

S C E N E, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in
Bohemia.*



THE
WINTER'S TALE.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's Palace.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you shall chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

The Winter's Tale.] This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, tho' agreeable, country tale,

Our sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,

Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

Milton.
This was necessary to observe in

mere justice to the Play, as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

Arch.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shew we will be justified in our love; for, indeed,-

Cam. 'Beseech you—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence rare—I know not what to say—we will give you drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our cience, may, tho' they cannot praise us, as lit cuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal, too dear, for given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my Underst: instructs me; and as mine honesty puts it to utte

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind *bemia*; they were trained together in their child and there rooted betwixt them then such an af which cannot chuse but branch now. Since thei mature dignities and royal necessities made sepe of their society, their encounters, though not pe have been royally attornied³ with interchange c letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over ; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of o winds. The heavens continue their loves! —

Arch. I think, there is not in the world eith lice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspe comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is ileman of the greatest promise, that ever can my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the he him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, p the subject⁴, makes old hearts fresh: they, tha

² — our entertainment, &c.] bly supplied by suffit Though we cannot give you embassies, &c.
equal entertainment, yet the con-
sciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

³ — royally attornied] No-
⁴ — physicks the
Affords a cordial to the, if
the power of assuaging
of misery.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 235

I crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life to
e him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they
ould desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to
ve on crutches 'till he had one.

S C E N E II.

Opens to the Presence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes,
and Attendants.

cl. **N**INE Changes of the watry star hath been
The Shepherd's note, since we have left our
Throne

Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
nd yet we should, for perpetuity,
o hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
et standing in rich place, I multiply
'ith one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
hat go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
nd pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
n question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
t breed upon our absence, that may blow'.

No

— THAT MAY blow
No sneaping winds at home, &c.
This is nonsense, we should read
thus,

MAY THERE blow, &c.
had said he was apprehensive
t his presence might be want-
at home; but, lest this should

prove an ominous speech, he en-
deavours, as was the custom, to
avert it by a deprecatory prayer.

— may there blow
No sneaping winds — to make us
say,
This was put forth too truly.—
But the Oxford Editor, rather
than

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No sneaping winds at home, to make us fay,
" This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have fla
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in't
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves. None, none i' the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, un
You'd drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong,
But let him fay so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixene]

than be beholden to this correc-
tion, alters it to.
— there may blow

Some *sneaping winds*.
and so destroys the whole set-
ment. WARBURTC

T

THE WINTER'S TALE. 237

he borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
you take my Lord, I'll give you my commission⁶,
to let him there a month, behind the *gest*⁷,
refix'd for's parting: yet (good heed) *Leontes*⁸,
love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?

'ou put me off with limber vows; but I,
ho' you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
hould yet say, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
as potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
orce me to keep you as a prisoner,
ot like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,

⁶ ————— *I'll give HIM my commission,*] We should read,
———— *I'll give YOU my commission,*
The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, shews the necessity of : For she could not say, she could give her husband a commission to *let* or hinder himself. The commission is given to *Poxenes*, to whom she is speaking, to let or hinder her husband.

WARBURTON.

⁷ ————— *behind the gest*] Mr. Theobald says, he can neither trace, or understand the phrase, and

therefore thinks it should be *juff*: But the word *gest* is right, and signifies a stage or journey. In the time of *Royal Progrees*, the King's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Herald's office, were called his *GESTS*; from the old French word *GISTE*, *Diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

⁸ ————— *yet, good heed, Leontes,*] i. e. yet take good heed, Leontes, to what I say. Which phrase, Mr. Theobald not understanding, he alters it to, *good deed.*

WARBURTON.

Than

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Than you to punish.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hostels; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord the verier wag o'rh' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th'
Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's: for
In those unsledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! — —
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,

Your

— th' imposition clear'd.

Hereditary ours.] *i. e.* setting aside original sin; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

WARBURTON.

* Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest

you say, &c.] Polidorus had said, that since the time of childhood and innocence, temptations had grown to them; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this observation the Queen answers in order. To that of temptations she replies, Grace

THE WINTER'S TALE. 239

Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—
offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
did continue fault; and that you slipt not,
any but with us.
o. Is he won yet?
r. He'll stay, my Lord.
o. At my request he would not:
none, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
better purpose.
r. Never?
o. Never, but once.
r. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?
ythee, tell me; cram's with praise, and make's
it as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-
less,
ghters a thousand, waiting upon that.
praises are our wages. You may ride's
one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
spur we heat an acre, but to th' goal.
ast good deed was to intreat his stay;
t was my first? it has an elder sister,
mistake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*.
nce before I spake to th' purpose? when?

to boot! i. e. tho' tempta-
ive grown up, yet I hope
too has kept pace with
Grace to boot, was a pro-
expression on these occa-
To the other part, she
as for our tempting you,
ke heed you draw no con-
from thence, for that
be making your Queen and
ils, &c.

WARBURTON.
*With spur we beat an acre.
But to th' goal.*] Thus
affage has been always
l; whence it appears, that

the Editors did not take the Poet's
conceit. They imagined that,
But to th' goal meant, *but to*
come to the purpose; but the sense
is different, and plain enough
when the line is pointed thus,

————— ere
*With spur we beat an acre, but
to th' goal.*

i. e. good usage will win us to
any thing; but, with ill, we stop
short, even there where both our
interest and our inclination would
otherwise have carried us.

WARBURTON.
Nay,

240 THE WINTER'S TALE.

Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sowl'd themselves to dea'
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis Grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot — [4]
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me — my heart dances;
But not for joy — not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass — and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer³; oh, that is entertainmeut
My bosom likes not, nor my brows — *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. I fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd
nose?
They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat^{*}; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling⁴

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermi-*

³ *The mort o' th' deer —*] A collecting that *neat* is the ten lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

* *We must be neat.*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutched, cries, *we must be neat*; then, re-

collecting that *neat* is the ten horned cattle, he says, *not cleanly*.

⁴ — Still virginalling Still playing with her fingers a girl playing on the *virginal*

THE WINTER's TALE.

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Upon his palm?—how now, you wanton calf!—
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me.—Yet they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing; but were they false,
As * o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye¹, sweet villain.
Most dear'st, my collop—can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.
Thou dost make possible things not be so held,
Communicat'st with dreams—(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'st Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commision; and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look

As if you held a brow of much Distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my Lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tendernes! and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
• As o'er-dy'd blacks.] Sir T. ————— welkin eye,] Blue
Understands, blacks died eye; an eye of the same colour
no much, and therefore rotten. with the welkin, or sky.

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R

In

In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master ; and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous ;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money⁶ ?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will !—why, * happy man be's dole !—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter ;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all ;
He makes a *July's* day short as *December* ;
And with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me : we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome :
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap :
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent' to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,

We are yours i'th' garden : shall's attend you there !

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be found
Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line ;

[*Aside, observing Her*

⁶ *Will you take eggs for mony ?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a cuckold for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest ; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus, cuckold*, a cuckold.

* —*happy man be's dole !—* May his dole or scare in life be to be a happy man.

? *Apparent—*] That is, his apparent, or the next claimant.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 243

Go to, go to.

How she holds up the neb ! the bill to him !
And arms her with the boldnes of a wife

[Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. *Manent Leo.
Mam. and Cam.*

To her allowing husband. Gone already,
luch-thick, knee-deep; o'er-head and ears,—a * fork'd
one.—

Go, play, boy, play——thy mother plays, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave : contempt and clamour
Will be my knel.—Go, play, boy, play——there
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks, she has been flui'd in's absence ;
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there is none :
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it.
From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage : many a thousand of's
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort,
What? is *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*—Thou'rt an honest man :
[Exit *Mamil.*

* — a fork'd one—] That is, a horned one; a cuckold.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
His busines more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

* They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding!
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, *Camillo*.
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty:

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes⁹;
Perchance, are to this busines purblind? say.

Cam. Busines, my Lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

* They're bere with me al-ready; —] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.
THIRLBY.

* — whisp'ring, round-ing:] i. e. rounding in the ear, a phrase in use at that time. But the Oxford Editor, not knowing that, alters the text to, whisp'ring round.

WARBURTON.

To round in the ear, is to whisp-

per, or to tell secretly. The ex-
pression is very copiously ex-
plained by M. Cæsaubon, in his
book de Ling. Sax.

— lower messes.]
Mef; is a contradiction of Mef;,
as Mef; John, Master John; in
spellation used by the Scots, to
those who have taken their ac-
ademical degree. Lower Mef;,
therefore, are graduates of a
lower form.

Cam.

THE WINTER'S TALE 245

Cam. To satisfy your Highness, and th'entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

Th' entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, *Camilla*,
With all the things nearest my heart; as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That feest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out¹
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear

¹ *Whereof the execution did cry out* ly clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, *no more than a thing necessary to be done..* Against the non-performance,—] his is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequent-

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my Lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine,

Leo. Ha'not you seen, *Camillo*,
(But that's past doubt, you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think it;) My wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess;
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, tho' true?

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is * meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;

* _____ were sin for which you suspect her.
As deep as that, tho' true.] i.e. WARBURTON.
Your suspicion is as great a sin * _____ meeting noses?] Dr.
as would be that (if committed, Thirlby reads, *meting noses*; that
is, measuring noses.) — The

THE WINTER'S TALE 247

he covering sky is nothing, *Bobemus* nothing ;
y wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes ;
t 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lye, you lye :
ay, thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee ;
ounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
else a hovering temporizer, that
st with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
lining to them both : were my wife's liver
ected, as her life, she would not live
e running of one glas.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hang-
ing
out his neck ; *Bobemus*, — who, if I
d servants true about me, that bare eyes
see alike mine honour, as their profits,
eir own particular thrifts, they would do that
hich should undo more Doing : I, and thou
cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
ve bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who may'st see
inly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
w I am gall'd;) thou might'st be-spice a cup,
give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
hich draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
ould do this, and that with no rash potion,
t with a lingring dram, that should not work ;
Maliciously,

But with a lingring dram,
that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison : —] expressed. He could do it with
a dram that should have none of
those visible effects that detect the
poisoner. These effects he finely
calls

Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot^{*}
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy Question, and
go rot :

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps :)
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't ? would I do this ?

calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to betray the user. But the Oxford Editor would mend Shakespeare's expression, and reads,

— that should not work
Like a malicious poison : —

So that Camillo's reason is lost in this happy emendation. WAR.B.

Ros' is *bafly*, as in another place, *rash* gunpowder. *Maliciously* is *malignantly*, with effects openly hurtful. Shakespeare had no thought of betraying the user. The Oxford emendation is harmless and useless.

* In former copies,

— but I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my
dread Mistress.

So sovereignly being honourable,
I have lov'd thee —

Leo. Make that thy Question
and go rot :] The last
Hemistich assign'd to Camillo,
must have been mistakenly placed
to him. It is Disrespect and Insolence in Camillo to his King,
to tell him that he has once

lov'd him.—I have ventur'd
at a Transposition, which seem
self-evident. Camillo will not be
persuaded into a Suspicion of the
Disloyalty imputed to his Mi-
stress. The King, who believes
nothing but his Jealousy, pro-
vok'd that Camillo is so obsti-
nately diffident, finely starts into
a Rage and cries :

I've lov'd thee. — Make't thy
Question, and go rot, i. e. I have
tender'd thee well, Camillo, but
I here cancel all former Respect
at once. If thou any longer
make a Question of my Wife's
Disloyalty, go from my Presence,
and Perdition overtake thee for
thy Stubbornness. THOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration,
as Dr. Warburton has done, but
am not convinced that it is ne-
cessary. Camillo, desirous to de-
fend the Queen, and willing to
secure credit to his apology, be-
gins, by telling the King that
he has loved him, is about to give
instances of his love, and to in-
fer from them his present zeal,
when he is interrupted.

Could

THE WINTER'S TALE. 249

nan so blench?

I must believe you, Sir,
d will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
d, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
ke again your Queen, as yours at first,
r your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
ury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
and ally'd to yours.

Thou dost advise me,
as I mine own course have set down:
no blemish to her honour, none.

My Lord,
; and with a countenance as clear
idship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
h your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
me he have wholesome beveridge,
me not your servant.

This is all;
d thou hast the one half of my heart;
; thou split'st thine own.

I'll do't, my Lord.
I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.]

O miserable lady!—But, for me,
ise stand I in? I must be the poisoner
l *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
bedience to a master; one,
rebellion with himself, will have
are his, so too.—To do this deed,
n follows. If I could find example
sands, that had struck anointed Kings,
irish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
fs, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one;
ny itself forswear't. I must
the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
. break-neck.—Happy star reign now!
mes *Bohemia*.

S C E N E

250 THE WINTER'S TALE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, *Camillo*.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness,
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,

Clerk.

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Merk-like experienc'd (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle⁵;) I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine), that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I thing honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
May lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you,

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't⁶, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddently.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name

⁵ In whose success we are gentle; —] I know not whether success here does not mean succession.

⁶ To vice you to't, —] i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the Vice, in the old plays, was the Tempter to evil.

WARBURTON.

Be

252 THE WINTER'S TALE

Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over?
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation^{*}
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How shall this grow?
Cam. I know not; but, I'm sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;

? *Cam.* ——— Swear his miliarity with his Queen. To
Thought over which *Camillo* very pertinently
By each particular Star in Hea- replies:
ven, &c.] The Trans- ——Swear this though over, &c.
position of a single Letter recon- THEOBALD.
ciles this Passage to good Sense;
Polixenes, in the preceding Speech,
had been laying the deepest Im-
precations on himself, if he had
ever abus'd *Leontes* in any Fa-

* —— whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,—] This
folly which is founded upon set-
tled belief.

Thereon

THE WINTER'S TALE. 253

n his execution sworn.

I do believe thee:

s heart in's face. Give me thy hand;

t to me, and thy places shall

ghbour mine. My ships are ready, and

ple did expect my hence departure

ys ago.—This jealousy

precious creature; as she's rare,

be great; and, as his person's mighty,

be violent; and, as he does conceive

honour'd by a man, which ever

d to him; why, his revenges must

be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:

expedition be my friend, and comfort

ious Queen's; part of his theam, but nothing

ll-ta'en suspicion! Come, *Camillo*,

spect thee as a farther, if

ear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

It is in mine authority to command

's of all the posterns: please your Highness,

the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt*.

expedition be my friend,
d comfort

ious Queen; —] But
this expedition com-
geen? on the contrary
crease her Husband's

We should read,
and comfort

ious Queen's; —
edition my friend, and

t the Queen's friend.

Editor has thought

fit to paraphrase my correction,
and so reads,

— Heaven comfort

The gracious Queen; —

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is,
I think, just; but what shall be
done with the following words,
of which I can make nothing?
Perhaps the line, which connected
them to the rest, is lost.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Palace.**Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.***HERMIONE.**

TAKE the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my Lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; good time encounter her!

Hes.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 255

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir,
now

I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.

I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your spright: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man —

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; — I will tell it
softly:

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

S C E N E II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scowr so on their way; I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge — how accrû'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

[*Alack, for lesser knowledge —*] That is, O that my knowledge
were less.

How

256 THE WINTER's TALE

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts—I have drunk, and seen the
spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his Pander :
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true, that is mistrusted : that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He hath discover'd my design, and I²
Remain a pinch'd thing ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will : how came the posterns
So easily open ?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know too well.—
Give me the boy ; [To Herm.] I'm glad, you did not
nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this, sport ?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her ;
Away with him, and let her sport herself
With that she's big with : for it is *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not ;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, she's not honest, honourable,
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

² He hath discover'd my design, the vulgar, concerning those who
and I were enchanted, and fastened to
Remain a pinch'd thing :—] the spot, by charms superior to
Alluding to the superstition of their own. WARBURTON.
(Which

THE WINTER'S TALE. 257

(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: oh, I am out, ——
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
(From him, that has most cause to grieve it should be);
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarisin, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees;
And mannerly diltinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. —— I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A fedary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile Principal, that she's
A bed-fwerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake³

³ — if I mistake —— will not support the opinion I
The center, &c. ——] That is, have formed, no foundation can
If the proofs which I can offer be trusted.

In these foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty⁴ ;
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns ;
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd ! —

Leo. Shall I be heard ? —

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beseech your
Highness,

My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,

[To her Ladies.

There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistres
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action⁵, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. My women,—come, you've leave.

⁴ He who shall speak for her,
is far off guilty,
But that he speaks ———]

far of guilty, &c.
i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her
Guilt. THEOBALD.

This cannot be the Speaker's
Meaning. Leontes would say, I
shall hold the Person in a great
measure guilty, who shall dare to
intercede for her: And this, I
believe, Shakespeare ventur'd to
express thus :

He, who shall speak for her, is

It is strange that Mr. Theobald
could not find out that *far off*
guilty, signifies, *guilty in a re-
mote degree*.

⁵ — this action, ———] The
word *action* is here taken in the
lawyer's sense, for *indictment*,
change, or *accusation*.

Leo.

THE WINTER's TALE. 259

Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded; and Ladies.*

'Beseech your Higness call the Queen again.
Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
olence; in the which three Great ones suffer,
, your Queen, your son.

For her, my Lord,
y life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
ou t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless
of heaven, and to you, I mean,
which you accuse her.

If it prove
ierwise, I'll keep my stable where
ay wife, I'll go in couples with her;
en I feel, and see, no further trust her:
y inch of woman in the world,
dram of woman's flesh is false;

Iold your peaces.

Good my Lord,—

t is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
abus'd, and by some putter on,
be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
and-dam * him: be she honour-flaw'd,
ree daughters; the eldest is eleven;

— *I'll keep my stable*
re
wife, —] Stable-
lis statio as Spelman
is a term of the Fo-
and signifies a place
leer-stealer fixes his
some convenient co-
eeps watch for the
culling Deer as they
rom the place it came
I also to the person,
taken in a forest in
n with a gun or bow
was presumed to be
an offender, and had the name
of a *Stable-stand*. In all former
editions this hath been printed
stables, and it may perhaps be
objected that another syllable
added spoils the smoothness of
the verse. But by pronouncing
stable short the measure will very
well bear it, according to the
liberty allowed in this kind of
writing, and which *Shakespeare*
never scruples to use; therefore
I read, *stable-stand*. HANMER.
* *Land-dam him :]* Sir T.
Hanmer interprets, *stop bis urine.*

260 THE WINTER'S TALE

The second, and the third, nine, and * some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel. [*sinking his brows*

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my Liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's flight,*

* This is Mr. Thackeray's correction; the former editions read
five.

Addo

T H E W I N T E R's T A L E. 261

Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only; nought for approbation⁷,
But only seeing; all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed) do push on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency⁸: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others: such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd:
Lest that the treachery of the two⁹, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this busines
Will raise us all—

Ant. [aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — nought for approbation,
But only feeling; — } Appro-
bation, in this place, is put for
proof.

⁸ — stuff'd sufficiency; —]
That is, of abilities more than
enough.

⁹ Left that the treachery of the
two, &c.— } He has be-
fore declared, that there is a plot
against his life and crown, and
that *Hermione* is *federary* with
Polyxenes and *Camillo*.

S C E N E III.

*Changes to a Prison,**Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.*

Paul. **T**H E keeper of the prison,—call to him [Exit Gentleman.
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour,

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen,

Gaol. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado to lock up honesty and honour
From the access of gentle visitors!

Is it lawful, pray you, to see her women?
Any of them? *Emilia*?

Gaol. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourselves. [Exit G

Gaol. And, Madam, I must be
Present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. [Exit Gaol.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Enter Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,

THE WINTER'S TALE. 263

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; On the frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater;);
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, My poor prisoner,
'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i'th' King !! be shrew
them,

He must be told on't, and he shall; the office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my best obedience to the Queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'st, We do not know,
How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss.
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

* These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes i'th' King! — I have no where, but in our Author, observ'd this Word adopted in our Tongue, to signify, Frenzy, Lunacy. But it is a Mode of Expression with the French.— Il y a de la lune: (i. e. He has got the Moon in his Head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. La lune. folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête, Richellet.

THEOBALD.

S. 4

Acquaint

Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen: please you, come something nearer.
Goal. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Goal. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other attendants.

Leo. **N**O R night, nor day, no rest; —— it is but
weaknes
To bear the matter thus; meer weaknes, if
The cause' were not in being — part o'th' cause,
She, the adulteress — for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank.

[*out of the blank*] that I can make against him.
And level of my brain; ——] Blank and level, are terms of
Beyond the aim of any attempt archery.

And

THE WINTER'S TALE. 265

I level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
a hook to me: say, that she were gone,
en to the fire, a moiety of my rest
ht come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.

so. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to night; 'tis hop'd,
sickness is discharg'd.

so. To see his nobleness!

ceiving the dishonour of his mother,
traight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
en'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
ew off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
down-right languish'd. Leave me solely; go,

[*Exit Attendant.*]

how he fares.—Fy, fy, no thought of him;—
very thought of my revenges that way
il upon me; in himself too mighty,
in his parties, his alliance — let him be,
l a time may serve. For present vengeance,
e it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
gh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
y should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
l she, within my power.

S C E N E V.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

urd. You must not enter.

aul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be second to me:
you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
n the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
e free than he is jealous.

nt. That's enough;

Atten.

266 THE WINTER'S TALE

Atten. [within] Madam, he hath not slept to me
commanded,

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my Lord, but needful confer
About some gossips for your Highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady.—*Antigonous*,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my Lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run,
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come ——
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dares
Let appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems yours. I say, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,

THE WINTER'S TALE. 267

In, I say, good Queen;
by combat make her good, so were I;
worst about you.
ce her hence,
it him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
ne. On mine own accord, I'll off;
I do my errand. The good Queen,
good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

t!
witch⁺! hence with her, out o'door:
lligencing bawd!
t so;
orant in that, as you
ng me; and no less honest
re mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
ld goes, to pass for honest.
tors!
t push her out? give her the bastard.

[*To Antigone.*

I by combat make
o were I
worst about you.]

of these sycophants that are about
you. WARBURTON,

The *worst* means only the
lowest. Were I the meanest of
your servants, I would yet claim
the combat against any accuser.

ke shadows by him,
;—
redless bearings:—
ie could not say,
a man, the *worst*
uld vindicate her
our against the
ns, in hingle com-
re, I am persuad-

“*A mankind witch?*”
A *mankind* woman, is yet used
in the midland counties, for a
woman violent, ferocious, and
mischievous. It has the same
sense in this passage. Witches
are supposed to be *mankind*, to
put off the softness and delicacy
of women, therefore Sir *Hugh*,
in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*,
says, of a woman suspected to
be a witch, *that he does not like*
when a woman has a beard. Of
this meaning Mr. *Theobald* has
given examples.

— so were I
H' worst about you.
ian, I would vin-
our, on the worst

Thou

268 THE WINTER'S TALE

Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say; give't to thy croan.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness⁵
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So, I would, you did: then 'twere past
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traytors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himself. For he
The sacred honoeur of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
Ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husban
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,

⁵ Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess by that
forced baseness] Leontes had
ordered Antigonus to take up the
bastard; Paulina forbids him
to touch the Princess under the
appellation. Forced is false, terred
with violence to truth.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 569

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddes Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag !
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do thatfeat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not ;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant ;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something favours
Of tyranny ; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me, I'll be gone.
—Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours ; *Jove*
send her
A better guiding spirit !—What need these hands ?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so : farewell, we are gone. [Exit.]

* No yellow in't ; ——] Yellow is the colour of jealousy.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
 My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that hast
 A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
 And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
 Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight!
 Within this hour bring me word it is done,
 And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
 With what thou else call'd thine: if thou refuse,
 And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
 The bastard brains with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:
 These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
 Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can. My royal Liege,
 He is not guilty of her coming hither:

Leo. You're liars all.

Lord. Beseech your Highness, give us better credit.
 We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
 So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
 (As recompeince of our dear services
 Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel—

[they kneel]

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
 —It shall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;

[To Antigonus.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife there,
 To save this bastard's life (for 'tis a bastard,

So

THE WINTER'S TALE. 271

sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
to save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
that my ability may undergo,
and nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I pawn the little blood which I have left,
to save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword,
 thou wilt perform thy bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fail
of any point in't shall not only be
death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
as thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
his female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
to some remote and desert place, quite out
of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
and favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
In thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
that thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
to be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
lasting their savageness aside, have done
like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
more than this deed does require; and blessing,
against this cruelty, fight on thy side!
—Poor thing condemn'd to loss.—[Exit, with the Child.]

Leo. No; I'll not rear
another's issue.

¹ ————— commend it strangely some place, as a stranger, without
to some place,] Commit to out more provision.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your Highness, posts,
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come
An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels,
The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
The truth of this appcar. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a session, that me may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady; for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt severally]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.

Enter Cleomines and Dion, with Attendants.

C L E O M I N E S.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle⁸, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dia

⁸ Fertile the isle,—] But Shakespeare, or his Editors, in the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi* their heads running on *Deba*, was not in an island, but in *Pbo-* island of the *Cyclades*. If it were, on the continent. Either the Editor's blunder, then *Shat*

n. I shall report;
ost it caught me, the celestial habits,
inks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
e grave wearers. O, the sacrifice —
eremonious, solemn, and unearthly
i'th'offering!

But of all, the burst
ie ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
was nothing.

i. If th' event o'th' journey
as successful to the Queen, (O be't so!)
ath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
ne is worth the use on't.

Great *Apollo*,
all to th' best! these proclamations,

note, *Fertile the soil*,—
more elegant too, than
nt reading.

WARBURTON.
bear is little careful of
y. There is no, need
mendation in a play of
ie whole plot depends
geographical error, by
hemia is supposed to be
ne country.

ALL report,
ost it caught me, &c.]
he report? And what
is reason of his report,
celestial habits moit
observation? We should

MES report,
ost it caught me,—
had just before said, that
much surpass'd the com-
e it bore. The other,
urally, replies — it
port, as far surpassing
rt said of it. He then

goes on to particularize the won-
ders of the place: *Foremost*, or
first of all, the priests garments,
their behaviour, their act of sac-
rifice, &c. in reasonable good
order. WARBURTON.

Of this emendation I see no
reason; the utmost that can be
necessary is, to change, *it caught*
me, to *they caught me*; but even
this may well enough be omitted.
It may relate to the whole spec-
tacle.

[*The time is worth the use
on't.*] It should be just
the reverse,

The use is worth the time on't.
and this alteration the *Oxford*
Editor approves. WARBURTON.

Either reading may serve, but
neither is very elegant. *The time*
is worth the use on't, means, the
time which we have spent in vi-
siting *Delos* has recompensed us
for the trouble of so spending it.

So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the bus'ness; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go — fresh
horses —
And gracions be the issue.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Represents a Court of Justice.

Leontes, *Lords and Officers*, appear properly seated.

Leo. THIS session, (to our great grief, we pronounce,) Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd, The daughter of a King, our wife, and one, Of us too much belov'd; — let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we so openly Proceed in justice, which shall have due course, Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
— Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded; Paulina, and Ladies, attending.

Leo. Read the Indictment.

Offi. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign Lord the King, thy royal husband;

the

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The pretence² whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity³,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it⁴
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,

* — *pretence* —] Is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a design formed; to pretend means to design, in the Gent. of Verona.
» *Mine integrity, &c.*] That is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it

will pass but for a lie. *Falshood* means both treachery and lie.

⁴ *For life I prize it, &c.*] Life is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me, I would therefore willingly dismiss it.

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How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I^s
Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fy, upon my grave !

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices wanted⁶
Less impudencie to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded :

^s — Since he came,
With what encounter so uncur-
rent I

Have strain'd t' appear thus]
These lines I do not understand;
with the license of all Editors,
what I cannot understand, I sup-
pose unintelligible, and there-
fore propose that they may be
altered thus,

— Since he came,
With what encounter so uncur-
rent have I

Been strain'd to appear thus.

⁶ I ne'er heard yet,
That any of those bolder vices
wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what

they did,
Than to perform it first.] It is appar-
ent that according to the proper,
at least according to the present,
use of words, *less* should be *more*,
or *wanted* should be *bad*. But
Shakespeare is very uncertain in
his use of negatives. It may be
necessary once to observe, that in
our language two negatives did
not originally affirm, but strengthen
the negation. This mode of
speech was in time changed; but
as the change was made in op-
position to long custom, it pro-
ceeded gradually, and uniformity
was not obtained but through an
intermediate confusion.

Which

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Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
Wotting no more than I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
ou speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams',
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your Actions are my dreams;
ou had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
nd I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame¹,
'hose of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
hich to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
hy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
o father owning it, (which is, indeed,
ore criminal in thee than it) so thou
alt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
ook for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
he bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:

¹ *My life stands in the level of your dreams.]* To be in the world is by a metaphor from arch-
to be within the reach.

² ————— As you were past all shame,
Tbose of your Fact are so, so past all truth.] I do not remember that *fact* is used any

where absolutely for *guilt*, which must be its sense in this place.

Perhaps we may read,

Tthose of your Pack are so.

Pack is a low coarse word well suited to the rest of this royal invective.

To me can life be no commodity.
 The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
 I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second joy,
 The first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
 I have got strength of limit⁹. Now, my Leige,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
 But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no life,
 I prize it not a straw—but for mine honour,
 Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake) I tell you,
 'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
 I do refer me to the Oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
 And in *Apollo's* name, his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,

⁹ *I haue got strength of limit.*] which yet it must mean in this
 I know not well how strength of place, unless we read in a more
 limit can mean strength to pass the easy phrase, strength of limb
 limits of the childbed chamber, And now, &c.

Oh,

, that he were alive, and here beholding
daughter's trial ; that he did but see
flatness of my misery ' ; yet with eyes
Pity, not Revenge !

Iff. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
it you, Cleomines and Dion, have
n both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
s seal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
great Apollo's Priest ; and that since then
I have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
read the secrets in't.

leo. Dion. All this we swear.

eo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Iff. Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Ca-
so a true Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his
cent babe truly begotten ; and the King shall live
bout an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.
ords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Ier. Praised ! .

eo. Hast thou read truth ?

Iff. Ay, my Lord, even so as it is here set down,

eo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle ;
Session shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

er. My Lord the King, the King,——

eo. What is the busineſſ ?

er. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.

Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
the Queen's Speed, is gone ².

eo. How gone ?

er. Is dead.

eo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themſelves

The flatness of my misery.] ² *Of the Queen's Speed.]* Of
is, how long, how flat I am the event of the Queen's trial :
by my calamity. So we full say, he ſhed well or ill.

Do strike at my injustice.—How now? there!

[Hermione faints.]

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,

And see what death is doing.

Lro. Take her hence; Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*

S C E N E IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
 'Befeech you, tenderly apply to her
 Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
 My great Prophaneness 'gainst thine Oracle!
 I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
 New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*;
 Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy;
 For, being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the Minister, to poison
 My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
 But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
 My swift Command; tho' I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,
 And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Guest
 Unclasped my practice, quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour: how he glisters
 Through my dark Rust! and how his Piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker³!

³ This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while !
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking ir,
Break too. —————
Lord. What fit is this, good lady ?
Paul. What studied torments, Tyrant, hast for me ?
What wheels ? racks ? fires ? what flaying ? boiling ?
burning

In leads, or oils ? what old, or newer, torture
Must I receive ? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine ! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed ; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spiccs of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant ⁴,
And damnable ingrateful : nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a King : poor trespasses,

⁴ That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing ;
That did but shew thee, of a Fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful.] I
have ventur'd at a flight Altera-
tion here, against the Authority
of all the Copies, and for fool
read *soul*. It is certainly too
gross and blunt in *Paulina*, tho'
he might impeach the King of
Fooleries in some of his past
Actions and Conduct, to call him
towright a Fool. And it is
much more pardonable in her to
arraign his Morals, and the Qua-
lities of his Mind, than rudely to

call him *Idiot* to his Face. THEOB.
—— shew thee of a fool —]
So all the copies. We should
read, — shew thee off, a fool, —
i. e. represent thee in thy true
colours ; a fool, an inconstant,
&c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly
remark cannot be thought to de-
serve much notice. Dr. Warbur-
ton too might have spared his fa-
gacity if he had remembered,
that the present reading, by a
mode of speech anciently much
used, means only, *It shew'd thee*
first a fool, then inconstant and
ungrateful.

More

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More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive a gross and foolish Sire
 Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer; but the last—O Lords,
 When I have said, cry, Woe!—the Queen, the Queen
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not drop down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, or
 oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but Despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I'th' boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't *.
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,

* This is another instance to vehement and ungoverned
 of the sudden changes incident minds.

do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' nobler heart. What's gone, and what's past
help,

hould be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
~~let me~~ be punish'd, that have minded you
If what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst say but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and son;
One Grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto
Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The Chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a little distance.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. **T**HOU art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon³

³ *Theo art perfect then, ——] Speare for certain, well assured, or Perfect is often used by Shake- well informed.*

The

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The deserts of *Bohemia*?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard.
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart to be so rid o'th' businesse

[Exit]

Ant. Come, poor babe; I have heard,
But not believ'd, the spirits of the dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to my last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,
" Since fate, against thy better disposition,
" Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
" Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
" Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
" There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
" Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
" I pry' thee, call't. For this ungentle businesse,
" Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shall see

" Thy

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Thy wife *Paulina* more."—And so, with shrieks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much,

Did in time collect myself, and thought

This was so, and no slumber: Dreams are toys,

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,

Will be squar'd by this. I do believe,

Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that

Pollio would, this being indeed the issue

Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,

Either for life or death, upon the earth

Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[*Laying down the child.*

There lie, and there thy character: there these,

[*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty

one,

And still rest thine. The storm begins;—Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd

To loss, and what may follow—weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this—Farewel!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour*!—

Well may I get aboard—this is the chace;

I am gone for ever.

[*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the
rest: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
Wenchess with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,

* *A savage clamour.*] This he cries, *this is the chace, or, the animal pursued.*
Clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear,

fight-

fighting—hark you now!—would any but these bold brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will what have we here? [Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very preity bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; sure, some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!—

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'l see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land; but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrusst a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,—to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd,

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tar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Cle. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these ghts; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the ear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

* *Shep.* 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Cle. I would, you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd foot-ing.— [Aside.]

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight or thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't; so, et's see; it was told me, I should be rich by the fai-ies. This is some changeling: open't; what's with-a, boy?

* *Cle.* You're a mad old man; if the sins of your outh are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all old!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way.

* *Shep. Would, I had been by
to have help'd the old Man.]* Tho'
ll. the printed Copies concur in
this reading, I am perswaded, we
ought to restore, *Nobleman*. The
shepherd knew nothing of *Antigo-*
nus's Age; besides, the Clown
had just told his Father, that he
did, his Name was *Antigonus* a
Nobleman, and no less than three
times in this short Scene, the
Clown, speaking of him, calls
him the *Gentleman*. THEOBALD.

? In former copies,
you're a mad old Man; if the

Sins of your Youth are forgiven
you, you're well to live. Gold!
all Gold!—] This the Clown
says upon his opening his Far-
del, and discovering the Wealth
in it. But this is no Reason why
he should call his Father a *mad*
old Man. I have ventur'd to
correct in the Text — You're a
made *old Man*: i. e., your For-
tune's made by this adventitious
Treasure. So our Poet, in a
Number of other Passages.

THEOBALD.

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We are lucky, boy ; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. {*Excuse.*

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that make and unfold error⁸; Now take upon me, in the name of Time, To use my wings. Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd⁹ Of

⁸ — that make and unfold Error;] This does not, in my Opinion, take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not make mistakes, and discover them, at different Conjunctions; but the Poet means, that Time often for a Season covers Errors, which he afterwards displays and brings to Light. I chuse therefore to read;

⁹ — that mask and unfold Error. — THEOBALD.

— and leave the GROWTH untry'd

Of that wide gap; —] The growth of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakespeare wrote, — and leave the GULF untry'd, i. e. unwaded thro'. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a Gulf; as *swift passage*, — *slide over* — *untry'd* — *wide gap*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is consistent enough with our author's manner

at wide gap ; since it is in my power
to overthrow law, and in one self-born hour,
blant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
ame I am, ere ancient'st order was,
hat is now receiv'd. I witness to
times, that brought them in ; so shall I do
ie freshest things now reigning, and make stale
glistening of this present, as my tale
seems to it : your patience this allowing,
in my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
u had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
he shuts up himself ; imagine me²,
e spectators, that I now may be
ir Bohemia ; and remember well,
ition here a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*
r name to you ; and with speed so pace
reak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
l with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
not prophecy. But let Time's news
own, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,

r, who attends more to
cas than to his words.
rowth of the wide gap,
ewhat irregular ; but he
the growth, or progression
time which filled up
of the story between
r's birth and her sixteenth
o leave this growth untried,
ave the passages of the inter-
years unnoticed and unexa-
Untried is not, perhaps, the
which he would have chosen,
uch his rhyme required,
since it is in my power, &c.]
reasoning of Time is not
leas ; he seems to mean,
e who has broke so many
may now break another ;
e who introduced every

thing may introduce *Perdita* on
her sixteenth year ; and he in-
treats that he may pass as of old,
before any order or succession of
objects, ancient or modern, di-
stinguished her periods.

————— imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now
may be
In fair Bohemia ; —] Time
is every where alike. I know
not whether both sense and gram-
mar may not dictate,

————— imagine we,
Gentle spectators, that you now
may be, &c.
Let us imagine that you, who be-
hold these scenes, are now in
Bohemia.

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
 Is th' * argument of time; of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
 If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
 He wishes earnestly, you never may.
[Exit]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I PRAY thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a fickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-

* — argument is the same rather begins the fourth act than with subject. concludes the third.

¹ I believe this speech of *Time*

endships⁴. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'y, speak no more; whose very naming punishes me the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st, and reconciled King, my brother, whose loss of so precious Queen and children are even now to be lamented. Say to me when saw'st thou the

Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, sue not being gracious, than they are in losing when they have approved their virtues.

• Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; have missingly noted⁵, he is of late much remov'd from court, and is less frequent to his princely es than formerly he hath appear'd.

I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with care so far, that I have eyes under my service, look upon his removedness; from whom I have

my profit therein, the beaping friendships. That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I reap benefits I shall reap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us.
[but I have (MISSINGLY) noted,⁶] We should read, but I have (MISSING HIM) noted. This accounts for the reason of his taking note, because he often missed him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that sense, it is to be understood. The Oxford Editor reads, missingly noted.

WARBURTON. At that the present reading-sense; the sense of friendships is, though like either of our author's, at least unusual to most, is not very obscure. *re thankful shall be my d my profit therein the*

I see not how the sense is intended by Sir T. Hanmer's alteration, nor how it is at all changed by Dr. Warburton's.

U 2 this

this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note ; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise a part of my intelligence. But, I fear, the Angel that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*—we must disguise ourselves.

Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Country.

Enter Autolycus singing.

WHEN daffodils begin to peere,
With, heigh ! the doxy over the date,
Why, then comes in the sweet o'th' year ;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale'.
The

** But I fear the Angle.] Mr. Theobald reads ; And I fear the Eagle.*

*? Why, then COMES in the sweet o'th' year ;
For the red blood REIGNS in the WINTER's pale.] I*

think this nonsense should be read thus,

*Why, then COME in the sweet
o'th' year ;
FOR the red blood REIN-
GS in the winter pale.*

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*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, bey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!*

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge^a:

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chaunts,

With, bey! with, bey! the thrush and the jay:

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

*I have served Prince Florizel, and in my time wore
ree pile, but now I am out of service.*

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

*Traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
for linen. * My father nam'd me Autolycus, being
litter'd*

Why then come in, or let
enjoy, pleasure, while the sea-
serves, before pale winter
is in the red or youthful blood;
much as to say, let us enjoy
in youth, before old age
ies and freezes up the blood.

WARBURTON,
Dr. Thirby reads, perhaps
idly, certainly with much more
bability, and easiness of con-
fession;
For the red blood runs in the
winter pale.

It is, for the red blood runs
in the winter.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,
or the red blood reigns o'er the
winter's pale.

* Pugging-teeth] Sir T. Han-

mer, and after him Dr. Warbur-
ton, read, pugging tooth. It is
certain that pugging is not now
understood. But Dr. Thirby ob-
serves, that this is the cant of
gypsies.

* My father nam'd me Autoly-
cus, &c.] Mr. Theobald says,
the allusion is unquestionably to O-
vid. He is mistaken. Not only
the allusion, but the whole
speech is taken from Lucian; who
appears to have been one of our
Poet's favourite authors, as may
be collected from several places
of his works. It is from his
discourse on judicial Astrology,
where Autolycus talks much in
the same manner; and 'tis only
on this account that he is called

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litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat¹. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

S C E N E III.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see,—Every eleven weather tod's, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred thorn, what comes the wool too?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine ———

[*Ajide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters.—Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast, three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice — what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man-song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the wardenpies, mace — dates — none — that's out of my

the son of *Mercury* by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the Astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so *Antolycus* was a thief.

WARBURTON.

¹ *my revenue is the silly cheat.*] *Silly* is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour

of the speech confests. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this bumble and low way of life, as a *snapper up of unconsider'd trifles*. But the Oxford Editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakespeare's humour, alters it to, *the fly cheat*.

WARBURTON.

note:

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ote: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but
at I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many
isins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' th' name of * me —

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these
gs, and then death, death —

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags
lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsome ness of them offend
e, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are
ighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may
me to a great matter,

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and
parel ta'en from me, and these detestable things pur
ion me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man.

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the gar
ents he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's
at, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand,
I help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my
oulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha
ne me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for
ee,

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir;
have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence,
to whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or

* I believe me should be blotted out.

any thing I want : offer me no mony, I pray you ;
that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd
you ?

Aut. A fellow Sir, that I have known to go about
with trol-my-dames^{*} : I knew him once a servant of
the prince : I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his
virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of
the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue
whipp'd out of the court ; they cherish it to make it
stay there, and yet it will no more but * abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well,
he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server,
a bailiff ; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal
son[†], and married a tinker's wife within a mile where
my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many
knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue ; some
call him *Autolycus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig ! for my life, prig ;—he
haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings,

Aut. Very true, Sir ; he, Sir, he ; that's the rogue,
that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia* ; if
you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have
run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter ;
I am false at heart that way, and that he knew, I war-
rant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was ; I can stand,
and walk, I will even take my leave of you, and pace
softly towards my kinsman's.

* *with trol my dames* :] *Trou-
madame*, French. The game of
nine-holes. *WARBURTON.*

* ————— to abide, here, must
signify, to *sjourn*, to live for a

time without a settled habitation.

† *motion of the prodigal son* :] *i. e.* the *Puppet-show*, then called

Motions. A term frequently oc-
curring in our author. *WAR-*

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Cl. Shall I bring thee on thy way? Aut. No; good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir. Cl. Then, farewell, I must go to buy-spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit. Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! — Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice, I'll be with you at our sheep-shearing too; if I make not this cheating out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of vice.⁴

S C E N E .

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path's way,
And merrily bent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E . IV.

The Prospect of a Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

THESE your unusual weeds to each part
of you
o give a life: no shepherdess, but *Flora*
bowering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
as a meeting of the petty gods,
nd you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
o chide at your extremes it not becomes me⁵:

⁴ *Let me be unroll'd, and my he wishes he may be unrolled if
one put into the book of virtue!*] he does not so and so.
gging gypsies, in the time of WARBURTON.
r author, were in gangs and
companie, that had something
the shew of an incorporated
dy. From this noble society
⁵ *Your extremes.*] That is,
your excesses, the extravagance
of your praises.

Oh

Oh pardon, that I name them : your high self,
 'The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
 With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
 Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
 In every mess have folly, and the feeders;
 Digest it with a custom, I should blush
 To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
 To shew myself a glas⁷.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
 When my good falcon made her flight a-cross
 Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you caufe !
 To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
 I hath not been us'd to fear ; even now I tremble
 To think, your father, by ſome accident,
 Should paſs this way, as you did : oh, the fates !
 How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
 Vilely bound up ⁸ ! what would he ſay, or how

[The gracious mark o'th' land.] The object of all men's notice and expectation.

[To shew myself a glas.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance ; for in this, as in a glas, you ſhow me how much below yourself you muſt descend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. But the Oxford Editor alters it to,

— ſwear, I think,
 To ſhow myself a glas.

What he means I don't know ; but Perdita was not ſo much given to ſwearing, as appears by

her behaviour at the King's threats, when the intrigue was discovered. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an ealy ſense, and is in my opinion preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide.

[His work ſo noble, &c.] It is imposſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authourſhip of *Shakespeare* has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the Binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an Editor.

Should

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Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend'

Nothing but jollity : The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd *Ged*,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o'th' King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

*Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,*
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feast ; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant.
Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, Gentle,
Strangle such thoughts as these, w any | thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming :
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

*Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious !*

S C E N E

SCENE V.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants;
with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be rid with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now hett
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostesship o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*.—Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and favour all the winter long:
* Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit out ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth

* Grace and remembrance—] old Gentlemen, be good, and my
I suppose she means, May you, your memories be honoured. Of

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If trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
'o get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
For nature is made better by no mean;
But nature makes that mean; so over that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art.
What nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing:

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would

Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet :
Your maiden-heads growing : O *Persephone*,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From *Dis's* waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty : violets dim⁹ ;
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength ; (a malady
Most incident to maids) * gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a coarse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a coarse ; or if,—not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers ;
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In whitsun pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
Pray, so ; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do

⁹ ————— violets dim, lid is an odd image : but perhaps
But sweeter than the lids of Ju- he uses sweet in the general sense,
no's eyes, | I suspect that for delightful.
our author mistakes *Juno* for * Gold is the reading of Sir
Pallas, who was the goddess of T. Hanmer; the former editions
blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye- have told.

Nothing

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ing but that; move stiff, stiff so, no man
own no other function. * Each your doing,
singular in each particular,
ns what you're doing in the present deeds,
all your acts are Queens.

r. O Doricles,

praises are too large; but that your youth
be true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
ainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd;
wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
woo'd me the false way.

. I think, you have
tle skill to fear, as I have purpose
it you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
hand, my Perdita; so turtles pair,
never mean to part.

r. I'll swear for 'em †.

! This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
on the green-ford: nothing she does, or seems,
nacks of something greater than herself,
oble for this place.

n. He tells her something ²,
makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
Queen of curds and cream.

· Each your doing,] That Pol. I'll swear for 'em,
ir manner in each act This is the prettiest, &c.
the act.

bink, you have
tle skill to fear —] To Pol. That makes her Blood look on't:
ill to do a thing was a Thus all the old Editions. The
then in use equivalent to Meaning must be this. The
use reaſon to do a thing. Prince tells her Something, that
ford Editor, ignorant of calls the Blood up into her Cheeks,
ters it to, and makes her blifb. She, but a
ittle skill in fear, — little before, uses a like Expre-
has no kind of feſe in sion to describe the Prince's Sim-
ce. WARBURTON.

r. I'll swear for 'em.] I And the true Blood, which peeps
his half-line is placed to a forth fairly through it,
person, and that the king Do plainly give you out an un-
his speech aside. his Speech aside. stain'd Shepherd. THEO.

Clo.

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Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry, garlick to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners: come, strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this. Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself To have a worthy feeding¹; but I have it Upon his own report, and I believe it: He looks like sooth; he lays, he loves my daughter, I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand and read, As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feately.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it That should be silent; if young *Doricles* Do light upon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

* — *we stand, &c.*] That I conceive feeding to be a *sure*, and a *worthy feeding* to be in, we are now on our behaviour. ³ — *a worthy FEEDING;* —] a track of pasture not *desiderable*, not unworthy of my CERTAINLY BREEDING. *WABURTON.* daughter's fortune.

Clo.

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Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers w^th gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens of *diddle-dos* and *fadings*: *jump her and thump her*: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the natter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow; has he any unbraided' wares *?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings them over, 'as they were Gods and Goddesses; you would think a sinock were a she-angel, he so shants to the ⁺ sleeve band, and the work about the quare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, inging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurtilous words o's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

* Unbraided wares.] Surely ⁺ — sleeve-band is put very ~~re must-read braided~~, for such properly by Sir T. Hanmer; it ~~re all the wares mentioned in he answer.~~ was before sleeve band.

Enter Autolycus singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber :
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears :
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come buy of me, come : come buy, come
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou sho take no mony of me ; but being enthrall'd as [it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than tha there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : be, he has paid you more ; which will shame y give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? they wear their plackets, where they should wear faces ? is there not milking time, when you are to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of these secrets you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests well, they are whisp'ring. ³ Clamour your tong and not a word more.

³ — clamour your tongues,) ing. When bells are : The phrase is taken from ring- height, in order to cease



THE WINTER'S TALE 307

Mop. I have done: Come, you promis'd me a taw-y lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the y, and lost all my mony?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad: before it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing e.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many eels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how an er's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony s at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' ds, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying an usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress eporter, and five or six honest wives that were pre- Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Mo. Come on, lay it by, and let's first see more lads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd in the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, y thousand fathom above water, and sung this bal- against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. e ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

repetition of the strokes be- this is called clambering them. es much quicker than before: The allusion is humorous.

WASBURTON.

Aut. Five justices hands at it ; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* ; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it : 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it ; if thou'l bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know ; 'tis my occupation ; have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *O whither?*

Dor. *Whither?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too, let me go thither :*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' grange, or mill,*

Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill :*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither ?*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be ;*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me :*

Then whither goest ? say, whither ?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves, my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them : come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[aside.]
SONG

SONG.

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a ?
And silk, and thread,
Any toys for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a ?
Come to the Pedler ;
Mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[Ex. Clown, Autolycus, Doreas, and Mopsa.]

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. "Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that we made themselves all men of hair⁷, they call themselves

"Master, there are three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, and three Swine-herds,—] us all the printed Copies hit so. Now, in two Speeches at this, these are called four e's of Herds-men. But could Carters properly be called d'men? At least, they have the final Syllable, *Herd*, in r Names; which, I believe, *Shakespeare* intended, all the four e's should have. I therefore say that he wrote; — Master, e. are three Goat-herds, &c. d so, I think, we take in the Species of Cattle usually kept by Herds-men.

THEOBALD.

⁷ — all men of hair,] i. e. nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phrase is taken from *tennis balls*, which were stuffed with hair. So in *Henry V.* it is said of a courier,

He bounds as if his entrails were hairs. WARBURTON.

This is a strange interpretation. *Errors*, says Dryden, *float upon the surface*, but there are men who will fetch them from the bottom. *Men of hair* are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in *Fraunce*, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed

selves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th mind, if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling *, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those, that refresh us. Pray, let see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelue foot and a half by the square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [aside.] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them. He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair *Shep-herd*?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

dressed in clole habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb; the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy,

who threw her robe over him and saved him.

* *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility.

* *Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in answer to the shepherd's saying, *since these good men are pleased*. Yet the Oxford Editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to *Florest*, since *Florest* and the old man were not in conversation.

WARBURTON.

And

THE WINTER's TALE 311

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks ; I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance ; you have let him go,
And nothing marred with him. If your lafs
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty ; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are ;
The gifts, she looks from me, art packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
Is soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before !— I've put you out—
ut, to your protestation : let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too ?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men ; the earth, and heav'ns, and all ;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Hereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love ; for her employ them all ;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shews a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,

312 THE WINTER'S TALE.

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder. But come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?⁹
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong.

⁹ — *dispute his own estate?*] be the same with talk over his
Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*; but *dispute his estate* may

THE WINTER'S TALE. 313

omething unfilial: Reason, my son
hould chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
he farther (all whose joy is nothing else
ut fair posterity) should hold some counsel
such a businels.

Flo. I yield all this;
it for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
'hich 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
y father of this businels.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come; he must not:
irk our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[Discovering himself.]

hom son I dare not call: thou art too base
be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
at thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
orten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
e royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
re homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
may ever know thou dost but sigh
at thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
ean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
t hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;
ar than *Deucalion* off. Mark thou my words;
low us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

Far than.] I think for far even so far off as *Deucalion* the
we should read far as. We common ancestor of all.
not hold thee of our kin

Tho'

314 THE WINTER's TALE

Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Per. Even here, undone,
I was not much afraid'; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?
[To Florizel.]
I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care:—this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
[To Florizel.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three²,

¹ *I was not much afraid; &c.*] The Character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished on the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education.

¹ *fourscore three, &c.*] These sentiments, which the Poet has heighten'd by a strain of ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the speaker; whose selfishness is seen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*; and here supported, by shewing no regard for his son or her, but being taken up entirely with himself, though *fourscore three*.

² *You have undone a man of*

WARBURTON.
That

THE WINTER'S TALE. 335

hat thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
ome hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

hat knew'st, this was the Prince; and would'st ad-
venture

o mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
o die when I desire.

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd;
it nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
ore straining on, for plucking back; not following
y leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
ou know your father's temper: at this time
e will allow no speech (which I do guess,
ou do not purpose to him;) and as hardly
ill he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
hen, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
ome not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
think, *Camillo*? —

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
ow often said, my dignity would last
it till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
ie violation of my faith, and then
t nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
nd mar the seeds within.—Lift up thy looks—
om my succession wipe me, father, I
n heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd,

Flo.

316 THE WINTER's TALE.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy * ; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madnes,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it ; but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd ; for all the fun fees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more, cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*—
I'll hear you by and by.

[To Camill]

Cam. [aside.] He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight : now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

* It must be remembered that *fancy* in this author very often
as in this place, means *love*.

THE WINTER'S TALE 317

Flo. Now, good *Camillo* —
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, o'th' love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnes, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
[†] But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me.

* As chance has driven me to myself to chance to be conducted
these extremities, so I commit through them.

This

318 THE WINTER'S TALE.

This follows. If you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there present yourself, and your fair Princeſſ
For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be, 'fore *Leontes*.

She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiueſſ
As 'twere 'ith' father's perſon; kiffes the hands
Of your fresh Princeſſ; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſſ, and his kindneſſ: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir.
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry ſitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

3 Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down.
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;—] Every ſitting, methinks, gives but a very poor idea. Every ſitting, as I have ventur'd to correct the Text, means, every convenient Opportunity: every Juncture, when it is fit to ſpeak of ſuch, or ſuch, a Point. *TUOBALD.*

The which ſhall point you forth

*at every ſitting.] Every ſitting, says Mr. Theobald, methinks, gives us but a very poor idea. But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to; when he has alter'd it to *every ſitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expressive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the King and Council. The Council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common ſpeech, the Sittings. WARSBURY.*

Cam.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 319

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain
To miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
'rosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
but not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
he is as forward of her Breeding, as
he is i'th' rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis Pity
he lacks instructions, for he seems a mistress
'o most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this :
ll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*—
ut, oh, the thorns we stand upon ! *Camillo*,
reserver of my father, now of me ;
the medicine of our House ! how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,
or shall appear in *Sicily*—

Cam. My Lord,
ear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
to all lie there ; it shall be so my care
o have you royally appointed, as if
he Scene, you play, were mine : For instance, Sir,
hat you may know you shall not want ; one word.—

[They talk aside.
SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, nor a ribbon, glafs, pomander, browch, table-hook, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been * hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel and Perdita *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, So soon as you arrive, shall clear that Doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [Seeing Autolycus.

* This alludes to beads often particularly efficacious by the fold by the Romans, as made touch of some reliick.

W :

THE WINTER'S TALE. 321

'll make an instrument of this; omit
othing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why hang-
[Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow,
hy shak'st thou so? fear not, man,
re's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's no body will steal
it from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we
st make an exchange: therefore discale thee instant-
thou must think, there's necessity in't, and change-
ments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth,
his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some
oot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir;—I know ye well
ough. [Aside.]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is
f fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir?—I smell the trick
t.— [Aside.]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earnest, but I çannot with
science take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
rtunate Mistref!—let my Prophecy
me home to ye,—you must retire yourself
o some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat,
d pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
mantle you; and, as you can, disliken
e truth of your own Seeming; that you may,
I do fear eyes over you, to ship-board
t undescry'd.

Per. I see, the Play so lies,
at I must bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy—

Boat, that is, something over and above, or, as we now say,
thing to boot.

VOL. II.

Y

I HAVE

322. THE WINTER's TALK.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat :
Come, Lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot ?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
[4]

Of this Escape, and whither they are bound :
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after ; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us !
Thus we set on, *Canillo*, to th' sea-side.

[Exit. *Flor. with*
Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [1]

S C E N E XI.

Aut. I understand the 'business, I hear it : to I
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite
to smell out work for th' other senses. I see, th
the time that the unjust man doth thrive. Wha
exchange had this been, without boot? what a
is here, with this exchange? sure, the Gods do
year connive at us, and we may do any thing. ex
pore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniqui
stealing away from his father, with his clog at
heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honest
acquaint the King withal, I would do't⁴; I hol
the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I
stant to my Profession.

⁴ This is the reading of Sir *quaint the King withal, I'd*
T. Hanmer, instead of *if I thought do it.*
it were a piece of honesty to ac-

THE WINTER'S TALE. 323

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

, aside,—here's more matter for a hot brain ;
lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging,
a careful man work.

. See, see ; what a man you are now ! there is no
way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and
of your flesh and blood.

ep. Nay, but hear me.

. Nay, but hear me.

ep. Go to then.

. She being none of your flesh and blood, your
and blood has not offended the King ; and, so
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him.
those things you found about her, those secret
s, all but what she has with her ; this being done,
e law go whistle ; I warrant you.

ep. I will tell the King all, every word ; yea, and
n's pranks too ; who, I may fay, is no honest man
er to his father, nor to me, to go about to make
e King's brother-in-law.

. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you
have been to him ; and then your blood had
the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

t. Very wisely, puppies ! [Aside.]

ep. Well ; let us to the King ; there is that in this
el will make him scratch his beard.

t. I know not, what impediment this Complaint
be to the flight of my master.

. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

t. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so some-
by chance.—Let me pocket up my Pedler's * ex-
ent.—How now, rusticks, whither are you bound?

ep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worship.

t. Your affairs there,—what ? with whom ? the

What he means by his *Pedler's excrement*, I know not.

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condition of that farhel? the place of your dwelling? your names? your age? of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye⁵.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gaite in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness?—court contempt. Think'it thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy busness, I am therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pi*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy busness there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My busness, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant⁶; say, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſſ'd are we, that are not ſimple men! Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are, Therefore I will not diſdain.

⁵ ————— therefore they do not give us the lie.] Delete the negative: the ſenſe requires it. The Joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us, by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie. WARBURTON.

⁶ Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;] This satire, on the bribery of courts, not pheasant. WARBURTON.

This satire, or this pheasant, I confeſſ myself not well to understand.

Clo.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

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Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth⁷.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel?

Wherfore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace: he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

⁷ *A great man — by the picking of his teeth.* It seems, that of the traveller, says, to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So the bastard in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says, *He and his pick-tooth at my worship's messe.*

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear
an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive, then
'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's
nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram
dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some
other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the
hottest day^{*} prognostication proclaims, shall be set
against a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a south-
ward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with
flies blown to death. But what talk we of these trait-
orly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their
offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to
be honest plain men) what you have to the King; be-
ing something^{*} gently consider'd, I'll bring you where
he is abroad, tender your persons to his presence, whis-
per him in your behalf, and if it be in man besides
the King to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with
him, give him gold; and though authority be a stub-
born Bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold;
shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his
hand, and no more ado. Remember, ston'd, and
flay'd alive.—

Shep. An't please you, Sir, to undertake the busi-
ness for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as
much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I
bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party
in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful
one, I hope, I shall not be flay'd out of it.

* — the hottest day, &c.] * — gently consider'd] That is,
That is, the hottest day foretold in I who am regarded as a gentleman
the Almanack. will bring you to the King.

Aut.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 327

Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son ;
g him, he'll be made an example.

Comfort, good comfort ; we must to the King,
ew our strange sights ; he must know, 'tis none
ur daughter, nor my sister ; we are gone else.
will give you as much as this old man does,
the busines is perform'd : and remain, as he says,
Pawn 'till it be brought you.

I will trust you, walk before toward the sea-
p on the right hand ; I will but look upon the
and follow you.

We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even

p. Let's before, as he bids us ; he was provided
us good. [Exeunt Shep. and Clown.

If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune
not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth,
ourted now with a double occasion : gold, and
is to do the Prince my master good ; which,
nows how that may turn back to my advance-

I will bring these two moles, these blind ones,
him ; if he think it fit to shore them again,
at the complaint they have to the King concerns
thing, let him call me rogue, for being so far
is ; for I am proof against that Title, and what
else belongs to't : to him will I present them,
nay be matter in it. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heav'ns have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the * All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparalleled.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

* In former editions, that, true, here has jumped out
Destry'd the sweet'st Companion, its place in all the Editions.
that e'er Man

THEOBALD.

Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true, my Lord.] A very slight Examination will convince every intelligent Reader,

* This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on *Miranda* and *Rosalind* before.

Cle.

THE WINTER'S TALE. 329

Not at all, good Lady;
I have spoke a thousand things, that would
be the time more benefit, and grac'd
adness better.

You are one of those,
have him wed again.
If you would not so,
y not the state, nor the remembrance
of sovereign name; consider little,
angers (by his Highness' fail of issue)
op upon his kingdom, and devour
lookers on. What were more holy,
rejoice, the former Queen is well?
olier, than for royalty's repair,
sent comfort, and for future good,
the bed of Majesty again
sweet fellow to't?

There is none worthy,

*to rejoice, the former
en is WELL?]* The
here giving reasons
ing should marry again.
is, pity to the State;
gard to the continuance
oyal family; and the
fort and consolation to
affliction. All hitherto
ind becoming a Privy-

But now comes in,
calls, a body argument
that is a rejoicing that
Queen is well and at
make this argument of
must conclude that the
ent upon this opinion,
lower can never heartily
at his former wife is at
he has got another.
doubt Shakespeare wrote,
-What were more body,

Than to rejoice the former Queen?

THIS WILL.

What, says the speaker, can be
a more holy motive to a new
choice than that it will glad the
spirit of the former Queen? for
she was of so excellent a disposi-
tion, that the happiness of the
King and Kingdom, to be pro-
cured by it, will give her ex-
treme pleasure. The poet goes
upon the general opinion, that
the spirits of the happy in the
other world are concerned for
the condition of their surviving
friends.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is one of
those of which many may be
made; it is such as we may wish
the authour had chosen, but which
we cannot prove that he did
choose; the reasons for it are plau-
sible, but not cogent.

Respect

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Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shal
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My Lord should to the heav'ns be contrary ;
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue

[To the

The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour : O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's fall eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips !

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth :
No more such wives, therefore no wife ; one wo
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit *
Again posseſſ her corps ; and on this stage
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-ext.

* In the old copies,
would make her sainted
Spirit
Again posseſſ her Corps, and on
this Stage
(Where we offend her now ap-
pear) soul-ext.

And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious,
that the Grammar is defective ;
and the Sense consequently wants

supporting. The slight Cl
I have made, cures both :
surely, 'tis an improvement
the Sentiment for the King
say, that *Paulina* and he off
his dead Wife's Ghost wit
Subject of a second Match
ther than in general Term
call themselves Offenders, Si
THEOS

THE WINTER'S TALE. 331

Begin, Why to me?—

w. Had she such power,
ad just cause.

. She had, and would incense me
under her I married.

w. I should so,

I the ghost that walk'd; I'd bid you mark
ye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
hose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
I rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
I he, *Remember mine.*

Stars, stars,
ll eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife,
ve no wife, *Paulina.*

. Will you swear
to marry, but by my free leave?

Never, *Paulina*; so be bless'd my spirit!

. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.
You tempt him over-much.

. Unless another,
: *Hermione* as is her picture,
ont his eye.

Good Madam, pray, have done.

. Yet, if my Lord will marry.—If you will, Sir;
nedy, bat you will; give me the office
ise you a Queen; she shall not be so young
your former; but she shall be such,
lk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
her in your arms.

My true *Paulina*,
all not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

. That
e, when your first Queen's again in breath:
till then.

* To affront, is to meet.

S C E N E

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S C E N E II.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princess she,
The fairest I have yet beheld; desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach;
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but meaſt.

Leo. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself³
Have said, and writ so; (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme) *she had not been,*
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin afeat, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

³ — Sir, you yourself so relates not to what precedes.
Have said, and writ so; —] but to what follows that, *she had*
The reader must observe, that *not been* — *equall'd.*

Paul.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomines;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
[Exit Cleomines.
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

S C E N E III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
As your fair Princeſ, goddefſ! —oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly!) the society,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
Tho' bearing misery I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo.

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Flo. Sir, by his command
 Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a King as friend
 Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
 He bade me say so, more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
 Good gentleman, the wrongs I've done thee stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
 At least, ungentle, of the dreadful *Neptune*,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
 Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
 She came from *Libya*.
Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
 That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal Sir,
 From thence; from him, whose daughter⁴
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your Highness; my best train
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd.
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify

⁴ —— Whose daughter
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her.] This is very ungrammatical and obscure. We may better read,
 —— Whose daughter
 His tears proclaim'd her part- ing with her.

The prince first tells that the Lady came from *Libya*, the king interrupting him, says, from *Smalus*; from him, says the Prince, who's tears, at parting, bewept her to be his daughter.

Not

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ot only my success in *Libya*, Sir,
it my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
ere, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
rge all infection from our air, whilst you
climate here: You have a holy father,
graceful gentleman, against whose person,
sacred as it is, I have done sin;
r which the heavens, taking angry note,
ve left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
he from heaven merits it, with you,
orthy his goodness. What might I have been,
ght I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
ch goodly things as you?

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
at, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
ere not the proof so high. Please you, great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
sires you to attach his son, who has,
s dignity and duty both cast off,
d from his father, from his hopes, and with
shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
peak amazedly, and it becomes
marvel, and my message: to your court
hilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
this fair couple, meets he on the way
e father of this seeming Lady, and
r brother, having both their country quitted
th this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me;
ose honour and whose honesty 'till now
fur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;

He's

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He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth
Forswear themselves, as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Lea. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty⁵,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot

⁵ Your choice is not so rich in speech to the Prince, calls
WORTH as beauty.] The Poet must have wrote, his precious mistress.

WARBURT

Your choice is not so rich in
BIRTH as beauty;
Because Leontes was so far from
disparaging, or thinking meanly of her worth, that, on the
contrary, he rather esteem'd her
a treasure; and, in his next

Worth is as proper as a
Worth signifies any kind of
things, and among others the
high descent. The King saith
that he is sorry the Prince
choice is not in other respects
worthy of him as in beauty.

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Iath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
remember, since you ow'd no more to time
than I do now; with thought of such affections,
tep forth mine advocate. At your request,
ly father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tres, which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
our eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
ore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such
gazes
han what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
ven in these looks I made——But your petition

[To Florizel:
yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
our honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
1 friend to them and you; upon which errand
ow go toward him, therefore follow me,
id mark what way I make. Come, good my Lord.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Near the Court in Sicilia.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

BESEECH you, Sir, were you present at this re-
lation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the farhel, heard
old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it;
ereupon, after a little amazednes, we were all com-
ded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I
rd the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I make a broken delivery of the busines;
'OL. II. Z but

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but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camilla*, were very notes of admiration ; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed ; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them ; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if thi' importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more : the news, *Rogero* ?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd ; the King's daughter is found ; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir ? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion ; has the King found his heir ?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : That which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*,—her jewel about the neck of it,—the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings ?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent.

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3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them, or their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of yes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, or by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter ; as if that joy 'ere now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother ! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child ?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear given ; he was torn to pieces with a bear ; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers ?

3 Gent. Wreckt the same instant of their master's birth, and in the view of the shepherd ; so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Zulina* ! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so sinks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of sing.

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1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth
dience of Kings and Princes; for by such was

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of
that which angled for mine eyes, (caught th-
tho' not the fish) was, when at the relation
Queen's death, with the manner how she cam
bravely confess'd, and lamented by the Kir
attentiveness wounded his daughter; 'till, fr
sign of dolour to another, she did, with an
would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, m
wept blood. Who was most marble, there e
colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all th
could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No. The Princeſs hearing of her n
ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*,
many years in doing, and now newly perfor
that rare *Italian* master, *Giulio Romano*; who,

That rare Italian Master, will say, had I not anim
 Giulio Romano;] All the En- THI
comiums, put together, that
 have been conferred on this ex-
cellent Artist in Painting and
 Architecture, do not amount to
 the fine Praise here given him by
 our Author. He was born in
 the Year 1492, liv'd just that
 Circle of Years which our Shake-
 speare did, and died eighteen Years
 before the latter was born. Fine
 and generous, therefore, as this
 Tribute of Praise must be own'd,
 yet it was a strange Absurdity,
 sure, to thrust it into a Tale, the
 Action of which is supposed with-
 in the Period of Heathenism,
 *and whilst the Oracles of *Apollo**
 were consulted. This, however,
 was a known and wilful Anachro-
 nism; which might have slept
 in Obscurity, perhaps, Mr. Pope

That rare Italian mast.
Romano, &c.] Mr.
says, All the encomiums;
ther, that have been con-
this excellent artist in pa-
nchitecture, do not amou
fine praise here given bin
Author. But he is ever
luckiest of all criticks;
passes judgment on beau
defects. The passage
to be quite unworthy Sha
i. He makes his speal
*that was *Julio Romano* t*
of Nature, he would out
ture. For this is the plain
ing of the words, bad b
eternity, and could put bre
bis work, be would begu
ture of her custom. 24
makes of this famous Pa
St

himself eternity, and could put breath into *Ulysses'* work, would beguile nature of her * custom, so perfectly he is her ape: He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. † Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.

Aut. Now had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of wea-

Statuary; I suppose confounding him with *Michael Angelo*; but, what is worst of all, a painter of features, like *Mrs. Salmon* of her wax-work. *WAREURTON.*

Poor *Theobald's* encomium of this passage is not very happily conceived or expressed, nor is the passage of any eminent excellence; yet a little candour will clear *Shakespeare* from part of the impropriety imputed to him. By *Eternity* he means only *Immortality*, or that part of Eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *Divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is,

that, if *Julius* could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature.

* —— of her custom.] That is, of her trade, would draw her customers from her.

† It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young Lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators.

ther continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown,

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these cloaths? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princess my sister, call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo.

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Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and * franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no † tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and attendants.

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign Sir, I did not well, I meant well; all my services You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

* —franklin, is a freeholder, † Tall, in that time, was the or yeoman, a man above a wil- word used for stout. lain, but not a gentleman.

It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart⁷. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak.—First you, my Liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*: or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,

⁷ ————— therefore I keep it
Lovely, *a part.* —————] Love-
ly, i. e. charily, with more than
ordinary regard and tenderness.
The Oxford Editor reads,

Lonely, apart. —————

As if it could be *apart* without

being alone. WARBURTON.
I am yet inclined to *lonely*,
which in the old angular writing,
cannot be distinguished from
lovely. To say, that *I keep it*
alone, separate from the rest, is a
pleonasm which scarcely any
nicety declines.

Which

THE WINTER'S TALE. 345

h lets go by some sixteen years; and make her,
e liv'd now.

1. As now she might have done,
uch to my good comfort, as it is
piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
with such life of Majesty (warm life,
w it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
asham'd; do's not the stone rebuke me,
eing more stone than it? oh, royal piece!
's magick in thy Majesty, which has
vils conjur'd to remembrance; and
my admiring daughter took the spirits,
ing like stone with thee.

2. And give me leave.
lo not say 'tis superstition, that
I, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Queen, that ended when I but began,
me that hand of yours to kiss.

3. O, patience⁸;—
tatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
try.

4. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
h sixteen winters cannot blow away,
ny summers, dry: scarce any joy
ver so long live; no sorrow,
ill'd itself much sooner.

5. Dear my brother,
m, that was the cause of this, have power
ce off so much grief from you, as he
piece up in himself.

6. Indeed, my Lord,
id thought, the sight of my poor image
I thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine)
have shew'd it.

7. Do not draw the curtain.

8. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

⁸ O patience.] That is, Stay a while, be not so eager.

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May think anon, it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;

* Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? see, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled fenses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let alone.

Paul. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzed
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

* *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—]* The sentence compleated is,

— but that, methinks, already
I converse with the dead.

But there his passion made him
break off. *WARBURTON.*

* *The FIXURE of her eye has motion in't.]* This is sad

nonsense. We should read,

The FISSURE of her eye —

i. e. the socket the place where
the eye is. *WARBURTON.*

Fixture is right. The meaning is, that her eye, though fix'd, as in an earnest gaze, has motion in it. *EDWARDS.*

You'll

T H E W I N T E R's T A L E 347

i'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own
th oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

eo. No, not these twenty years.

'er. So long could I

id by, a looker on.

'aul. Either forbear.

t presently the chapel, or resolve you
more amazement; if you can behold it,
nake the statue move, indeed; descend,
l take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
ich I protest against, I am assited
wicked powers.

eo. What you can make her do,
i content to look on; what to speak,
i content to hear; for 'tis as easy
make her speak, as move.

'aul. It is requir'd,
do awake your faith: then, all stand still:
l those, that think it is unlawful busness
i about, let them depart.

eo. Proceed;
foot shall stir.

'aul. Musick; awake her: strike. [Musick.
time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
ce all that look upon with marvel. Come,
ill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
ieath to death your numbness; for from him
r life redeems you. You perceive, she stirs;

[Hermione comes down,

t not; her actions shall be holy, as
hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her,
l you see her die again, for then
kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
en she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
e become the suitor.

eo. Oh, she's warm; [Embracing her.
is be magick, let it be an art
ful as eating.

Pol.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose.—Fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good Lady;
Our *Perdita* is found.

[Presenting *Perdita*, who kneels to *Herm*.

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head. Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
² You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,

² Ye precious winners all.] You festivity, in which I, who have
who by this discovery have gain- lost what can never be recovered,
ed what you desired may join in can have no part.

But

T H E W I N T E R's T A L E. 349

t how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
or him, I partly know his mind) to find thee.
honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
I take her by the hand; whose worth and honesty
richly noted; and here justify'd
us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
hat?—look upon my brother—Both your pardons,
at e'er I put between your holy looks
ill suspicion.—This, your son-in-law,
son unto the King whom heav'ns directing,
roth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
ad us from hence, where we may leisurely
ch one demand, and answer to his part
rform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
e were disfever'd. Hastily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

If this play no edition is
own published before the folio
1623.
The story is taken from the
el of *Doraflus* and *Faunia*,
ich may be read in *Shake-
re illustrated.*

This play, as Dr. *Warburton*
justly observes, is, with all its
absurdities, very entertaining.
The character of *Autolycus* is
very naturally conceived, and
strongly represented.





W E L F T H - N I G H T :

O R,

W H A T Y O U W I L L.

Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, } Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.
Curio,

Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a foolish Knight, pretending
to Olivia.*

A Sea-captain, *Friend to Viola.*

Fabian, *Servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical Steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *Servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by
the Duke.*

Viola, *in Love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's Woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*

The first edition of this play is in the Folio of 1623.

The Persons of the Drama were first enumerated, with all the cast
of the modern Stage, by Mr. Rowe.

T W E L F T H

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR

WHAT YOU WILL.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The P A L A C E.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

D U K E.

If musick be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; 'that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That

*that, surfeiting,
be appetite may sicken, and so
die.] There is an impro-
erty of expression in the pre-
reading of this fine passage.
do not say, *that the appetite*
is and dies stro' a surfeit; but*

the subject of that appetite. I
am persuaded, a word is acci-
dentally dropt; and that we should
read, and point, the passage thus,

*that, surfeiting
The app'tite, LOVE may sicken,
and so die. WARBURT.*

A a

It

354 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R,

² That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odour. Enough!—no more ;
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute ; ³ so full of shapes in fancy,

It is true, we do not talk of same strains of *Orpheus* pr the *death of appetite*, because we excite both the affecti do not ordinarily speak in the mirth and melancholy, figurative language of poetry; the mind is then disposed. but that *appetite sickens by a surfeit* is true, and therefore proper.

² That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O ! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odour.—]
 Amongst the beauties of this charming similitude, its exact propriety is not the least. For, as a south wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the same time, communicates its own sweetnes to it ; so the soft affecting musick, here described, tho' it takes away the natural, sweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the same time, it communicates a new pleasure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of musick, where the same strains have a power to excite pain or pleasure, as the slate is, in which it finds the bearer. Hence Milton makes the self-

That *Orpheus' self* ma
 his head
 From golden slumbers on
 Of beapt Elysian flour
 bear
 Such strains as would be
 the ear
 Of Pluto, to bave quit
 His half-regain'd Euryc

If to melancholy—
 Or bid the soul of Orph
 Such notes as warble
 string,
 Drew iron tears down
 cheek,
 And made Hell grant w
 did seek.

WARE

³ — so full of shapes :
 That it alone is HIGH
 cal.] This complica
 sense should be rectified t
 — so full of shapes :
 That it alone is HIGH,
 cal.

hat it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have: when my eyes did see *Olivia* first, I thought, she purg'd the air of pestilence; that instant was I turn'd into a hart⁴, and my desires, like fell and cruel hounds, ever since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted, but from her hand-maid do return this answer: The element itself, 'till seven years hence, shall not behold her face at ample view; but, like a cloystress, she will veiled walk, And water once a day her chamber round With eye-offending brine: all this to season A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame, To pay this debt of love but to a brother,

. e. love is so full of shapes in fancy, that the name of fantastical is peculiarly given to it alone.

But, for the old nonsense, the Oxford Editor gives us his new.

— so full of shapes is fancy, And thou all o'er art bigh fantastical, Says the Critic.

WARBURTON.

* That instant I was turn'd in to a hart,] This image evidently alludes to the story of Atleon, by which Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Atleon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn in

pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Antients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing, that those who knew that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

356 T W E L F T H-N I G H T : O R,

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Three sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bower.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Street.

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. **W**HAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what should I do in *Illyria*?
My brother he is in *Elysium*. —
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with
chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

³ THESE sov'reign thrones—] *spirit, do give these fivefold names.*
We should read THREE sov'reign WARBURTON.
thrones. This is exactly in the manner of Shakespeare. So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and* ⁴ HER sweet perfections,—]
We should read, and point it thus, (*O sweet perfection!*) WARBURTON.
Vio.

W H A T Y O U W I L L 357

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name?.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino.*

Vio. *Orsino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
Or but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world;
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;

⁷ *A noble Duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is implied in *Duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of great *Italian* family.

⁸ *And might not be deliver'd,* [.] I wish I might not be publick to the world, with regard to the state of my birth

and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation: she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves to supplant the lady whom he courts.

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous w^man
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke^o;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service,
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. **W**HAT a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

— *I'll serve this Duke;*] serve the lady, she will serve the
Viola is an excellent schemer, Duke.
never at a loss; if she cannot

Sir

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish night that you brought in one night here, to be her ooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these duts: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for belles that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling; 'tis thought among the prudent, he ould quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and sub-actors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll ink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, id' drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril, at will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench? *Castilia-Volgo*; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

SCENE

— Castiliano *volgo*;] *gliss*, put on your *Castilian* coun-
e should read *volto*. In *En-* tenance; that is, your grave, so-
A a 4 lemp

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch!*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir *Andrew*, accost, —

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistres *Accost*, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistres *Mary Accost*, —

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: accost, is, from her board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

lemn looks. The Oxford Editor courtly looks. It is plain, he has taken my emendation: But, understands gravity and formality to be civility and courtesy. by *Castilian countenance*, he supposes is meant most civil and

WARBURTON.

Mar.

lar. It's dry, Sir.

ir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

lar. A dry jest, Sir.

ir And. Are you full of them?

lar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: ay, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[Exit Maria,

ir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: n did I see thee so put down?

ir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you severely put me down: methinks, sometimes I have no wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has; I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that harm to my wit.

ir To. No question.

ir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

ir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight.

ir And. What is pourquoy? do, or not do? I would, d bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in ing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but sw'd the arts!

ir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of

ir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

ir To. Past question; for ³ thou seest, it will not by nature.

ir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't?

ir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff;

It's dry, Sir.] What is the of dry band, I know not better than Sir Andrew. say possibly mean, a band no money in it: or, accord o the rules of Physiognomy, say intend to insinuate, that not a lover's hand, a moist

hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution.

³ In former copies,

— thou seest, it will not cool my nature.] We should read, it will not curl by na ture. The joke is evident.

WARBURTON.

and

and I hope to see a house-wife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*; your niece will not be seen, or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Duke himself here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters⁴; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellency in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace: what dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

⁴ ————— and yet I will not compare with an old man.] This is intended as a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the past generation, to the present.

WARBURTON.

Sir

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart^s.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vi. io. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, let you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vi. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, hoa?

Vi. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul. Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Vi. Sure, my noble Lord,

^s Taurus? that's sides and sections of particular parts of the heart.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in Almanacks, which refers the af-

Enter in a twinkling or more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it :

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man : *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small piſſe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is ſemblative—a Woman's part⁶.
I know, thy Constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him
All, if you will ; for I myself am best
When leaſt in company. Prosper well in this
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady ; [Exit Duke.] yet, a barful
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. TAY, either tell me where thou ha-

e may enter, in way of thy excuse ; my Lady
hang thee for thy absence.

i. Let her hang me ; he that is well hang'd in
world, needs fear no colours.

ar. Make that good.

i. He shall see none to fear.

ar. A good' lenten answer : I can tell thee where
saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

i. Where, good mistres *Mary* ?

ar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to
i your foolery.

i. Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and
that are fools, let them use their talents.

ar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long ab-
or be turn'd away ; is not that as good as a hang-
o you ?

i. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad mar-
; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

ar. You are resolute then ?

i. Not so neither, but I am resolv'd on two points.

ar. That if one break, the other will hold ; or,
ith break, your gaskins fall.

i. Apt, in good faith ; very apt : well, go thy
if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as
a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

ar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that ; here
s my Lady ; make your excuse wisely, you were

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII

Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

i. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good
ig ! those wits, that think they have thee, do
oft prove fools ; and I, that am sure I lack thee,

— *lenten answer* :—] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry*

may

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may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*,
Better be a witty fool than a foolish wit⁸: God bless
thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y're a dry fool; I'll no more of you;
besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good
counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then
is the fool not dry: Bid the dishonest man mend him-
self; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he can-
not, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's
mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that transgresses, is
but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but
patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will
serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no
true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: the
Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I say again,
take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree.—Lady, *Cu-*
cillus non facit monachum; that's as much as to say, I
wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me
leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, *Madona*; good
my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide
your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

⁸ Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, that he knows not whether to call him a foolish man, or a wise foolish man.

Oli.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmitie, that decays the wifc, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies*.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but repove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter

* Now *Mercury* indue thee with LEASING, for thou speak'st well of fools!] This is a stupid blunder. We should read, with PLEASING, i. e. with eloquence, make thee a gracious and power- ful speaker, for *Mercury* was the God of orators as well as cheats. But the first Editors, who did not understand the phrase, indue thee with pleasing, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [Exit *Malvolio*.] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia Mater*! —

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk: What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a Gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle herring! how now, sot?

Clo.

however, than the last Editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his *Oxford* edition, reads, *with LEARNING*; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, tho' they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place. WARBURTON. I think the present reading more humourous. *May Mercury teach thee to bye, since this light in favour of fools.* 'Tis a gentleman. Herr.—] He had before said it was a gentleman.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*,——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the Coroner, and let him sit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him, you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, Lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a Sheriff's post, and be the supporter o' a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli.

eman. He was asked what this was the appearance *Viola* made in mens clothes. See the character *Malvolio* draws of him ² preferently after. WARBURTON.

"Tis a Gentleman-HEIR.

a. some lady's eldest son just a Sheriff's post,——] It was the time out of the nursery; for custom for that officer to have

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large

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Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man.

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when it is almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [Exit.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable Beauty —— I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to

large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So *Johnson's Every man out of his humour*,

put off
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb,
the Shrives posts.
So again in the old play called
Lingua,
Knows he how to become a far-
let gown, bath be a pair of fresh
posts at his door?
WARBURTON.
calf

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way my speech; for, besides that it is excellently penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good ties, let me sustain no scorn³; I am very comp- even to the least sinister usage.

i. Whence came you, Sir?

. I can say little more than I have studied, and Question's out of my Part. Good gentle One, ne modest assurance, if you be the Lady of the , that I may proceed in my spēech.

. Are you a Comedian?

. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are he Lady of the house?

. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to e; but this is from my Commission. I will on ny speech in your praise, and then shew you the of my message.

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you aise.

Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis al.

It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, t in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates; and v'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than r you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you eason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon ie, to make one in so * skipping a dialogue.

. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lies your way.

No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little

. Some mollification for your ⁴ Giant, sweet

B b 2

Oli.

- I am very comptible,] frolick, mad,

'e for ready to call to ac- ⁴ Ladies, in romance, are

WARBURTON. guarded by giants, who repel all

- skipping——] Wild, improper or troublesome ad- vances.

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Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [Exit Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Lady, —

Oli. A comfortable Doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orfino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture.

vances. *Viola*, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats *Olivia* to pacify her giant.

[*Vio.* — tell me your mind, I am a messenger.] These words must be divided between the two speakers thus,

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Viola growing troublesome, *Olivia* would dismiss her, and therefore cuts her short with this command, *Tell me your mind*. The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which signifies either *bosoms* or *inclinations*, replies, as if she had used it in the latter sense, *I am a messenger.* WARBURTON.
Look

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* Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive, If you will lead these graces to the Grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud; But if you were the Devil, you are fair.

My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him; Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

* Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done? This is Nonsense. The change of was to wear, I think, clears all up, and gives the Expression an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* presses to see *Olivia's Face*: The other at length pulls off her Veil, and says; We will draw the Curtain, and shew you the Picture. I wear

this Complexion to-day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she painted. The other, next at the Jeft, says, " Excellently done, if God did all." Perhaps, it may be true, what you say in Jeft; otherwise 'tis an excellent Face. 'Tis in Grain, &c. replies *Olivia*.

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In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
' Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, Lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—
I am a gentleman—I'll be sworn thou art.

⁷ Hollow your Name to the reverberate Hills,] I have corrected,
reverberant. THEOBALP.

Thy

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Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon—not too fast—soft!
soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague!
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be—
What ho, *Malvolio*,—

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold 'im up with hopes; I am not for him;
If that 'e youth will come this wa' to-morrow,
I'll g've him reasons for't. Hye thce, *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. I do, I know not what: and fear to find
* Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, shew thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.]

* *Mine eye, &c.*] I believe that my eyes betray me, and the meaning is; I am not mistress to flatter the youth, without my consent, with discoveries of love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Street.**Enter Antonio and Sebastian.*

ANTONIO.

WILL you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, dis temper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather⁸ to express myself: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*; which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful;

⁸ To express myself.] That is, to reveal myself.

but

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but tho' I could not ⁹ with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the Gods go with thee! I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so, The danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might

⁹ With such estimable wonder.] These words Dr. Warburton calls an interpolation of the players, but what did the players gain by it? They are sometimes guilty of a joke without the concurrence of the poet, but they never lengthen speech only to make it longer.

Shakespeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable* wonder is *esteeming* wonder, or *wonder* and *esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister.

have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate Assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit]

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, sure, methought ' her eyes had lost her tongue; For she did speak in starts distinetly: She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my Lord's ring; why, he sent her none. I am the man—If it be so, (as, 'tis;) Poor Lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickednes, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false²

In

¹ Her eyes had lost her tongue.] This is nonsense: we should read,

— her eyes had crost her tongue;

Alluding to the notion of the fascination of the eyes; the effects of which were called *crofting*. WARBURTON.

That the fascination of the eyes was called *crofting* ought to have been proved. But however that be, the present reading has not only sense but beauty. We say a man loses his company when

they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue hit her eyes; her tongue was talking of the Duke and her eyes gazing on his messenger.

² How easie is it, for the proper false

In women's waxen hearts to fit their forms!] This is obscure. The meaning is, how easie is disguise to women; how easily does their own falsehood, contained in their waxen changeable hearts, enable them to assume deceitful appearances. The

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
 Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 For such as we are made, if such we be.
 How will this fadge ? my master loves her dearly,
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him ;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
 What will become of this ? as I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman (now, alas the day !)
 What thrifless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe ?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I ;
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. APPROACH, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes ; and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'ft, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it, as an unfill'd can ; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say ; but ³, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

The two next lines are perhaps transposed, and should be read thus.

For such as we are made, if such we be,

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.

³ *I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.]* A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament and balance of these elements in the human frame. WARBURT.

Sir

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an e
breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had
leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool I
sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling la
when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the
passing the Equinoctial of *Quieubus*: 'twas ver
i'faith: I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemon, ha

Clo. 'I did impeticos thy gratility; for M
nose is no' whip-stock. My Lady has a whi
and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best
when all is done. Now, a Song——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you
have a Song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one
give a——

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a
good life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

⁴ *I sent thee six-pence for thy Lemon, bad'st it? But the Clown came with impockes thy was neither Pantler, nor Butler. He is undoubtedly rig*

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lover's meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter,*
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come, is still unsure:
* *In delay there lies no plenty,*
* *Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty,*
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir

* *In delay there lies no plenty:*] This is a proverbial saying corrupted; and should be read thus,

In decay there lies no plenty. A reproof of avarice, which stores up perishable fruits till they decay. To these fruits the Poet, humorously, compares youth or virginity; which, he says, is a stuff will not endure. *W.A.R.B.*

I believe delay is right.

* *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,*] This line is obscure; we might read,

Come, a kiss then, sweet, and twenty.

Yet I know not whether the present reading be not right, for in some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment.

7 *Make the welkin dance.*] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round.

8 *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our Author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick is familiar with our Author.

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a 'Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.*

Am

thor. *Much ado about nothing.* Now it is soul ravished. Is it not strange that Sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?— Why, he says, three souls, is because he is speaking of a catch in three parts. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. To this, too, Johnson alludes, in his *Poetaaster*; What, will I turn starke upon my friends? or my friends friends? I scorn it with my three souls. By the mention of these three, therefore, we may suppose it was

Shakespeare's purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of mirth, which the antients speak of. When they tell us of *Ampheon*, who moved stones and trees; *Orpheus* and *Arius*, who tamed savage beasts, and *Timæus*, who governed, as he pleased, the passions of his human auditor. So noble an observation has our Author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

WARBURTON.

⁹ This catch is lost.

¹ *Peg-a-Ramsey* I do not understand. *Tilly-wally* was an interjection of contempt, which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded

Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood?
Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, *Lady, Lady.*

[Singing.]

Clo. Befrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[Singing.]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an ale-house of my Lady's house, that ye squeak out your ² coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches.
Sneck up! ——— [Hiccoughs.]

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' she harbours you as her Uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the House: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew, his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

ed to have had very often in her mouth. ² A Cozier is a taylor, from coyer to sew. French.

Sir

384 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Sing]

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any m
than a steward? dost thou think, because thou art i
tuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right.—Go, Sir, rub yo
chain with crums.³—A stoop of wine, Maria.—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's vour at any thing more than contempt, you would give means for this uncivil rule⁴; she shall know of by this hand. [E.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink whe man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, then to break promise with him, and make a fool him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mou

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; si the youth of the Duke's was to day with my La she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into nayword, and make him a common recreation, do think, I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us⁵, possess us, tell us something him.

³ Rub your chain with crums.] I suppose it should be read, rub your chin with crums, alluding to what had been said before that. Malvolio was only a steward, and consequently dined after his lady.

⁴ Rule is, method of so misrule is tumult and riot. ⁵ Possess us.] That is, in us, tell us, make us masters the matter.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; 'an affection'd ass, that ~~scons~~ state without book, and utters it by great swaths; ~~the~~ best persuaded of himself; so cram'd, as he thinks, ~~with~~ excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that ~~all~~ that look on him, love him; and on that vice in ~~him~~ will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles ~~of~~ love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ~~shape~~ of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall ~~find~~ himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Lady your Niece; on a forgotten matter ~~we~~ can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two,

* *as affectioned ass.] Affectioned, for full of affection.* WARE.

and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit]

Sir To. Good night, *Penthесilea*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight.—Thou hadst need for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou hast not i'th'end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, Knight; come, Knight. [Exit]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. GIVE me some musick now.—Good morrow, friends—

Now, good *Cesario*, but that piece of song, That old and antique song, we heard last night; Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollect'd terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. —Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, I should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

* Recollect'd, studied. WARW. and alludes to the practice I rather think that *recollect'd* composers who often prolong signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*,

CW

WHAT YOU WILL. 387

i. *Feste*, the jester, my Lord, a fool that the *Lavia*'s father took much delight in. He is about house.

ke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio. [Musick.* me hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
sweet pangs of it, remember me;
such as I am, all true lovers are;
lid and skittish in all motions else,
in the constant image of the creature
is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

. It gives a very echo to the seat
re love is thron'd.

ke. Thou dost speak masterly.

fe upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
staid upon some favour that it loves:
it not, boy?

. A little, by your favour*.

ke. What kind of woman is't?

. Of your complexion.

ke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i'faith?

. About your years, my Lord.

ke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman take
lder than herself, so wears she to him;
rays she level in her husband's heart.
boy, however we do praise ourselves,
fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn',
women's are.

. I think it well, my Lord.

ke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
iy affection cannot hold the bent:

The word *favour* ambiguous.
[*and worn.*] Though
worn may mean *lost* and
out, yet *lost* and *won* be-
think, better, these two

words coming usually and natu-
rally together, and the alteration
being very slight, I would so
read in this place with Sir Tho.
Hammer.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come.—The song we had
night,—
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free ⁸ maids that weave their thread
bones,
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth ^{*},
And dallies with the innocence of love ⁹,
Like the old age ¹⁰.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*M.*

S O N G.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shrowd of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
*Did share it*².

^{*} Free is, perhaps, vacant, piece with. WARBURT
unengaged, easy in mind.

^{*} Silly sooth.] It is plain, simple truth.

⁹ And dallies with the innocence of love,] Dallies has no sense. We should read, TALKS, i. e. agrees with; is of a

¹ The old age is the age of the times of simplicity.

² My part of death no one fit Did share it.] That Death is a part in which one acts his share, yet of these actors no one is *true*.

N

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown :
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be tbrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O ! where :
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir ; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time & other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal¹ ! I would have men of such constancy put to sea,² that their busines might be every thing, and their intent every where ; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel.

[Exit,

S C E N E VI.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. [Exeunt.
Duce more, Cesario,
Set thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :

¹ a very opal!] A precious stone of almost all colours.

² that their busines might be every thing, and their intent every where ;] Both the preservation of the antithesis, and the discovery of the sense, require that we should read, ————— and their no where. Because a

man who suffers himself to run with every wind, and so makes his busines every where, cannot be said to have any intent ; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of making a good voyage out of nothing, directs to this emendation.

WARBURTON,

390 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R ,
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
• But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay, but I know——

• But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,

That nature pranks her in,—]

What is that miracle, and Queen of Gems? we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?* — We should read,

But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,

That nature pranks, H E R

MIND, —

i. e. what attracts my soul, is not her Fortune, but her Mind, that miracle, and Queen of Gems that

nature pranks, i. e. sets a
adorns. W A R B U R T O

The miracle and Queen of Gems is her beauty, which a commentator might have said without so emphatical an epithet. As to her mind, he that may be captious would say, though it may be formed by nature it must be pranked by education.

Shakespeare does not say that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a Gem miraculously beautiful.

Duke

W.H.A.T Y.O.U W.I.L.L. 391

hat dost thou know?
well what love women to men may owe;
ey are as true of heart, as we.
had a daughter lov'd a man,
be, perhaps, were I a woman,
r Lordship.
d what's her history?
nk, my Lord: She never told her love,
ealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
green and yellow melancholy,
e Patience on a monument,
rief. Was not this love indeed?

We

Patience on a mon-
ument.] Mr. Theo-
nis might possibly
m Chaucer.
s wonder discretlie
xe yfitting there I
, upon an bill of
she was indebted,
first rude draught,
e repaid that debt,
e picture! How
reen and yellow
ascend the old
; the monument
I hope
es not imagine
nt to give us a
face of Patience,
yellow melancholy;
says, it tran-
face of Patience
ucer. To throw
it of melancholy,
very extraordi-
n and yellow then
Patience, but to

ber who sat like *Patience*. To give *Patience* a pale face, was proper: and had Shakespeare described her, he had done it as Chaucer did. But Shakespeare is speaking of a marble statue of *Patience*; Chaucer, of *Patience* herself. And the two representations of her, are in quite different views. Our Poet, speaking of a despairing lover, judiciously compares her to *Patience* exercised on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *Patience* on a monument. The old Bard speaking of *Patience* herself, directly, and not by comparison, as judiciously draws her in that circumstance where she is most exercised, and has occasion for all her virtue; that is to say, under the losses of shipwreck. And now we see why she is represented as fitting on an bill of sand, to design the scene to be the sea-shore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble simplicities of that admirable Poet. But the

We men may say more, swear more, but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd the sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house;
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII

Changes to Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian*.

C *Fab.* Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have th

Critick thought, in good earnest, that *Claucer's* invention was so barren, and his imagination so beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his Goddels, but left her, like a stroller, sunning herself upon a heap of sand.

WARBURTON.

* I'm all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too——]

This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have

raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer that the sister died of her love (who passed for a man) being, she was all the daughter of her father's house. But the Oxford Editor, a great enemy as should seem, to all equivocation, obliges her to answer thus,

Sbe's all the daughters of my father's house,

And I am all the sons——

But if it should be asked how the Duke came to take this for an answer to his question, be sure the Editor can tell us.

WARBURTON
niggardly

iggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable name?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting ere.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. And we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of India *?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio's* coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' sun strafising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, his letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be me of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.—

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Tur-

* *Nettle of India* means, I believe, nothing more than *precious nettle*.

394 T W E L F T H-N I G H T: O R,
key-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd
plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*, — — —

Sir Ta. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't⁷: the Lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel*!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state — — —

Sir To. ^ O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye! —

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet-gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs — — to ask for my uncle *Toby* — — —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance,

⁷ the Lady of the Strachy.] stance, where the scene was in We should read *Trachy*, i. e. *Illyria*. WARBURTON. *Tbrace*; for so the old English writers called it. Mandeville says, As Trachye and Macedoigne of the which Alifandre was Kyng. It was common to use the article the before names of places: And this was no improper in-

What we should read is hard to say. Here is an allusion to some old story which I have not yet discovered.

⁸ Stone-bow.] That is, a crossbow, a bow which shoots stones.

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wind up my watch⁹, or play with some rich jewel,
Toby approaches, curtseys there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares,
yet, peace¹.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching
my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips
then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having cast
me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of
speech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab?

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our
plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time
with a foolish Knight—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew,—

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me
Fool.

⁹ *Wind up my watch.*] In our authour's time, watches were very uncommon. When *Guy Faux* was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him.

¹ *Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares,*] i. e. Tho' it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. Yet the Oxford Editor has altered it to,

*'Tho' our silence be drawn from
us by th' ears.*

There is some conceit, I suppose, in this, as in many other

of his alterations, yet it oft lies so deep that the reader has reason to wish he could have explained his own meaning.

WARBURTON.

I believe the true reading is,
*Though our silence be drawn from
us with carts, yet peace.* In the
Two Gentlemen of Verona, one
of the Clowns says, *I have a
mistress, but who that is, a team
of horses shall not draw from
me.* So in this play, *Oxen and
wain-ropes will not bring them to-
gether.*

Mal.

396 T W E L F T H-N I G H'T: O R,

Mal. What employment have we here ^a?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that.

Mal. *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes;* her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my Lady: to whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who,

Lips do not move, no man must know.

No man must know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no man must know — if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To. Marry, hank thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore,*

But, silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore,

M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M. O. A. I. doth sway my life — nay, but first,* let me see — let me see —

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him?

^a *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of — *What's to do here.* The Oxford Editor, not attending to this, alters it to

What implement have we

here? By which happy emendation, he makes *Malvolio* to be in the plot against himself; or how could he know that this letter was an implement made use of to catch him?

WARBURTON.

Sir To. And with what wing the ³ stannyel checks at it?

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any ⁴ formal capacity. There is no obstruktion in this — and the end — what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly — *M. O.*

A. I.—

Sir Ta. O, ay; make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be not as rank as a fox⁵.

Mal. *M.—Malvolio—M.* — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; That suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope⁶.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M. O. A. I.—* this simulation is not as the former — and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose — *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid*

³ *Stannyel*, the name of a kind of hawk, is very judiciously put here for *Stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hammer.

⁴ *formal capacity.*] *Formal*, for common. ⁵ So Sir Thomas Hammer. The other editions, though it be as rank.

⁶ *And O shall end I hope.]* By Warburton. O is here meant what we now call a *bempen collar*.

of greatness; some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that fights for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wist² to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champion discovers no more¹: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point de vice*, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! —Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am: if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'y thee.—Jove, I thank thee! I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

¹ with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more:] Wrong pointed: We should read,—with thee, the fortunate and happy.

Day-light and champion discover no more: i. e. Broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

WARBURTON.

Fab:

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Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip⁸, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *Aqua vita* with a midwife⁹.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt:*

⁸ The word *tray-trip* I do not understand. ⁹ *Aqua vita* is the old name of strong waters.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

VIOLA:

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy musick. Dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church; for I do live at my House, and my House doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, Sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my Sister had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

VIA

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Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; she will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* ¹ of *Pbrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; being but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady within, Sir, I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is ever-worn.

[Exit.]

¹ *Lord Pandarus.*] See our authour's play of *Troilus and Cressida*.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool. And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise-man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; But wise men's folly fall'n², quite taints their wit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, Gentleman³.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.— Will you encounter the House? my Niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece, Sir; I mean, is the list of my voyage⁴.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, th-

² But wise men's folly fall'n.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, folly shewn.

³ In former editions.

Sir To. Save you, Gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre Serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.) I have ventured to make the two Knights change

Speeches in this Dialogue *Viola*; and, I think, not without good reason. It were a pitiful Forgetfulness in the Author, and out of all probability, to make Sir Andrew not only understand French, but understand what was said to him in it, who in the First Act did not know the English *Pourquoi*. *THE END*

⁴ The list is the bound, & farthest point.

understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gaite and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear⁶.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

S C E N E III.

ive me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princeſſ.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world, ~~ace~~ lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

~~ace~~ servant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: ~~ace~~ servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, ~~ould~~ they were blanks, rather than filled with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts ~~on~~ his behalf.

⁶ *most pregnant and vouchſafed ear.*] *Pregnant*, for ready. *W A R B.*

404 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment, (you did hear)⁶
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might yo
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your re
ceiving⁷

Enough is shewn; a cypress⁸, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice⁹; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [Clock strikes]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

⁶ After the last enchantment, you did hear.] Nonsense. Read and point it thus,

After the last enchantment you did here,
i.e. after the enchantment, your presence worked in my affections. — WARBURTON.

The present reading is no more

nonsense than the emendation
⁷ to one of your receiving] to one of your ready affections
She considers him as an old page. — WARBURTON.

⁸ A cypress is a transparent silk
⁹ A grice is a step, sometimes written grecce from degres, French

W H A T Y O U W I L L.

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I yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
A wife is like to reap a proper man :
Here lies your way, due west.

To. Then westward hoe : —

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship ;
I'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me ?

Oli. Stay ; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'st of
me ?

To. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

To. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be !

To. Would it be better, Madam, than I am ?

Is it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
Murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
An love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

To. By the roses of the spring,
Maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
We thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
By wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Not extort 'wry reasons from this clause,
That I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :
Rather reason thus with reason fetter ;
He sought is good ; but given, unsought, is better.

To. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
We one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
Id that no woman has ; nor never none
Will mistress be of it, save I alone ?
I so adieu, good Madam ; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

And that no woman has.] ² *Save I alone.]* These three
that heart and bosom I have words Sir Thomas Hanmer gives
yielded to any woman. *of Olivia probably enough.*

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Oli. Yet come again ; for thou, perhaps, may' move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. **N**O, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that ?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of Judgment and Reason,

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men since before *Noah* was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint; you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion ; where you will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman's* beard,

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unless you do redeem it by some laudable at-
either of valour or policy.

And. And't be any way, it must be with valour;
policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Brownist*, as a
tan.

To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the
valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to
ith him; hurt him in eleven places; my nice
ke note of it; and assure thyself, there is no
oker in the world can more prevail in man's
ndation with woman, than report of valour.

There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to

To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curst and
it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and
invention; taunt him with the licence of ink;
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss;

- taunt him with the Li-
Ink; if thou thou'st him
e,] There is no Doubt,
but this Passage is One
in which our Author
to shew his Respect for
Sir *Raleigh*, and a De-
of the Virulence of his
ors. The Words, quoted
me directly levelled
Attorney-General *Coke*,
the Trial of Sir *Walter*,
him with all the follow-
ent Expressions.—“All
e did was by the Infliga-
hou Viper; for I thou
hou Traitor!” (Here
ay, are the Poet's three
“ You are an odious
— “ Is he base? I re-
into thy Throat, on bis
” — “ O damnable

“ Atheist!” — “ Thou art a mon-
“ ster; thou hast an English Face,
“ but a Spanish Heart.” —
“ Thou hast a Spanish Heart, and
“ thyself art a Spider of Hell.”
— “ Go to, I will lay thee on
“ thy Back for the confident’st
“ Traitor that ever came at a
“ Bar, &c.” Is not here all the
Licence of Tongue, which the
Poet satyrically prescribes to Sir
Andrew's Ink? And how mean
an Opinion *Shakespeare* had of
these petulant Invectives, is pretty
evident from his Close of this
Speech; *Let there be Gall enough*
in thy Ink, tho' thou write it with
a Goose-pen, no matter. — A
keener Lash at the Attorney for
a Fool, than all the Contumelies
the Attorney threw at the Prisoner,
as a suppos'd Traitor!

THEOBALD.

and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; set 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[Exit *Sir Andrew*.]

S C E N E V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *Maria*.

Sir To. * Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

* *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.*] The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies.

WARBURTON.
Sir

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps school i'th' church—I have dogg'd him, like his urtherer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him. He does smile his face to more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not seen such a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll pine, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

b. **I** WOULD not by my will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire (more sharp than filed steel) did spur me forth; and not all love to see you (tho' so much, as might have drawn one to a longer voyage,) it jealousie what might befall your travel, being skillefs in these parts; which to a stranger, unguided and unfriended, often prove rough and un hospitable. My willing love, be rather by these arguments of fear, sent forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Antonio*, can no other answer make, but thanks*;

And

* In former editions, in no other answer make but
Thanks, And Thanks: and ever-oft good
Turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent

410 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R,

And thanks, and ever thanks ; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay ;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing : what's to do ?
Shall we go see the relicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir ; best, first, go see your lodg-
ing.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you, let us satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me :
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out ;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear,

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the Elephant

rent Pay ;—] The second Line is too short by a whole Foot. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double Adverb, *ever-oft*, which seems to have as much Propriety as, *alway-sometimes*? As I have restor'd the Passage, it is very much in our Author's Manner and Mode of Expression. So, in *Cymbeline*;

— Since when I have been

Debtor to You for Courtfees, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

And in All's well, that End well.

*And let me buy your friendly Help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it.*

THEOBALD.
Is

W H A T Y O U W I L L 411

est to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
iles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
h viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

eb. Why I your purse ?

'nt. Happly, your eye shall light upon some toy
I have desire to purchase ; and your store,
ink, is not for idle markets, Sir.

eb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
hour.

'nt. To th' Elephant.——

eb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

I HAVE sent after him ; he says he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or bor-
row'd.

ak too loud.——

ere is *Malvolio* ? he is sad and civil,
suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

ere is *Malvolio* ?

ar. He's coming, Madam ; but in very strange
manner.

n former editions,
ve sent after him ; he says
he'll come ;] From whom
my Lady have any such
gence ? Her Servant, em-
upon this Errand, was
t return'd ; and, when he
return, he brings Word,
ie Youth would hardly be
ed back. I am persuaded,
is intended rather to be in
ife, and deliberating with

herself : putting the Supposition
that he would come ; and ask-
ing Herself, in that Case, how
She should entertain him.

THEOBALD.

—— *be says he'll come* ;] i. e. I
suppose now, or admit now, he
says he'll come ; which Mr.
Theobald, not understanding, al-
ters unnecessarily to, *say he will*
come ; in which the Oxford Edi-
tor has followed him. WARRE.

He

412. T W E L F T H-N I G H T: O R,

He is sure possest, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be
How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering; but what of it; if it please the eye of One, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why? how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know that sweet *Ranuc* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatness; — 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born Great——

Oli.

i. Ha?

al. Some atchieve Greatness —

i. What say'st thou?

al. And some have Greatness thrust upon them —

i. Heav'n restore thee!

al. Remember, who commended thy yellow stock-

i. Thy yellow stockings?

al. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd —

i. Cross-garter'd?

al. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be

i. Am I made?

al. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

i. Why, this is a very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

i. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Or-
is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back;
tends your ladyship's pleasure.

i. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fel-
le look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some
people have a special care of him; I would not
him miscarry for half of my dowry. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

i. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no
man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs
ly with the letter; she sends him on purpose that
appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to
n the letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she,
be opposite with a kinsman, — surely with ser-
—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,

it weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, al-
> here.

put

— put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and consequently set down the manner how; as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her⁷; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when she went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow⁸! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance — what can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

⁷ *I have lim'd her*,——] I originally signified *companion*, was have entangled or caught her, not yet totally degraded to its as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. present meaning; and *Malvolio* takes it in the favourable sense.

⁸ *fellow!*——] This word which *Malvolio*.

Mar.

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.—Pray God, he be not beitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more han I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the iend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir? —

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things; I am not of your element, you shall know nore hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

sir

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder⁹ of madmen; but see, but see.

S C E N E X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Sir Toby reads.]

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

⁹ This is, I think, an allusion to the *witch-finders*, who were very busy.

Sir

To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one
r souls : he may have mercy upon mine¹, but my hope
ter, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou
him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot:
ive't him.

zr. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is
in some commerce with my Lady, and will by-
y depart.

To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the
r of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; so soon as
thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawst, swear
bly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath,
a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives
ood more approbation than ever proof itself
I have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the
our of the young gentleman gives him out to
good capacity and breeding; his employment
en his Lord and my niece confirms no less; there-
this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will
no terror in the youth; he will find, that it
from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his
nge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a
le report of valour; and drive the gentleman,
know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a
ideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and im-
ity. This will so fright them both, that they
ill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

be may have mercy upon out alteration.

—] We may read, *He* It were much to be wished,
ve mercy upon thine, but that Shakespeare, in this and some
is better. Yet the pas- other passages, had not ventured
y well enough stand with- so near profaneness.

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S C E N E XI.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece ; give way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some message for a challenge. [E:

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too uncharly out.

There's something in me, that reproves my fault
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion b
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this * jewel for me, 'tis my pict
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my m

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him th
Which I have given to you ?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : fare thee v
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [

S C E N E XII.

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee
of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done hi
know not ; but thy interpreter, full of despight, bl
as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end ;

* Jewel does not properly signify a single gem, but any pm
ornament or superfluity.

mount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unback'd ² rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

² *He is Knight, dubb'd with unback'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;* —] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a Knight Banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when

knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a carpet. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war.

420 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman, 'till my return. [Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exit.]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago*: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been va-

* *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the powers of man.

liant,

WHAT YOU WILL. 421

int, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him
unm'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the
atter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a
rod shew on't; — This shall end without the perdi-
on of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I
le you.

[Aside.]

Enter Fabian and Viola.

have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have per-
aded him, the youth's a devil. [To Fabian.]

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants
d looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with
u for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought
m of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be
orth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance
his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vi. Pray God defend me! a little thing would
ake me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the
ntleman will for his honour's sake have one bout
th you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he
s promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier,
will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [They draw.]

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Antonio.

Vi. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman
ave done offence, I take the fault on me;
you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing.]

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more

422 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you
[Draw

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up if you please.
[To Sir Andre]

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word.—He will be you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke *Orsino*.

Ant. You do mistake me, Sir.

1 Off. No, Sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head.

—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.

What will you do? now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befals myself: you stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something; my Having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,

Lef

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vaineſſ, babbling drunkenneſſ,
Or any taint of vice, whose ſtrong corruption
Inhabitſ our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themſelves ! —

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee
here,

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with ſuch sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promife
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us ? — the time goes by — away.

Ant. But oh, how vile and idol proves this god !

Thou haſt, *Sebastian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind :
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erſtouriſh'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad, away with him,
— Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf — ſo do not I *.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, Knight ; come hither, *Fabian* ;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian* ; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs. Even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother ; and he went

* So do not I.] This, I believe, ſelf, when, from this accident,
means, I do not yet believe my. I gather hope of my brother's life.

424 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love. [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The STREET.

Enter Sebastian, and Clown.

C L O W N.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my

ny folly ! I am afraid, this great lubber * the world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady; hal I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek³, depart from me; here's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand ; these wise men, that give fools mony, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase⁴.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again ? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there : are all the people mad ? [Beating Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er he house,

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait : I would not be in some of your coats for twa pence. [Exit Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir ; hold. [Holding Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way o work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria ; tho' I truck him first, yet it's no matter for that,

Seb. Let go thy hand.

* I am afraid this great lubber.] That is, affectation and popery ill overspread the world.

³ I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,—] Greek, was as much as to say and or Pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that sense. A bawdy-house was called *wirth*, and the frequenters of *Corinthians*, which words occur frequently in Shakespeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry IVth*. Yet the Oxford Edi-

tor alters it to *Geek*.

WARBURTON.

⁴ —— get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *Monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The Grants generally were for fourteen years ; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that mony gained favourable reports from thence.

WARBURTON.

Sir

424 T W E L F T H-N I G H T . O R ,

Still in this fashion, colour, or you go. Come, my
For him I imitate : oh, if you are well flesh'd:
Tempests are kind, an

Sir To. A very coward than a h
his friend here nay, then, I must have an
his cowardsh malapert blood from you.

Fab. A [They draw and fight.]

Sir /

S C E N E II.

Sir

Enter Olivia.

Ci Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Nr Ja. Madam?

Mr Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario: —
Rudestry, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent⁵.
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there, how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up⁶, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not chuse but go:
Do not deny; bespew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee⁷.

⁵ In this uncivil and unjust extent] Extent is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for violence in general.

⁶ This ruffian hath botch'd up, —] i. e. swelled and inflamed. A botch being a swelling or abscess.

WARBURTON.
I fancy it is only a coarse expression for made up, as a bad

taylor is called a botcher, and to botch is to make clumsily.

⁷ He started one poor heart of mine in thee.] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between heart and kart. The sense however is easy enough. He that offends that attacks one of my hearts; or, as the antiquits expressed it, bise my hart.

Seb. What relish is in this^{*}? how runs the stream?
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
 Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep,
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dst be rul'd
 by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. **N**AY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilst. [Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would, I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man and a great scholar[†]. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to

* *What relish is in this?*] How a GRACEFUL man, i. e. comely. does this taste? What judgment To this the Oxford Editor says, am I to make of it. recite. WARBURTON.

† *as to say, a CAREFUL man and a great scholar.*] This refers to what went before, I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; it is plain then that Shakespeare wrote, as to say that is, is:] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims,

428 T W E L F T H-N I G H T: O R,
to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave

Mal. Who calls there? [Malvolio within]

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man?

Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with curtsey: say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as bari-cadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou arrest; I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad

maxims, whatsoever is, is; and to be and not to be: with much it is impossible for the same thing trifling of the like kind. WARS.

WHAT YOU WILL. 429

you are, make the tryal of it in any constant
on².

• What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning
owl?

• That the soul of our grandam might happily
it a bird.

• What think'st thou of his opinion?

• I think nobly of the soul, and no way ap-
of his opinion.

• Fare thee well: remain thou still in darknes;
shalt hold the opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will
of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest
disposses the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee

al. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*!

To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Nay, I am for all waters³.

ir. Thou might'st have done this without thy
l and gown; he fees thee not.

To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
how thou find'st him: I would, we were all rid
is knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd,
ald, he were; for I am now so far in offence with
iece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this
to the upshot. Come by and by to my cham-
[Exit with Maria.

S C E N E IV.

o. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady
does. [Singing.

al. Fool——

o. My lady is unkind, perdie.

[*Constant question.*] A settled, cry either with mirth or grief.
erminate, a regular que- WARBURTON.

Vay, I am for all waters.] I rather think this expression
rake taken from the actor's borrowed from sportsmen, and
of making the audience relating to the qualifications of a
complete spaniel.

Mal.

430 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R,

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. She loves another — who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve we my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and per; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be than to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wi

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously us'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here⁴ propertied me; keep m darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all t can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is h *Malvolio, Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore: deavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bit babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. * Maintain no words with him, good fellow Who, I, Sir? not, I, Sir. God b'w'you, good *Topas* —

Marry, amen.—I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and sc paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any i in *Illyria*.

4 Propertied me.] They have dialogue between himself and taken possession of me as of a *Topas*. — *I will, Sir, I will* man unable to look to himself. spoken after a pause, as if

* Here the Clown in the dark acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a

the mean time, *Sir Topas* whispered.

Clo. Well-a-day—that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I set down to my Lady: It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice*,

Your need to sustain:

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad, pair thy nails, dad,

Adieu, good man drivell.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Changes to another apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Scbastian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious fun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and
fee't.

* Tell me, are you not mad, or
do you but counterfeit?] If he was
not mad, what did he counterfei-
t by declaring that he was not
mad? The fool, who meant to
insult him, I think, asks, are
you mad, or do you but counterfeit?
That is, you look like a madman,
you talk like a madman: Is your

madness real, or have you any se-
cret design in it? This, to a man
in poor Malvolio's state, was a se-
vere taunt.

* Vice was the fool of the old
moralities. Some traces of this
character are still preserved in
puppet-shows, and by country
mummers

And

432 T W E L F T H-N I G H T : O R,

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?
 I could not find him at the *Elephant* ;
 Yet there he was, and there I found this credit⁶,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service ; —
 For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness ;
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse⁷ ;
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
 To any other trust *, but that I'm mad ;
 Or else the Lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't,
 That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : if you mean
 well,

* *Yet there he was, and there I found this Credit,*
That he did range, &c.] i. e.
 I found it justified, credibly
 vouched. Whether the Word
 Credit will easily carry this Mean-
 ing, I am doubtful. The ex-
 pression seems obscure ; and tho'
 I have not disturbed the Text, I
 very much suspect that the Poet
 wrote ;

— *and there I found this credit,*
 He uses the same Term again in
 the very same Sense in the *Win-
 ter's Tale*.

— Then 'tis very credit,
 Thou mayst enjoin with some-

thing, and thou dost, &c.

THEOBALD.

— *I found this credit.] Cr-
 dit, for account, information.*
 The Oxford Editor roundly al-
 ters it to current ; as he does al-
 most every word that Shakespeare
 uses in an anomalous signification.

WARBURTON.

7 — *all instance, all dis-
 course ;] Instance, for fixed;*
discourse, for reason.

WARBURTON.

Instance is example.

* *To any other trust] To any*
 other belief, or confidence, to any
 other fixed opinion.

NOW

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by ; there before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,
 • Whiles you are willing it shall come to note ;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say ?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
 And having sworn + truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father ; and heav'n
 so shine,
 That they may fairly note this act of mine ! ... [Exit].

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

FABIAN:

NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another
 request.

Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence de-
 ire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends ?
Clo. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

* *Whiles* is until. This word counties.
 ■ still so used in the northern + Truth is fidelity.

VOL. II.

F f

Duke.

434 T W E L F T H-N I G H T: O R,

Duke. I know thee well ; how dost thou, my good fellow ?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an *af* of me ; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an *af* ; so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused ; so that, conclusions to be as *kisses*⁸, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no ; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold.

⁸ So that conclusions to be as kisses, ——] Tho' it might be unreasonable to call our Poet's Fools and Knaves every where to account ; yet, if we did, for the generality we should find them responsible. But what monstrous absurdity have we here ? To suppose the text genuine, we must acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning : and what has no known meaning, cannot be allowed to have either wit or humour. Besides, the *Clown* is affecting to argue seriously and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote :

So that, conclusion to be asked, is, i. e. So that the conclusion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c. He had in the pre-

ceding words been inferring some *premises*, and now comes to the *conclusion* very logically ; you grant me, says he, the *premises* ; I now ask you to grant the *conclusion*. W.A.R.

Though I do not discover much ratiocination in the *Clown's* discourse, yet, methinks, I can find some glimpse of a meaning in his observation, that the *conclusion* is as *kisses*. For, says he, if four negatives make two affirmatives, the *conclusion* is as *kisses* : that is, the *conclusion* follows by the conjunction of two negatives, which, by *kissing* and embracing, coalesce into one, and make an affirmative. What the four negatives are I do not know. I read, So that conclusions be as *kisses*.

Clo.

l. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I
i., you could make it another.

the. O, you give me ill counsel.

*. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this
and let your flesh and blood obey it.*

the. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a dou-
ealer: there's another.

Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the
ying is, the third pays for all : the triplet, Sir,
od tripping measure; or the bells of St. *Bennet*;
ay put you in mind, one, two, three.

the. You can fool no more mony out of me at
hrow ; if you will let your Lady know, I am
o speak with her, and bring her along with you,
awake my bounty further.

Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come
I go, Sir ; but I would not have you to think,
y desire of having is the sin of covetousnes ;
; you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I
wake it anon.

[Exit Clown.

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio, and Officers.

Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

e. That face of his I do remember well ;
ien I saw it last, it was besmear'd
ck as *Vulcan*, in the smoak of war :
bling vessel was he captain of,
allow draught and bulk unprizable,
which such scathful grapple did he make
he most noble bottom of our fleet,

*'s of St. Bennet.] When ded in England ; but his sense of
play he mentioned the the same impropriety could not
are, he recollects that restrain him from the bells of
: was in Illyria, and ad- St. Bennet.*

436 T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R,

That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I Off. Orsino, this is that *Antonio*,

That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy* ;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state¹,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side :
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief !
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies;

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me :
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate ;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither :
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem ; a wreck past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint ;
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure, for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town ;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset ;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance ;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink : deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use

¹ *Desperate of fame and state.*] his condition, like a desperate man.

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months before,

No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

S C E N E III.

Enter Olivia, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heav'n walks on earth.

—But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.—

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

—*Cesario*, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*?—Good my Lord—

Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,
t is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil Lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out,

² — as *FAT* and *fulsome*.] Fat means dull; so we say a
We should read, as *FLAT*. fatheaded fellow, and fat is more
WARBURTON. congruent to *fulsome* than *flat*.

That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my Lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't
³ Like to th' Egyptian thief, at point of death
 Kill what I love? (a savage jealousy,
 That sometimes favours nobly;) but hear me this;
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument,
 That screws me from my true place in your favour:
 Live you the marbled-breasted tyrant still.
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heav'n, I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.
 Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mis-
 chief:
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

³ *Why should I not, had I the
 heart to do it,
 Like to th' Egyptian Thief, at
 point of Death*

Kill what I love?] In this Simile, a particular Story is presuppos'd; which ought to be known, to shew the Justness and Propriety of the Comparison. It is taken from *Heliodorus's Æthiopics*, to which our Author was indebted for the Allusion. This Egyptian Thief was *Thyamis*, who was a Native of *Memphis*, and at the Head of a Band of Robbers. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* falling into their Hands, *Thyamis* fell desperately in love with the Lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger Body of Robbers coming down upon *Thyamis's* Party, he was in such Fears for his Mis-

tres, that he had her shut into a Cave with his Treasure. It was customary with those Barbarians, when they despair'd of their own Safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for Companions in the next Life. *Thyamis*, therefore, benett'd round with his Enemies, raging with Love, Jealousy, and Anger, went to his Cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian Tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the Cave's Mouth by a Greek, making to the Person by the Direction of her Voice, he caught her by the Hair with his left Hand, and (supposing her to be *Chariclea*) with his right Hand plung'd his Sword into her Breast.

THEOBALD.

To

WHAT YOU WILL.

439

To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Duke going.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[following.]

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,

More than I love these eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnessses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [To Viola.

Oli. Whither, my Lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, Husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the basenes of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'st, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Arrested by the holy close of lips.

440 TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy * case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest——

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God a surgeon, and send
one presently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-cross, and given
Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God,
your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at
home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew*?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Cesario*; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario*?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is.—You broke my
head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to
do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

* *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox.

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, and Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't; for, didst see *Dick* surgeon, fot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure *Panim.* I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

S C E N E V.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman: But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[*All stand in amaze.*
You throw a strange regard on me, by which, I do perceive, it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other, but so late ago.

Duke.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

* A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not !

Seb. Antonio, O my dear *Antonio!*

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :
Qf charity, what kin are you to me ? [To *Viola*.
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* ; *Sebastian* was my father ;
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :
So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;
But am in that dimension groly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, " Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola* ! "

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

* A nat'ral perspective,] A perspective seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant.

The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which is not appears like that which is.

Seb.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul ;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire ;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola* ; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maids weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook ;

[To Olivia.]

But nature to her bias drew in that,
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd ;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd : right-noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glas seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
—Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To Vio.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul ;
As doth that orb'd continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman ! he's much distract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy⁴ of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man—*By the Lord, Madam.*—[Reads.]

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madness: an your Ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, Sirrah.

[To Fabian.]

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me, as you please: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.* The madly us'd *Malvolio*.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

* *A myst extracting frenzy—*] *i. e.* A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. *WARBURTON.*

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife;
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding;
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistres.

Oli. A sister,— you are she.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious
wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and crost-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the * lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

* — *lighter* —] People of less dignity or importance.

And

446 · T W E L F T H - N I G H T : O R ,
And made the most notorious geck⁵, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on ? tell me, why ?
Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad ; then cam'st thou smil-

ing,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd⁶
Upon thee in the letter : pr'ythee, be content ;
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee ;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Sir *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby's* great importance ;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge ;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee ?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude ; one *Sir Topas*, Sir ; but that's all one : — by the Lord, fool, I am not mad — but do you remember, Madam, — why laugh you at

⁵ — geck —] A fool. pos'd] *Presuppos'd*, for imposed.
⁶ — here were presup-

WARBURTON.

such

*a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd: and
the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.*
[al. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.]

*li. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
uke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:
nath not told us of the captain yet;
en that is known, and golden time convents,
lern combination shall be made
ur dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister,
will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
so you shall be, while you are a man;) when in other habits you are seen,
is's mistress, and his fancy's Queen.* [Exit.]

Clown sings.

*When that I was a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.*

A great

*A great while ago the world begun;
With hey, ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit:

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comick; he

is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

T H E

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R.

VOL. II.

G g

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.

Fenton.

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Windsor*
Mr. Ford, }

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter.'

Bardolph.

Pistol.

Nym.

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ann Page, Daughter to Mr. Page, in Love
Fenton.

Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

S C E N E, *Windsor;* and the Parts adjacent

[REDACTED]

THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Before Page's House in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR HUGH, persuade me not. I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq;

Slend.

The Merry Wives of Windsor manded Shakespeare to continue Queen Elizabeth was so it for one Play more, and to shew pleased with the admirable him in Love. To this Com- racter of Falstaff in the two mand we owe the *Merry Wives* of Henry IV, that, as Mr. of *Windfor*: which, Mr. Gil- xe informs us, She com- don says, he was very well as-
Gg 2 fured,

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of [and Coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Custalorum* ².

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gent
bórn, master parson, who writes himself *Arni*
any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Arni*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time
three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have
and all his ancestors, that come after him, may;
may give the dozen white luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become a
coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar
to man, and signifies love.

Shal. ³The luce is the fresh fish, the salt-fish
old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of
coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in n
ple conjectures. But that is all one; if Sir Job
Staff have committed disparagements upon you,

sured, our Author finish'd in a
Fortnight. But this must be
meant only of the first imperfect
Sketch of this Comedy, an old
Quarto Edition whereof I have
seen, printed in 1602; which
says in the Title-page — *As it*
kath been divers times acted both
before her Majesty and elsewhere.

POPE. THEOBALD.

² *Custalorum.*] This is, I suppose, intended for a corruption
of *Custos Rotulorum*. The mistake was hardly designed by
the Author, who, though he

gives *Shallow* folly enough
him rather pedanticke than
rate. If we read:

Shal. Ay, *cousin Slen*
Custos Rotulorum.

It follows naturally:

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum*
³ *The luce, &c.]* I see
sequence in this answer
haps we may read, *she's*
not an old coat. The
fresh-fish is the coat of a
family, and the salt-fish
coat of a merchant gro
by trading over the sea.

hurch, and would be glad to do my benevolence, atonements and compromises between you.

The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look I desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the could end it.

It is better that friends is the sword, and end here is also another advice in my brain, which, uture, prings good discretions with it; there is ze, * which is daughter to master George Page, pretty virginity.

Mistres Anne Page? she has brown hair, and nall like a woman⁵.

It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just ill desire; and seven hundred pounds of mol gold and silver, is her grandfire upon his bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections) give, e is able to overtake seventeen years old: it good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prab- desire a marriage between master Abraham res Anne Page.

Did her grand fire leave her seven hundred

Ay, and her father is make her a better penny.

- which is Daughter to
thomas Page,] The
of Editions have ne-
lunder'd one after an-
age's Christian Name
ice; tho' Mrs. Page
George afterwards in at
eral Passages.

THEOBALD.
SMALL like a woman.]
n the Folio of 1623,

and is the true reading. He ad-
mires her for the sweetness of
her voice. But the expression is
highly humourous, as making
her speaking small like a woman
one of her marks of distinction;
and the ambiguity of small,
which signifies little as well as
low, makes the expression still
more pleasant. WARBURTON.

peat the door [Knocks.] for master *Page*.
Got bless your houſe here.

S C E N E II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your Justice *Shallow*; and here's young master *S* peradventures, shall tell you another tale grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships we you for my venison, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see good do it your good heart: I wish'd y better; it was ill kill'd. How doth g *Page*? and I thank you always with n with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no,

Page. I am glad to see you, good maste

- u.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog ; can be more said ? he is good and fair.—Is Sir *John* ~~ff~~ here ?
ge. Sir, he is within ; and I would, I could do a office between you.
z. It is spoke as a christian ought to speak.
u. He hath wrong'd me, master *Page*.
ze. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.
u. If it be confess'd, it is not redrefs'd ; is not , master *Page* ? He hath wrong'd me—indeed, th—at a word, he hath—believe me—*Robert* w, Esq; faith, he is wrong'd.
e. Here comes Sir *John*.

S C E N E III.

r Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym and Pistol.

Now, master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me Council ?

l. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my and broke open my lodge *.

But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

l. Tut, a pin ; this shall be answer'd.

I will answer it strait : I have done all this. s now answer'd.

l. The Council shall know this.

'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in l: you'll be laugh'd at.

Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Good worts ? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke ead ; what matter have you against me ?

Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against nd against your ^o cony-catching-rascals *Bardolph*, nd *Pistol*. Bar.

is probably alludes to of *Elizabeth*, a common name for incident, at that time a cheat or sharper. *Green*, one wn. of the first among us who made

newcatcher was in the time a trade of writing pamphlets,

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: slice, that humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, c

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us unde
there is three umpires in this matter, as I unde
that is, master *Page*; *fidelicet*, master *Page*; an
is myself; *fidelicet*, myself; and the three pa
lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it
note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon th
with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol.*—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase
he hears with ears? why this is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick master *Slender*'s pur
Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I w
might never come in mine own great chamber
else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and tw
ward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling a
pence a-piece of *Tead Miller*, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir
and master mine.

I Combat challenge of this latten bilboe^{*}:

published a *detection of the frauds and tricks of Coneycatchers and Couzeners.* veled on a board, with Edward's face stamped them.

⁷ *Edward Shovelboards.*] By this term, I believe, are meant, bras casters, such as are sho- ^{* I combat challenge of tin bilboe.] Our Editors have distinguis}

Word of denial in thy *Labra's* here;
Word of denial. Froth and scum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say *marry trap*¹ with you, if you run the base humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet and John*²?

Word, *Latin*, in *Italic* Characters, as if it was address'd to Sir *Hugb*, and meant to call him *pedantic Blade*, on account of his being a Schoolmaster, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to say, in This they do not take the Poet's Conceit. *Pistol* barely calls Sir *Hugb* Mountain-foreigner, because he had interpos'd in the Dispute; but then immediately demands the Combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his Pocket. The old *Quarrel's* write it *Latten*, as it should be, in the common Characters: And as a Proof that the Author design'd This should be address'd to *Slender*, Sir *Hugb* does not there interpose one Word in the Quarrel: But what then signifies — *latten Bilbo*? Why, *Pistol* seeing *Slender* such a slim, puny, Wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a Plate of that compound Metal, which is call'd *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the Old *Ori-kalc*. Monsieur *Dacier*, upon this Verse in *Hora'e's Epistle de Arte Poetica*, *Fibia non ut nunc Orichalco vincta, &c.*

says, *C'est une espece de Cuivre de mariage, comme son nom mesme le*

temoigne; c'est ce que nous appelons aujourd'hui du letton. "It " is a sort of Mountain-Copper, " as its very Name imports, and " which we at this time of Day " call *Latten*." THROBALD.

* *Marry trap.*] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was *marry, trap!*

* *Word of denial in thy Labra's here;*] I suppose it should rather be read,

Word of denial in my Labra's hear.

That is, bear the word of denial in my lips, Thou lieſt.

* — *base humour*] Read, *pass the Nutbooks humour*. *Nutbook* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant strain. In the second part of *Hen. IV. Doll Tearfieſt* says to the beadle, *Nut-book, Nutbook, you lie*. Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people. HANMER.

* — *Scarlet and John*²!] The names of two of *Robin Hood's* companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to *Bardolph's red face*; concerning which see the second part of *Henry the fourth*. WARBURTON.

Bard.

458 THE MERRY WIVES

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions past the car-eires*.

Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page, with wine.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Slen. O heav'n! this is mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exe. Fal. Page, &c.

S C E N E IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait

* *Cariers.*] I believe this sion means, that the common strange word is nothing but the bounds of good behaviour, overpassed.

on myself, must I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake*³ upon *Allhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here; do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Justice of peace in his country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of

³— upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his Reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almost five Weeks after *Michaelmas*. But may it not be urg'd it is design'd, *Simple* should appear thus ignorant, to keep up Character? I think, not. The simplest Creatures (nay, even Naturals) generally are very precise in the Knowledge of Festivals,

and marking how the Seasons run: and therefore I have ventur'd to suspect our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the Vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after *All Saints Day*, i. e. eleven Days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by Sir Tho. Hanmer, but probably Shakespeare intended a blunder.

the mind, therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak positable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz, what I do, is to pleasure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: *I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion answer, save, the fall is in th'ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

* —— *I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content:*] Certainly, the Editors in their Sagacity have murder'd a Jest here. It is design'd, no doubt, that *Slender* should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved*, instead of *resolved* and

resolutely: but to make him say, on the present Occasion, that upon Familiarity will grow more Content, instead of *Contempt*, is disarming the Sentiment of all its *Salt* and *Humour*, and disappointing the Audience of a reasonable Cause for Laughter.

THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Anne*: 'would, I were young for your sake, mistress *Anne*!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's blessed will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [Ex. Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin *Shallow*: [Ex. Simple.] A Justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin th'other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneyes for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'th'town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel

rel at it as my man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it past⁵: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, Sir; come; come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exit].

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius'* house which is the way; and there dwells one mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry

⁵ — that it past: —] It sentence completed would be, *past*, or *this passes*, was a way of *This passes all expression*, or per-speaking customary heretofore, haps, *This passes all things*. We to signify the excess, or extra- still use *passing well*, *passing ordinary degree* of any thing. The *strange*. WARBURTON. *nurse*,

urse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his
ringier.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for
is a woman that altogether acquaints with mis-
tress Anne Page; and the letter is to desire and require
her to sollicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page:
pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my din-
er; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. MINE host of the garter. ———
Host. What says my bully Rock? speak
cholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my
followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules, cashier; let them
rag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keifar* and *Pbea-
zar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall
lap: said I well, bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee
roth, and live: I am at a word; follow. [Exit Host.

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him; a tapster is a good trade:
an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-
man, a fresh tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive:

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot
yield?

Nym.

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad; I am so quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a ⁶ minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: steal? foh; a fco for the phrase!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must cony-tatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Pistol*: indeed, I am in the waste two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; ⁷ will that humour pass?

⁶ ————— at a minute's rest.] It was very judiciously suggested to me by a young gentleman who knows more of musick than I, that our authour probably wrote at a *minim's* rest.

⁷ The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?] I see not what

relation the anchor has to translation. Perhaps we may read the authour is deep; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower after *Falstaff* has said,

Sail like my pinace to thy gallen scores.

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse : she hath a legion of angels.

Pif. As many devils entertain ; and to her, boy, say I.

Nym. The humour rises ; it is good ; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her ; and here another to *Page's* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious ey-liads ; sometimes, the beam of her view gilded my foot ; sometimes, my portly belly.

Pif. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her ; she bears the purse too ; she^{is} ⁹ a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. ⁹ I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be *Exchequers* to me ; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to

⁸ *she is a Region in Guiana, all Gold and Bounty.]* If the Tradition be true (as I doubt not, but it is) of this Play being wrote at Queen Elizabeth's Command ; this Passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable Conjecture that it could not appear 'till after the Year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then so lately discover'd to the *English*, was a very happy Compliment to Sir *Raleigh*, who did not begin his Expedition for South America till 1595, and return'd from it 1596, with an advantageous account of the great Wealth of *Guiana*. Such an Address of the

Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper Impression on the People, when the Intelligence of such a golden Country was fresh in their Minds, and gave them Expectations of immense Gain.

THEOBALD.

⁹ *I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me ; —]* The same joke is intended here, as in the second part of *Henry the fourth*, Act 2. — *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no Cheater.* — By which is meant *Escheatours*, an officer in the exchequer, in no good repute with the common people.

WARBURTON.

mistress *Page*, and thou this to mistress *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pisf. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my side wear steel? then, *Lucifer*, take

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take
humour letter, I will keep the 'haviour of reput

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these letters tight
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores. [To

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, g
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof seek shelter, pack

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted pa

[Exit Falstaff ana]

S C E N E VIII.

Pisf. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd
Fullam holds:

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which b
mours of revenge.

Pisf. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star.

Pisf. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to *Ford*.

¹ ————— for gourd, and Fullam holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.] Fullam is a cant term for false dice, bigb and low. Torriano, in his Italian Dictionary, interprets Pisf by false dice, bigb and low men, bigb Fullams, and low Fullams. Johnson, in his Every man out of his humour, quibbles upon this

cant term. Who, he says, keeps high men and low men a fair living at Fullam As for Gourd, or rather Gord, was another instrument of ing, as appears from Bea and Fletcher's Scornful Lady. And thy dry bones can reach thing now, but GORDS or pins.

Pif. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold,
How *Falstaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool ; I will incense
~~ord~~ to deal with poison ; I will possess him with yel-
lowness ; for the Revolt of *Mien*² is dangerous : that
my true humour.

Pif. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents : I second
thee ; troop on. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. **W**HAT, *John Rugby* ! I pray thee, go to
the casement, and see if you can see my
master, master Doctor *Caius*, coming ; if he do, i'faith,
d find any body in the house, here will be old abu-
g of God's patience, and the King's *Englysh*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at
ght, in faith, at the latter end³ of a sea-coal fire.
[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as
er servant shall come in house withal ; and, I war-
at you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate ; his worst
alt is, that he is given to pray'r ; he is something
evish that way ; but no-body but has his fault ; but
that pass. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master *Slender*'s your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

— *the Revolt of Mien*] I serve, for of the present text I
pose we may read, *the revolt* can find no meaning.

Mien. Sir T. Hammer reads, — ³ — at the latter end, &c.]
revolt of mine. Either may That is, when my master is in bed.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard,
glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth; he hath but a little we
with a little yellow beard, ⁴ a Cain-colour'd bea

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man
hands, as any is between this and his head: he
fought with a warfener.

Quic. How say you? oh, I shd remember
does he not hold up his head, as it were? and at
his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n send *Anne Page* no wort
tune! Tell master parson *Evans*, I'll do what
for your master: *Anne* is a good girl, and I will

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here,
young man; go into this closet; [shuts Simple
closet.] He will not stay long. What, *John R John!* what, *John*, I say; go, *John*, go enqui
my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he
not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [

S C E N E X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des
pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*
a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a gi
box.

⁴ — a cane-colour'd beard.] *Cain* and *Judas*, in the
Thus the latter Editions. I have seen, and Pictures of old
restor'd with the old Copies. represented with yellow Be
THEO

Quic. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
am glad, he went not in himself; if he had found
ie young man, he would have been horn-mad. [Aside.
Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foi, il fait fard chaud; je
'en vaie à la Cour —— la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; Depéchez,
ickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*? *John*!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel
the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! Qu' j' oublie? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I
ill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and
mad.

Caius. O Diable, Diable! vat is in my closet? vil-
ne, *Larron*! *Rugby*, my rapier.

[Pulls Simple out of the closet.]

Quic. Good master be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet?
re is no honest man, dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick; hear the
ith of it. He came of an errand to me from par-
1 *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to ——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid,
speak a good word to mistress *Anne Page* for my
ster in the way of marriage,

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Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugb* send-a-you? *Rugby, bailez* me some paper; tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yeare and the no is, the *French Doctor* my master. (I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late.—But notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my master himself is in love with missis *Anne Page*; but, notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir *Hugb*; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his throat in de parke, and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make —— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit Simplex.]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host de *Jarterre* to measure our weapon; by gar, I will my self have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate; what, the goujere!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me;— by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your head.

O F W I N D S O R.

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ead out of my door ;—follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* fools-head of your own.
o, I know *Anne's* mind for that; never a Woman
Windsor knows more of *Anne's* mind than I do, nor
n do more than I do with her; I thank heav'n.

Fent. (within.) Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow, come near the house
ray you.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how dost thou ?

Quic. The better, that it pleases your good worship
ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistres *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest,
d gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you
at by the way, I praise heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? shall I
lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but
withstanding, master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a book,
loves you—Have not your worship a wart above
r eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I? and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is
h another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever
ke bread;—we had an hour's talk of that wart:—
all never laugh but in that maid's company!—But,
eed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing;
for you—Well—go to—

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's
ny for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf;
hou seest her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will
tell

tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now. [Exit.

Quic. Farewell to your worship. Truly, an honest gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Before Page's House.

Enter Mrs. Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no reason, why I love you; for tho' love use reason for his precision^s, he admits him not for his counsellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then,

^s —— *tho' love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor:]* This is obscure; but the meaning is, *tho' love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.* — By *precision*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So *Osborne*, — *Conform their mode, words and looks to these PRECISIANS.* And

Maine, in his City match, I did command A great PRECISIAN to her, for her woman. WARBLER. *Precisian.* Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps *Falstaff* said, *Though love use reason as his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.* This will be plain sense. Ask not the *reason* of my love; the *Business* of *Reason* is not to assist love but to cure it.

there's

's sympathy : you are merry, so am I ; ha ! ha ! there's more sympathy ; you love such, and so do I ; if you desire better sympathy ? let it suffice thee, mi-
Page, at the least if the love of a soldier can suffice, I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a
r-like phrase ; but I say, love me :

By me, thine own true Knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

t a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked ! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, shew himself a young gallant! what unweigh'd be-
ur hath this Flemish drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's , out of my conversation, that he dares in this er essay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my any : what should I say to him? — I was then l of my mirth — heav'n forgive me — Why, I'll uit ' a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of

— I was then frugal of rtb, &c.] By breaking peech into exclamations, ext may stand ; but I bought it must be read, If not then frugal of my

cessarily read, — for the putting down of fat Men. — Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing Scene, I shall think the worse of fat Men, as long as I have an Eye, &c. And in the old Quarto's, Mrs. Page, so soon as she has read the Letter, says, Well, I shall trust fat Men the worse, while I live, for his sake : And he is call'd, the fat Knight, the greasy Knight, by the Women, throughout the Play. THEOBALD.

— I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of MEN :] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read,

— for putting down of fat men.

— a bill in the Parliament putting down of Men : —] Mrs. Page, put down the Species Unius obnoxiam, ngle Offender's Trespass ? be so unreasonable in your

But 'tis a false Charge You. I am persuaded, a Monosyllable is dropt out, once refor'd, would qua- Matter. We must ne-

of men: how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. *Page*, trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could

men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made less ridiculous? *Shakespeare* wrote,

— for the putting down of MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor so called. So *Fletcher* in his *Wild goose chase*: *What a cold I have over my stomach, would I had some MUM!* This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character she had just before given him of *Plemish drunkard*. But the greatest confirmation of this conjecture is the allusion the words, in question, bear to a matter then publickly transacting. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very shortly after. And we are informed by *Sir Simon D'Ewes' Journal*, that no home affair made more noise in and out of parliament at that time, than the suppression and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houses, strong liquors, and the drinkers

of them. In the Parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houses, *For suppressing the multitude of Maltsters, &c.* Another, *To restrain the excessive making of Malt, and disorderly brewing of strong beer.* Another, *For regulation of Inns, Taverns, &c.* In the next Parliament, held 1601, was a bill, *For the suppressing of the multitude of Ale-houses and Tipling houses.* Another, *Against excessive and common drunkenness;* and several others of the same nature. Some of which, after much canvassing, were thrown out, and others passed into Acts. *WARBURT.*

I do not see that any alteration is necessary, if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might serve the turn. But surely *Mrs. Page* may naturally enough, in the first heat of her anger, rail at the sex for the fault of one.

shew

hew you to the contrary: O mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir *Alice Ford!*—these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry*.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light—here, read—read—perceive how I might be knighted—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not wear; prais'd women's modesty; and give such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have

* *What, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.]* The unmeaning nonsense of this speech

hardly to be matched. The range of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily moved. Read and point,—

These Knights will lack, and thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry. The other d said, *I could be knighted, caning, I could have a Knight my lover;* her companion ok it in the other sense, of inferring the title, and says, *bat, thou liest! Sir Alice Ford!*—these Knights will lack a le, [i. e. risk the punishment degradation] rather than not be a whore of thee. For we : to observe that — and so

thou shouldst not, is a mode of speech, amongst the writers of that time, equivalent to.—rather than *thou shouldst not.*

WARBURTON.

Upon this passage the learned Editor has tried his strength, in my opinion, with more spirit than success.

I read thus — *These knights we'll lack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The punishment of a recreant or undeserving knight, was to back off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a Knight, for we'll degrade all these Knights in a little time, by the usual form of backing off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest.

gone

gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many ton of oil in his belly, a'shore at *Windsor*? how shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank-space for different names; nay, more; and these are of the second edition; he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the * press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lye under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very fame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatch-
es, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

* *Press* is used ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give him eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a * curtail-dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;

He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Acteon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—
O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: farewell.

Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Be-

* — *curtail-dog*] That is, a dog whose tail is cut off, or made him a *curtail-dog* that sniffs his game. The *tail*

tail is counted necessary to the ⁹ *away, Sir corporal Nym.*

agility of a greyhound, and one *Believe it, Page, he speaks*

method of qualifying a dog according to the forest laws, is to *sense.] Nym, I believe, is out*

of place, and we should read thus:

away,

Believe it, Page, he speaks sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have born the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity'—He loves your wife; there's the short and the long.—My name is Corporal *Nym*; I speak, and I avouch; 'tis true—my name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife.—Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu. [Exit *Nym*.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawingl, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe such a ²Cataian, tho' the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow—well.

SCENE

Away, Sir corporal.

Nym. Believe it, *Page*, he speaks sense.

¹ *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; &c.]* This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. *I have a sword, and it shall bite — upon my necessity, he loves your wife, &c.]* Having said his sword should bite, he stops short, as was fitting: For he meant that it should bite upon the high-way. And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, by his necessity, that *Falstaff* loved his wife.

WARBURTON.
I do not see the difficulty of this passage: no phrase is more com-

mon than—you may, upon a need, *sbus*. *Nym*, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; he has a sword, and upon his necessity, that is, when his need drives him to unlawful expedients, his sword shall bite.

² *I will not believe such a Cataian.]* Mr. Theobald has here a pleasant note, as usual. This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; tho' the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete. And then tells a long story of Martin Frobisher attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black-stone,

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forwards.

Mrs. Page. How now, *Meg*?

Page. Whither go you, *George*?—hark you.

Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou
holy?

I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get
me, go.

Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy
ow—Will you go, mistress *Page*?

Page. Have with you.—You'll come to din-

ught, full of gold-ore: roved not so, and that Cataians and Frobishers y-words for vain boast.—The whole is an idle All the mystery of the aian, for a liar, is only bina was anciently called Catbay, by the first ad- that travelled thither; M. Paulo, and our Man- who told such incredible of this new discovered (in which they have not lone even by the Jesuits s, who followed them) torious liar was usually Cataian. WARBURTON. beobald and Dr. Warbur both told their stories dience, I am afraid, roportionate to any evi- lat can be produced. aian was a word of ha- contempt is plain, but gnified a boaster or a liar been proved. Sir Toby in *Twelfth-Night* says of the La- dy Olivia to her maid thy La- dy's a Cataian; but there is no reason to think he means to call her liar. Besides, *Page* intends to give *Ford* a reason why *Pistol* should not be credited. He therefore does not say, *I would not believe such a liar*: for that he is a liar is yet to be made proba- ble: but he says, *I would not believe such a Cataian on any testi- mony of his veracity*. That is: This fellow has such an odd ap- pearance; is so unlike a man civi- lized, and taught the duties of life, that I cannot credit him. To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So *Pistol* calls Slender in the first act, a mountain foreigner; that is, a fellow uneducated and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, Hungarian night.

ner,

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ner, George? — Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this poultry Knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress *Anne*?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

S C E N E V.

Page. How now, master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men;³ very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be

³ Very rogues, now they be out ^{or vagabond,} and, in its co-
of service.] A rogue is a wanderer ^{sequential signification,} a cheat.

rn them together ; a man may be too confi-
ould have nothing lye on my head ; I can-
us satisfy'd.

Look, where my ranting Host of the Gar-
; there is either liquor in his pate, or money
se, when he looks so merrily. How now,
?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Host and Shallow.

ow, now, bully Rock ? thou'rt a gentleman ;
ustice, I say.

follow, mine Host, I follow. Good even,
y, good master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you
; we have sport in hand.

Tell him, cavaliero-justice ; tell him, bully

ir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir
Welſb priest, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.
Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with

'hat say'st thou, bully Rock ?

[They go a little aside.]

To *Page*.] Will you go with us to behold it ?
Host hath had the measuring of their Wea-
I think, he hath appointed them contrary
r, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester.
ill tell you what our sport shall be.

Last thou no suit against my Knight, my
dier ?

one, I protest ; but I'll give you a pottle
sack to give me recourse to him, and tell
ame is *Brook* ; only for a jest.

Host.

'him, my Name is *Quarip's*; and thus most certain-
'has both the old ly the Poet wrote. We need no
i better

Host. My hand, bully. Thou shalt have egr
regrefs ; said I welt? and thy name shall be Bi
is a merry Knight. 'Will you go an-heirs ?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath g
in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you in
these times you stand on distance, your passes,
do's, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, master
'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with n
fword, I would have made you four tall fello
like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here : shall we wag ?

Page. Have with you ; I had rather hea
scold than fight. [Exit Host, Shallow and

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure fool⁷, and :

better Evidence, than the Pun
that *Falstaff* anon makes on the
Name, when *Brook* sends him
some burnt Sack.

Such Brooks are welcome to me,
that overflow with such Liquor.
The Players, in their Editions,
altered the Name to *Broom*.

THEOBALD.

[*Will you go AN HEIRS?*] This nonsense is spoken to *Shal-*
low. We should read,

Will you go ON, HERIS?

i. e. Will you go on, Master.
Heris, an old Scotch word for
master.

WARBURTON.

[*My long fword.*] Not long
before the introduction of ra-
piers, the swords in use were
of an enormous length, and
sometimes raised with both hands.
Shallow, with an old man's va-
nity, censures the innovations by
which lighter weapons were in-
troduced, tells what he could once.

have done with his h
and ridicules the terms
of the rapier.

[*And stand so fir-*
Wife's Frailty.] No sur-
flood tightly to the o
her Honesty, and woul-
tertain a Thought of i
frail. I have therefor
red to substitute a We
spondent to the Seafé
and one, which our
quently uses, to signify
faib.

[*stand so firmly on*
frailty.] Thus "all th
But Mr. Theobald has
tia how any man co
firmly on his wife's frail
why? Because he had
tion how he could stand
without knowing what
But if I tell a straiger,
bridge he is about to en

on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion easily. She was in his company at *Page's* and what they made there, I know not. Well, look further into't; and I have a disguise to *Falstaff*: if I find her honest, I lose not my labour if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine oyster,
I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum
I page^s.

Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you
lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated
my good friends for three reprieves for you, and
ouch-fellow, *Nym*; or else you had look'd
h the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am
in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends,
are good soldiers, and tall fellows. And when
Ridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon
honour, thou hadst it not.

Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen

he believes it not, but rafter of a secure fool, given to
n, may I not say, when him, shews. So that the common
upon it, that he stands reading has an elegance that
a rotten plank? Yet would be lost in the alteration.

angled frailty for fealty, WARBURTON.
Oxford Editor has fol-
n. But they took the
stand firmly on, to fig-
ht upon, whereas it fig-
ht upon, which the cha-
[This is added from the
old Quarto of 1619, and means,
I will pay you again in stolen
goods.] WARBURTON.

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason : think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you.—Go.—A short knife and a throng—to your manor of 'Picket-batch'.—Go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge and to lurch ; and yet you rogue will ensconce your rage, your cat-a-mountain looks, your ² red lettuce phrases, and your ³ bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pif. I do relent : what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

'*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.
Fal. Let her approach.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn, as my mother was, the first how I was born.

⁹ a short knife and a throng,] So Lear. When Cutpurse come not to thyngs. WARBURTON.

¹A noed place for thieves and pickpockets. THEOBALD.

² Red lettuce pbrafes.] Your ale-house converstation.

³ your bold BEATING oaths;]

We should read bold-BEATING oaths, i. e. out-facing.

WARBURTON.

A beating oath is, I thinke right ; so we now say, in the language, a thwacking or fowling thing.

FOLIO.

Fal. I do believe the swearer ; what with me ?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two ?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress *Ford*, Sir—I pray, come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on : mistress *Ford*, you say —

Quic. Your worship says very true : I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so ? heav'n bless them, and make them his servants !

Fal. Well : mistress *Ford*, — what of her ?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worship's a wanton : well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray —

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, — come, mistress *Ford*, —

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it ; you have brought her into such a canaries⁴, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windfor*, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches ; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly ; all muik ; and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold, and in such alligant terms, and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart : and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning ; but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say, but in the

⁴ *Canary*] This is the name in low language for any hurry or of a brisk light dance, and is perturbation. therefore properly enough used

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way of honesty.—And I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all. And yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good *She Mercury.*

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of—master *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very ⁵ frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship; mistress *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windfor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home, but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* wife,

⁵ *Frampold.*] This word I. *Williams*, where a *frampul* man have never seen elsewhere except signifies a peevish troublesome in Dr. *Hackett's* life of *Archbishop* fellow.

and *Page's* wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but mistress *Page* would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master *Page* is an honest man. Never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life, than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, truly, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debtor—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Pist. "This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:

Clap

* In former editions,
This PUNK is one of Cupid's carriers,
Clap on more sails; pursue;
up with your fights,

Give fire; she is my prize.]
This punk is one of Cupid's carriers, is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all punks Cupid's carriers?
Shakespeare certainly wrote,

This PINK is one of Cupid's carriers,

and then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *Pink* is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word, in his *Tamer Tamed*.

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Clap on more sails ; pursue ; up with your fights ;
Give fire ; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all !

[Exit Pistol.]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways—I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done—will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much mony, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master *Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. *Brook*, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such liquor. Ah! ah! mistrels *Ford* and mistress *Page*, have I encompas'd you? go to, via!

This FINK, this painted foist,
this cockle boat,
To hang her fights out, and de-
fy me, Friends!

A well-known man of war—
As to the word *fights*, both in
the text and in the quotation, it
was then, and, for aught I know,
may be now, a common sea-
term. Sir Richard Hawkins in
his voyages, p. 66. says,—
*For once we cleared her deck, and
had we been able to have spared
but a dozen men, doubtless we had
done with her what we would;*
for she had no close *FIGHTS*, i. e.
if I understand it right, *no small
arms*. So that by *fights* is meant
any manner of defence, either
small arms or cannon. So Dry-
den, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*,

*Up with your FIGHTS,
And your nettings prepare, &c.*
But, not considering this, I led the *Oxford Editor* into a silly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into his text, which is indeed a proper place for it.

Up with YOND' FRIGAT.

WARBURTON.

The quotation from *Dryden* might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are *cloaib*s hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and *claf-fights* are *bulkheads*, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords.

Rc-

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation
on you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us
ave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much;
y name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good master *Brook*, I desire more acquaintance
with you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to * charge
you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in
etter plight for a lender than you are, the which hath
mething embolden'd me to this unseason'd intru-
m; for they say, if mony go before, all ways do lye
men.

Fal. Mony is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony, here,
oubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*,
ke all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your
master.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the
aring.

Fal. Speak, good master *Brook*, I shall be glad to be
ur servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a scholar (I will be brief
th you); and you have been a man long known to
; tho' I had never so good means, as desire, to
ike myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a
ing to you, wherein I must very much lay open
ne own imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you
ve one eye upon my follies, as you hear them un-
ded, turn another into the register of your own,

* — *not to charge you,*] That ting you to expence, or being
not with a purpose of put- burthenosome.
that

that I may pass with a reproof the easier ; but you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well : Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her ; and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her ; follow'd her with a doating observance ; engross'd opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means ; meed, I am sure, I have received none ; unless experience be a jewel ; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to say this ;

" Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ; "

" Pursuing That that flies, and flying what pursues. "

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house built upon another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I have erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose : You are a gentleman of

of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is mony, spend it, spend it; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife; use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had ⁷ instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattel'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Master *Brook*, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress *Ford*, master *Brook*, you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me; I

⁷ *Instance and argument.*] *Instance* is example.

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say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of mony, for the which his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue: I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Master *Brook*, thou shall know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night. *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou, master *Brook*, shalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [Exit.

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbajon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names

of fiends: but, cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the himself hath not such a name. *Page* is an ass, he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, par'ugb the *Welchman* with my cheese, an *Irishman* my *Aquavita* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, he ruminates, then she devises: and what they in their hearts they may effect, they will break hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd y jealousy!—⁸ Eleven o'clock the hour—I willnt this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, laugh at *Page*. I will about it—better three hours on, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold!

[Exit.

S C E N E XI.

*Changes to Windsor Park.**Enter Caius and Rugby.*

JACK Rugby?

Rug. Sir.

ius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

g. 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh pro-to meet.

ius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no ; he has pray his Bible well, dat he is no come: ar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be

g. He is wise, Sir: he knew, your worship would im, if he came.

ius. By gar, de herring is not so dead as me vill

[even o'clock.] Ford should and his impatient suspicion was have said ten o'clock: the not likely to stay beyond the is between ten and eleven; time.

I

make

make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thée foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? ha, bully? what says my *Aſculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack Prief* of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a '*Castalian-king-Urinal*: *Hector of Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witnes, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your profesſions: Is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to

¹ Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cardeon*.

make

make one; tho' we are justices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient church-man. You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur nock-water⁹.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as he *Englishman*, scurvy-jack-dog-priest; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw ne; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover bully.—But first, Mr. Guest, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you brough the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow and Slender.*]

⁹ The host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physick in that time; yet I do not well see the meaning of mock-water.

Caius.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest ; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page*.

Hast. Let him die ; but, first, sheath thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler ; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore* ; I will bring thee where mistress *Anne Page* is, at a farm-house a feasting ; and thou shalt woo her, ¹ Cry aim ; said I well ?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat : by gar, I love you ; and I shall procure 'a you de good guest ;

² In old editions,

I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting ; and thou shalt woo her, CRY'D GAME ; said I well ? Mr. *Theobald* alters this nonsense to *try'd game* ; that is, to nonsense of a worse complexion. *Shakespeare* wrote and pointed thus, *CRY AIM, said I well ?* i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal ? for to *cry aim* signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, p. 503. *And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall CRY AIM, i. e. approve them.* And again in *King John*, Act 2. Scene 2.

It ill becomes this presence to CRY AIM.

To these ill-tun'd repetitions.

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the chal-

lenge. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in the *Fair maid of the inn*, Act 5. make the *Duke* say,

*— must I cry AIM
To this unbold of insolence —
i. e. encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other.— But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors not knowing what to make of the phrase *Cry aim*, read it thus,*

*— must I cry AI-ME : As if it was a note of interjection. So again *Maffinger* in his *Guardian*,*

I will CRY AIM, and in another room

*Determine of my vengeance —
And again, in his *Renegado*,
— to play the Pander*

*To the Viceroy's loose embraces,
and CRY AIM,*

*While he by force or flattery —
But the *Oxford Editor* transforms it to *Cock o' th' Game* ; and his improvements of *Shakespeare's* language abound with their modern elegancies of speech, such as *Mynbeers, Bull-baitings, &c.**

WARBURTON.

de

de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoff. For the which I will be thy adversary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hoff. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Frogmore near Windsor,

Enter Evans and Simple.

E V A N S.

[Pray you now, good master *Slender's* servingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?]

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way but the own way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also dok that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of cholars I am, and templing of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he haue deiv'd me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his rinals about his knave's coſtard, when I haue good pportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[Sings, being afraid.

By ſhallow riuers, to whose falls

Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;

VOL. II.

K k

There

*There will we make our beds of roses ;
And a thousand vagrant posies³.*

*By shallow —— 'Mercy on me ! I have a great d
sitions to cry. Melodious birds sing madrigalls —
When as I sat in Pabilon ; — and a thousand vag
posies. — By shallow, &c.*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow rivers, to a
falls ——*

Heav'n prosper the right ! what weapons is he ?

³ *By shallow rivers, &c.]* poem, and the answer
This is part of a beautiful little the reader will not be disp
poem of the author's, which to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals :
There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
And then a thousand fragrant Posies ;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle ;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull ;
Fair lined Slippers for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold ;
A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,
With Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs.
And if these Pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my Love.
Thy silver Dishes for thy Meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory Table be
Prepar'd each Day for thee and me.
The Shepherds Swains shall dance and sing,
For thy Delight each May Morning.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my master Mr. Shallow, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, ver the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it i your arms.

S C E N E II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Shal. How now, master Parson? good morrow, and Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If all the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;
These pretty Pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
But Time drives Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold;
And Phœnix becometh dumb,
And all complain of Cares to come:
The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roses,
Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies:
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.
Thy Belt of Straw and Ivy-Buds,
Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.
What should we talk of Dainties then,
Of better Meat than's fit for Men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for Food.
But could Youth last, and Love still breed,
Had Joys no date, and Age no need;
Then these Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

These two Poems, which Dr. *Arburton* gives to *Shakespeare*, are other to *Raleigh*. These Poems, by writers nearer that time, are read in different Copies with great Variations.

posed of, one to *Marlowe*, the

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Slen. Ah, sweet *Anne Page*?

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parfon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hofe, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parfon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſſ of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave beſides; a cowarda knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page*!

S C E N E III.

Enter *Host*, *Caius*, and *Rugby*.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons.—Keep them aſunder—here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parfon, keep in your weapon.
Shal.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Englifb.*

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear: wherefore vil you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other mens humours. I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! *Jack Rugby*, mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a *Machiavel*? shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? no, he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace. Follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet *Anne Page!*

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*

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Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlotting-stog. I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this fame ³ scald scurvy cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you follow. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

The Street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page, and Robin.

Mrs. Page. NA Y, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,

³ *Scall scurvy.*] *Scall* was *Scrivener*,
an old word of reproach, as *Scab* *Under thy lange lockes mayst*
was afterwards. *stan bave the Scalle.*
Chaucer imprecates on his

for

for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is such a league between my good man and he.—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir.—I am sick, 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

S C E N E V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve-score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaff's* boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind — and *Falstaff's* boy with her!—good plots—they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Aetœon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll speak of.

Shal. ⁴ We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page*.

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Mr. *Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day ⁵, he smells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having ⁶, he kept company with the

⁴ *We have linger'd*—] They have not lingered very long. The match was proposed by Sir *Hugb* but the day before.

⁵ — he writes verses, he speaks holy-day,] i. e. in a high-flown, fustian style. It was called a *holy-day style*, from the old custom of acting their Farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which

were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So in *Much ado about nothing*, — *I cannot woo* in festival terms. And again in the *Merchant of Venice*, — *thus spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.* WARBURTON.

⁶ — *of no Having*,] Having is the same as *estate* or *fortune*.

O F W I N D S O R. 505

wild Prince and *Poins*. He is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply ; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner ; besides your cheer, you shall have sport ; I will shew you a monster. Mr. *Doctor*, you shall go ; so shall you, Mr. *Page* ; and you, Sir *Hugb.*

Shal. Well, fare you well, we shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page's*.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewel, my hearts ; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him : I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles ?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. **W**HAT, *John* ! what, *Robert* !
Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly : is the buck-basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. — What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the brew-house, and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and without

any pause or staggering take this basket on your ders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and it among the whitsters in *Datchet-Mead*, and empty it in the muddy ditch close by the *Thames*

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you call'd. [Exit *Se.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my *Eyas-musket*⁷, wha with you?

Rob. My master Sir *John* is come in at your door, missess *Ford*, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows n^t your being here, and hath threaten'd to put n^t everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he s^t he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secre thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make t^e new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy master, I am a missess *Page*, remember you your cue. [Exit *I*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act i^m me. [Exit *Mrs.*

⁷ *How now, my Eyas-musket,*] *Eyas* is a young unsledg'd hawk. I suppose from the Italian *Niafo*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unsledg'd, afterwards, a young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *nias*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically *a silly fellow*; *un garçon fort*

nias, un nias. — *Musket* fies a *Sparrow hawk*, smallest species of hawks. too is from the Italian *M* a small hawk, as appear the original signification word, n.mely, *a treubieing fy*. So that the huzz calling the little page an *musket* is very intelligible.

WARBU

Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome
v, this gross watry pumpion —— we'll teach
now turtles from jays.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Falstaff.

Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why,
me die! for I have liv'd long enough: this is
od of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Mistress *Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate,
Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish; I would,
band were dead; I'll speak it before the best
would make thee my lady.

Ford. I your lady, Sir John? alas, I should be
l lady.

Let the Court of France shew me such another;
w thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou
right arched bent of the brow, that becomes
tire, the tire-valiant⁸, or any Venetian attire.

Mrs.

that becomes the ship-
tire-VALIANT, or any
attire.] The old Quar-
Tire-a-villet, and the old
ds, Or any tire of Ve-
lmittance. So that the
ng of the whole is this,
res the ship-tire, the tire-
, or any 'tire of Ve-
mittance. The speaker
iress, she had a face
d become all the head-
fashion. The ship-tire
pen head-dress, with a
scarf depending from
Its name of ship-tire
sume, from its giving
r some resemblance of
Shakespeare says) in all
her trim: with all her pennants
out, and flags and streamers fly-
ing. Thus Milton, in Samson
Agonistes, paints Dalila.

But who is this, what thing of
sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' Isles
Of Javan or Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and
tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers wav-
ing,
Courted by all the winds that
bold them play.

This

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my bro's become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of those lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury*

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their play of *Wit without money*,—
*Sbe ffreads fattens as the King's
 skips do canvas every where, she
 may space her misen;* &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire valiant*, which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress. I suppose *Shakespeare* wrote *tire-valiant*. As the *skip-tire* was an *open* head-dress, so the *tire-valiant* was a *close* one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a *veil*. And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts and shoulders, were open'd to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes or below the chin.

— or ary Venetian attire.] This is a wrong reading, as ap-

pears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here used for a woman's *head-dress*: whereas it signifies the *dres* of any part.

We should read therefore, *Or ary* 'tire of Venetian admittance. For the word *attire*, reduced by the Aphæresis, to *'tire*, takes a new signification, and means only the head-dress. Hence *Tire-attire*, for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech.

— Your face is so good, say the speaker, that it would become any head-dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with *Venetian* point, or which will admit to be adorned. [Of *Venetian* admittance.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian* point. *WARBURTON.*

This note is plausible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance*: but I am afraid this whole system of dress is unsupported by evidence.

In simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the *Counter-gate*, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, here's mistress *Page* at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff hides himself.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter mistress *Page*.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress *Ford*, what have you done? you're sham'd, y're overthrown, you are undone forever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress *Ford*, having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with

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with all the officers in *Windſor*, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder—*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heav'n it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand; be think you of some conveyance, in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't. I'll in, I'll in.—Follow your friend's counsel.—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee—Help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. Help to cover your master, boy;—call
r men, mistress *Ford*.—You dissembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford*. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up
e clothes here, quickly. Where's the cowl-staff?
k, how you drumble: carry them to the landress
atchet-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X.

Enter *Ford*, *Page*, *Caius*, and *Evans*.

ord. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without
e, why then make sport at me, then let me be your
I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?
erv. To the landress, forsooth.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, what have you to do whither they
it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

ord. Buck? I would, I could, wash myself of the
t. Buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you,
, and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt
ants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dream'd
ight, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be
keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out,
arrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this
first. So, now uncape?

age. Good master *Ford*, be contented; you wrong
self too much.

rd. True, master *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you
see sport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

va. This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousy.

iis. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*; it is
calous in *France*.—

—*So now uncape.*] So the
of 1623 reads, and rightly.
a term in Fox hunting,
signifies to dig out the Fox
earth'd. And here is as

much as to say, take out the foul
linnen under which the adulterer
lies hid. The *Oxford Editor*
reads *uncouple*, out of pure love
to an emendation. *WARBURT.*

Page.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of
his search. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Mancnt Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal; I would, all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here. I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistres Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compas.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:— You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs.

s. Ford. Heav'n make you better than your
ghts!

r.d. Amen.

s. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Mr.

d. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

a. If there be any pody in the house, and in the
bers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heav'n
ve my sins at the day of judgment!

us. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

ge. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not ashame'd?
spirit, what devil, suggests this imagination? I
not ha' your distemper in this kind, for the
h of *Windsor Castle*.

d. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

z. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is
nest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thou-
and five hundred too.

us. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

d. Well—I promis'd you a dinner—Come, come,
in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will
ter make known to you, why I have done this.
wife; come, mistress *Page*; I pray you pardon
pray heartily, pardon me.

ge. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll
him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to
use to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together;
a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

d. Any thing.

z. If there is one, I shall make two in the com-

us. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de

z. In your teeth—for shame.

z. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

z. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on
isly knave, mine Host.

us. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

.. II.

L 1

Eva.

Ere. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his
mockeries. [Exit.]

SCENE XII.

Changes to Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I SEE, I cannot get thy father's love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Anne*.
Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,
My riots past, my wild societies :
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n so speed me in my time to come !
Albeit, I will confess, thy * father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee *Anne* :
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealing bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my father's love : still seek it, Sir ;
If opportunity and humblest suit

Can-

* — *father's wealth*] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the encrease of *English* wealth, by observing, that *Latymer* in the time of *Edward VI.* mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, *that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of *Elizabeth*, seven hun-

dred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. *Congreve* makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of *Beloinda*. No poet would now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

¹ If opportunity and humblest suit] Dr. *Thirlby* imagines that

Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress *Quickly*; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill favour'd faults Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good master *Fenton*? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress *Anne*, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

that our Author with more Propriety wrote:

If Importunity and bumbleſt Suit. “the frequent Opportunities you find of soliciting my Father, and your Obsequiousness to him, cannot get him over to your Party, &c.” THEOBALD.

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Anne. Good master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; she calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good mistress *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My Will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jest, indeed; I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heav'n praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master *Slender*: love him, daughter *Anne*.

— Why how now? what does master *Fenton* here? You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master *Fenton*.

Come, master *Shallow*; come, son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good mistress *Page*, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And

OF WINDSOR.

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And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips².

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself; good master *Fenton*,

I will not be your friend nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then, farewell, Sir—she must needs go in,

Her Father will be angry. [Exe. *Mrs. Page and Anne*.

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistress; farewell, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a * physician? look on master *Fenton*—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet *Nan* this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quic. Now heav'n send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have prounis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it?

[Exit.]

² *Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.*] Can we think the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the last line should be given

to the procuress, *Quickly*, who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master the Doctor.

WAREURTON.

* — fool and a physician?] I should read fool or a physician, meaning *Slender* and *Caius*.

SCENE XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **BARDOLPH**, I say.
Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't. [Ex. Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse³ as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man: and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.
Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames*.

³ In former copies,
— as they would have drown'd
a blind Bitch's puppies,] I have
ventur'd to transpose the Adjec-
tive here, against the Authority
of the printed Copies. I know,
in horses, a Colt from a blind

Stallion loses much of the Va-
lue it might otherwise have; but
are puppies ever drown'd the
sooner, for coming from a blind
Bitch? The Author certainly
wrote, as they would have drown'd
a Bitch's blind puppies. THEOS.
water;

water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave—I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: go brew me a potte of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage—How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my belly full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish woman's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[Exit.]

L 1 4

Fal.

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Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master *Brook*; he sent me word to stay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

S C E N E XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pafs'd between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my busines.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kis'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford's* approach, and by her invention, and *Ford's* wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master *Brook*, there was the rankest

ound of villainous smell, that ever offended no-

d. And how long lay you there?

l. Nay, you shall hear, master *Brook*, what I have
'd to bring this woman to evil for your good,
thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford's*
s, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistres,
try me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet*—
they took me on their shoulders, met the jealous
their master in the door, who ask'd them once
ice what they had in their basket ; I quak'd for
lest the lunatick knave would have search'd it ;
ate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his

Well, on went he for a search, and away went
foul cloaths ; but mark the sequel, master *Brook* ;
er'd the pangs of three egregious deaths : first,
tolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten
weather; next to be compais'd like a good bilbo^t,
circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to
; and then to be stopt in, like a strong distilla-
with stinking cloaths that fretted in their own
: think of that, a man of my * kidney ; think
it, that am as subiect to heat as butter ; a man
ntinual dissolution and thaw ; it was a miracle to
suffocation. And in the height of this bath,
I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a
dish, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd
ng hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think
it ; hissing hot ; think of that, master *Brook*.

d. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my
you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then de-
te ; you'll undertake her no more ?

l. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as
e been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her
ind is this morning gone a birding ; I have re-

bilbo is a Spanish blade, phrase now signifies kind or qua-
lities, but Falstaff means a man
and elasticity.

— *kidney* ;] *Kidney* in this

ceiv'd

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ceiv'd from her another embasly of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addres me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!--Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, ⁵I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

⁵ There is no image which our author appears so fond of as that of a cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by some allusion to horned husbands. As he wrote

his plays for the stage rather than the press, he perhaps reviewed them seldom, and did not observe this repetition, or finding the jest, however frequent, still successful, did not think correction necessary.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's *House*.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford's* already, think'st thou?
Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Evans.

How now, Sir *Hugh*, no school to-day?

Eva. No; master *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing on his heart!

Mrs. *Page*. Sir *Hugh*, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Com hither, *William*—hold up your head,—come.

Mrs. *Page*. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head.—Answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. *William*, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

⁶ This is a very trifling scene, to the audience; but Shakespeare: of no use to the plot, and I best knew what would please. should think of no great delight

Quic.

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Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, hic, haec, hog; pray you, mark; genitivo, hujus: well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusative, hung, hang, hog.

Quic. Hang hog, is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the vocative case, William?

Will. O, vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, *William*, vocative is caret.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, Willlam?

Will. Genive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's case; fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic.

Eva. You do ill to teach the child such words : he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves ; and to call horum ; fie upon you !

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies ? hast thou no understanding for thy easies, and the numbers of the gentlers ? thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would lefire.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki, cæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies* your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches : go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugk*. Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and *Mrs. Ford*.

Fal. **M**istress *Ford*, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress *Ford*, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoustrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. (within.) What hoa, gossip *Ford* ! what hoa !

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.
[Exit Falst.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart, who's at home
besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.— Speak louder. [Af-

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body
here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his
old lunes again; he so takes on * yonder with my hu-
band, so rails against all married mankind, so curs all
Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and
so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, peer-out,
peer-out! that any madness I ever yet beheld seem
but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper
he is in now. I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was
carry'd out, the last time he search'd for him, in
basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and
hath drawn him and the rest of their company from
their sport, to make another experiment of his suspi-
cion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now I
shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street's end, he will be here
anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and
he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?— Away
with him, away with him; better shame than murthe-

* To take on, which is now passion.
used for to grieve, seems to be † Peer-out,] That is, appears
used by our author for to rage. borns. Shakespeare is at his old
Perhaps it was applied to any lanes.

Mrs

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! alas! three of master *Ford's* brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good heart, devise something; any extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he swears, she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet, we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draught*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not. I had as lief bear so much lead.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain;—somebody call my wife—youth—In a basket! oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest cloaths you fend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes, master *Ford*—you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*;—mistress *Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen face; hold it out.—Come forth, Sirrah. [Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.]

Page. This passes—

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why—

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Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealousy is reasonable; pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master *Ford*; this wrongs you⁷.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress *Page*, come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman; what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Bianford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my house? she comes of errands, does she? we are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by th' figure; and such dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know

⁷ This wrongs you.] This is ill treated by her rugged sister, below your character, unworthy says, of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Bianca* being

You wrong me much, indeed
you wrong yourself.

nothing.

nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff in woman's cloaths, and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll Prat her. Out of my door, you witch! [Beats him.] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out. I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Fal.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler*.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail¹, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

* *Runnion*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* and *scab* spoken of a man.

² *I spy a great peard under her muffler.*] As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford hav-

ing been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise.

¹ *Cry out upon no trail.*] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to open or bark.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by th' mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonnes is, sure, scar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly sham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publickly ashamed.

Mrs. Page. Come to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses; the Duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak *Englisb*?

Bard.

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoff. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll fawce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests²; they must come off; I'll fawce them, come.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Evans.

Eva. **T**IS one of the best discretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; thy honour stands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward; let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it:

² *They must come off;*] This never can be our Poet's or his Hoff's meaning. To come off being in other terms to go scot-free. We must read, *compt off*, i. e. clear their reckoning.

WARRBURTON.

To come off, signifies in our author, sometimes to be uttered

with spirit and volubility. In this place it seems to mean what is in our time expressed by to come down, to pay liberally and readily. These accidental and colloquial senses are the disgrace of language, and the plague of commentators.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him, when he comes;

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windfor* forest,
Doth all the winter-time at still of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle³;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne's* oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device⁴,

That

³ And takes the cattle.] To take, in Shakespeare, signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. So in *Hamlet*,

No planet takes.

So in *Lear*,

Strike her young limbs,
Ye taking airs, with lameness.

⁴ Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our Device,

That Falstaff at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.

And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,

Thus this Passage has been transmitted down to us, from the Time of the first Edition by the Players: But what was this Shape,

That *Falstaff* at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page (my daughter), and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouches, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
⁵ With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
⁶ And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,

Shape, in which *Falstaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not said one word to ascertain it. This makes it more than suspicious, the Defect in this Point must be owing to some wise Retrenchment. The two intermediate Lines, which I have restored from the old *Quarto*, are absolutely necessary, and clear up the matter. THEOBALD.

⁵ *With some diffused song:] A*

diffused song signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy-land. WARBURTON.

⁶ *And fairy like to pinch the unclean Knight;] The Grammar requires us to read,*

And fairy like too, pinch the unclean Knight.

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And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and
I will be like a jack-an-apes also to burn the knight
with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vi-
zards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. And in that time,
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away, [Aside.
And marry her at *Eaton*. — Go, send to *Falstaff*
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*;
he'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us properties
and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaverys. [Ex. *Page, Ford and Evans*.

Mrs. Page. Go, *Mrs. Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John* to know his mind.

[Exit *Mrs. Ford*.]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her;
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.

[Exit.]

⁷ *That silk will I go by, and in that time* — i Mr. *Theobald* referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to tire. But there is no need of any change: *That time* evi- dently relating to the time of the mask with which *Falstaff* was to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. — *WARBURTON.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Exter Host and Simple.

Host. **W**HAT would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed⁸; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd; I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Host, thine *Ephesian*, calls.

Falstaff, above.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a ⁹Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming

⁸ Standing-bed and truckle bed.] The usual furniture of chambers in that time, was a standing-bed, under which was a truckle, truckle or running bed. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle-bed the servant. So in Hall's account of a servile tutor:

He lieth in the truckle-bed,

While his young master lieth o'er his bead.

⁹ Bohemian-Tartar.] The French call a Bohemian what we call a Gypsy; but I believe the Host means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance.

down

down of thy fat woman: let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wife woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell¹, what would you with her?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender*, sent to her, seeing her go thro' the street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hjst. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mis-tres *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: fay, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

¹ *Mussel-shell.*] He calls poor *Simple* mussel shell, because he stands with his mouth open.

Simp.

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Simp. Thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.

Host. Thou art Clarkly; thou art Clarkly, Sir John: was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one, that iath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in ny life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was said for my learning.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses, speak well of them, arletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind ne of them in a slough of mire, and set spurs, and way, like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say, they are fled; *Germans* are honest men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three zen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hosts of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horses and mo. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise, and full of gibes and vlotting-stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd; fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host.

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Hofſt. Here, master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat ; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Je-many*; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come. I tell you for good will ; adieu.

[Exit.]

Hofſt. Hue and cry, villain, go ! assist me, Knight, I am undone ; fly, run, hue and cry ! Villain, I am undone !

[Exit.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boats with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

S C E N E X.

Enter *Mistress Quickly*,

Now, whence come you ?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd ? yes, I warrant, specially one of them ; *mistress Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

² *Primero.*] A game at cards.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the ³ action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'th' stocks, i'th' common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, + what ado is here to bring you together? sure, one of you does not serve heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pounds in gold more than your loss.

³ *Action of an old Woman.*] What! was it any Dexterity of Wit in Sir *John Falstaff*, to counterfeit the Action of an old Woman, in order to escape being apprehended for a Witch? Surely, one would imagine, This was the readiest Means to bring him into such a Scrape: for none but Old Women have ever been suspected of being Witches. The Text must certainly be restor'd, a *wood* Woman, a crazy, frantic Woman; one too wild, and silly, and 'unmeaning, to have

either the Malice or mischievous Subtlety of a Witch in her.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, but rejected by Dr. *Warburton*. To me it appears reasonable enough.

⁴ The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism.

Host.

Hof. I will hear you, master *Fenton*; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chuser) Ev'n to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the image of the jest

[*Shewing a letter.*

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host; To night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; she hath consented—Now, Sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds; And at the *Deanry*, where a priest attends, Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the Doctor.—Now, thus it rests; Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that dress when *Slender* sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him.—Her mother hath intended, The better to devote her to the Doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded) That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribbands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;

And

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [Exit.]

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling. Go. I'll hold.
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd
numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in
odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—
Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I
can to get you a pair of horns. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head
and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter
will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the
Park about midnight, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

Fal.

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Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That same knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master *Brook*. Since I pluckt geese, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand—Follow; strange things in hand, master *Brook*! follow.—

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

P A G E.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son *Slender*, my daughter.

Slend. Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page.

Page. The night is dark, light and spirits will become it well; heav'n prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil⁵, and we shall know him by his horns, Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of Fairies, and the Welch devil Evans⁶?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

⁵ No man means evil but the devil.] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read then, no one means.

WARBURTON.

⁶ The former impression:] And the Welch Devil Herne?] But Falstaff was to represent

Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the Attention, or Sagacity, of our Editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is inquiring for Evans by the Name of the Welch Devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discover'd the Blunder of this Passage. THEOBALD.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; to the Oak, to
the Oak. [Exit.]

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember
your parts; be bold, I pray you; follow me into the
pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you;
come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff, with a Buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve, the minute
draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods assist me!
Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a bull for thy *Europa*; love
set on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in
some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other,
a man a beast: You were also, *Jupiter*, a swan, for
the Love of *Leda*: Oh, omnipotent love! how near
the God drew to the complexion of a goose? A fault
done first in the form of a beast! —— O *Jove*, a
beastly fault in the semblance of a fowl: —— think
on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs,
what shall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windsor*
stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th' forest. Send me
a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss
my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my
male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? let the sky rain
potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*;

hair

OF WINDSOR.

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ail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes ; let there come tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet eart.

Fal. ' Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch ; will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the ellow of this walk ⁸, and my horns I bequeath your usbands. Am I a woodman, ha ? Speak I like Herne the hunter ? why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, & makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome !

[Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas ! what noise ?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our sins !

Fal. What should this be ?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[The women run out.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, 't the oil that is in me should set hell on fire ; he never would else cross me thus.

SCENE IV.

ster Sir Hugh like a Satyr ; Quickly, and others, drest like Fairies, with Tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, in moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, in Ouphen heirs of fixed destiny ⁹, tend your office, and your quality, ier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva.

*Divide me like a bri'b-d-
k,]* Thus all the old Copies,
takeingly : It must be bribe-
t ; i. e. a Buck sent for a
THEOBALD.

Fellow of this walk,] Who
fellow is, or why he keeps

his shoulders for him, I do not understand.

*You ORPHAN-heirs of fixed
destiny,]* But why Orphan-heirs ?
Destiny, whom they succeeded,
was yet in being. Doubtless the
Poet wrote,

N n 2

T. u

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Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys
Cricket, to *Windfor* chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.

Our radiant Queen hates sluts and fluttery.

Fal. They're fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Pede*? go you, and where you find
a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fancy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But

* You OUPHEN heirs of fixed destiny.

i. e. you Elves, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called, in this Play, both before and afterwards, *Ouphes*; here *Ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon, *Aljenne, lamia, demones*. Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden, wollen, golden, &c.*

WARBURTON.

* RAISE up the organs of her fancy;] The sense of this speech is — that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not re-

commended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakespeare makes one, on his lying down, say,

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Protect us, bear'n!
As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise up the organs of her fancy,

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the Poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

Rein up the organs of her fancy,

i. e. curb' them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

So in the *Tempest*,

Give

But those, that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and
shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windfor* castle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In state as wholsom, as in state 'tis fit²;
Worthy the owner, as the owner it³.
The several chairs of Order look your scour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
Each fair Instalment Coat and sev'ral Crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the *Garter*-compafs, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense* write,
In emrold-tuffs, flow'r's purple, blue and white⁴,

Like

*Give not dalliance too much the
REIN,*
And in *Measure for Measure*,
*I give my sensual race the
REIN.*
To give the rein, being just the
contrary to *rein up*. The same
thought he has again in *Mack-
beth*,
— Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts
that nature
Gives way to in repose.
WARBURTON.

² In state as *wholsome*.] The
Oxford Editor, not knowing the
meaning of *wholsome*, has alter'd
it to,

In state as *wholsom*,
and so has made the wish a most
absurd one. For the state or si-
tuation must needs be what it is,

till the general destruction. But
wholsom here signifies *integer*.
He wishes the castle may stand
in its present state of perfection,
which the following words plain-
ly shew,

— as in state 'tis fit.
WARBURTON.

³ Worthy the owner, AND the
owner it.] And cannot be the
true reading. The context will
not allow it; and his court to
Queen Elizabeth directs us to
another;

— as the owner it:
for, sure, he had more address
than to content himself with wish-
ing a thing to be, which his com-
plaisance must suppose actually
was, namely, the worth of the
owner. WARBURTON.

⁴ In emrold-tuffs, flow'r's PUR-

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Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies use flow'rs for their charactery.
} }
Away, disperse; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the Oak
Of Herne, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.⁵

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vild worm, thou wast o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

PLE, blue and white,
Like saphire, pearl, AND rich embroidery.] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words,—*Flowers purple, blue and white*,—the purple is left unpaired. To remedy this, the Editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparison, read, *AND rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to saphire and pearl, the purple is compared to rich embroidery. Thus instead of mending one false step they have made two, by bringing *saphire, pearl and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the Poet,

In emrold-tuffis, flow'rs PUR-FLED, blue and white,
Like saphire, pearl, IN rich embroidery,
i. e. let there be blue and white flow'rs worked on the green-sword, like saphire and pearl in

rich embroidery. To *purple* is to over-lay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French, *pourflier*. So Spencer,

she was yclad

All in a filken Canus, lilly-aw-bite,
PURFLED upon, with many a folded plight.

The change of *and* into *in*, in the second verse, is necessary. For *flow'rs worked*, or *purfed* in the grafts, were not like saphire and pearl simply, but saphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shewn above. WARBURT.

⁴ —— *charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters.

⁵ —— *of middle earth.*] Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire;
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. * It is right, indeed; he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy,
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire⁶,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out,

* During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slander another way, and he takes away a boy in white;

⁶ Eva. It is right, indeed.—]
This short Speech, which, is very
much in Character for Sir Hugb,
I have inserted from the old
Quarto's.

⁷ Lust is but a bloody fire,] So
the old copies. I once thought
it should be read,

Lust is but a cloudy fire,
but Sir T. Hanmer reads with less
violence,

Lust is but i'th' blood a fire.
* During this Song,]. This Di-
rection I thought proper to insert
from the old Quarto's.

THEOBALP.

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and Featon comes, and steals way Mrs. Ann Page.
A noise of hunting is made within. All the Fairies
run away. Falstaff pulls off his Buck's head, and
rises.

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watcht you
now;

Will none but *Herne* the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no
higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you *Windsor* wives?
See you these, husbands? do not these fair *Yoaks*⁹?
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? master
Brook, *Falstaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are
his horns, master *Brook*; and, master *Brook*, he hath
enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-basket, his
cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which must be
paid to master *Brook*; his horses are arrested for it,
master *Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my love again,
but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an as.

⁹ See you these husbands? Do
not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the
Town? What Oaks, in
the Name of Nonsense, do our
sagacious Editors make Mrs. Page
talk of? The Oaks in the Park?
But there was no Intention of
transplanting them into the Town.
— *Talis inscitiae me quidem pu-*
det, pigetque. The first Folio reads,
as the Poet intended, *Yoaks*: and

Mrs. Page's Meaning is this. She
speaks it to her own, and Mrs.
Ford's Husband, and asks them,
if they see the Horns in *Falstaff*'s
Hand; and then, alluding to
them as the Types of Cuckoldom,
puts the Question, whether those
Yoaks are not more proper in the
Forest than in the Town, i. e.
than in their Families, as a Re-
proach to them. THEOBALD.

Ford.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too : both the proofs are ext.

Fal. And these are not fairies ? I was three or four mes in the thought, they were not fairies ; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my owers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despight of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employement !

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your esires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dry'd it, hat it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as his ? am I ridden with a *Welch goat* too ? shall I have a coxcomb of frize ? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of roasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter ; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter ? have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *English* ? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight ?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding ? a bag of flax ?

Mrs. Page. A puft man ?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails ?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as *Satan* ?

Page. And as poor as *Job* ?

Ford.

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Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and facks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starlings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Brook, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

² *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:

Forgive that Sum, and so we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to ³ laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. [Aside.

² — *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;*] Though this be perhaps not intelligible, yet it is an odd way of confessing his dejection. I should wish to read,
— *ignorance itself has a plume o' me.*

That is, I am so depressed that ignorance itself plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness.

³ *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, Husband,] This and the following little Speech I have inserted from the old Quarto's. The Retrench-

ment, I presume, was by the Players. Sir John Falstaff is sufficiently punish'd, in being disappointed and exposed. The Expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty Pounds, gives the Conclusion too tragical a Turn. Besides, it is poetical Justice that Ford should sustain this Loss, as a Fine for his unreasonable Jealousy. *THEOBALD.*

³ The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Slender.

Slēn. What hoe! hoe! father *Page*:

Page. Son, how now? how now, son, have you dispatch'd?

Slēn. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slēn. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th' church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slēn. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slēn. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master *Slender*, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart. What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the *Deanry*, and there married.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*? by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garsoon, a boy; one peasant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windfor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me; here comes *Mr. Fenton*,

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page;

How now, Mr. Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with *Mr. Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with *Mr. Doctor*, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have marry'd her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us, Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy In love, the heav'ns themselves do guide the state; Mony buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

* *Page.* Well, what remedy? *Fenton,* heav'n give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will also dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muse no further. Mr. *Fenton,*

Heav'n give you many, many merry days!

Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir *John*,
To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. *Pope* observes, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only sentiment of which I regret the omission occurs at this critical time, when *Fenton* brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. Come, Mistress *Page*, I must be bold with you,
'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs. Page. [aside.] Although that I have miss'd in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.

— Here, *Fenton*, take her. —

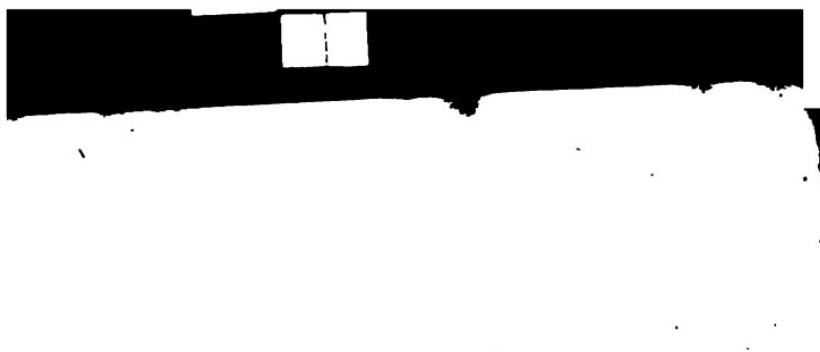
Eva. Come, Master *Page*, you must needs agree.

Ford. I faith, Sir, come, you see your wife is pleased.

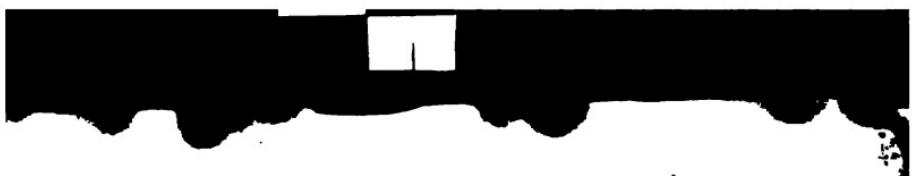
Page. I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;
And yet it doth me good the doct'r miss'd.
Come bither, *Fenton*, and come bither, Daughter.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.

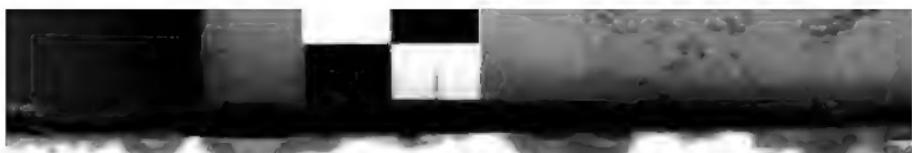












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